

SMITH'S

MAGAZINE



AINSLEE'S FOR NOVEMBER

"THE
MAGAZINE
THAT
ENTERTAINS"

The opening chapters of the new serial which appear in the current number of *Ainslee's Magazine* have probably convinced all who have read them that its author,

HARRY LEON WILSON

has written a really great American story. "**Ewing's Lady**" is thoroughly and essentially American. The second instalment, which will be found in the November number, leads up to a climax even more dramatic than that with which the first ended.

The novelette will be a story by **Morley Roberts**, called "The Key," and is a tale full of tense situations. Mr. Roberts is best known by his book, "The Idlers," which many people consider a greater story than "The House of Mirth."

H. F. Prevost-Battersby will be represented by one of the best short stories he has ever written, called "The Voice of Duty."

Mary H. Vorse will have one of the best of her humorous child-interest tales, called "The Refinement of Ab."

Rose K. Weekes will have a thrilling tale of profound human interest in "The Raft."

Other short stories, as good as anything their authors have ever done, will be by **Robert E. MacAlarney, Joseph C. Lincoln** and **Sarah Guernsey Bradley**.

An essay of special contemporary interest is one entitled "Paderewski, Swiss Farmer," giving an intimate account of the great pianist in moments of relaxation.

Mrs. John Van Vorst will also contribute one on "International Marriages."

Price, per copy, 15c.

Subscription, \$1.80 per Year

AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Read Books
that
Make You
Think

No matter how anxious you are to be well informed—to acquire culture—you are not willing to wade through dull, dry text books to get it. That's where this set of books is different. It is the

Popular Science Library

because it appeals to every man and woman, every growing boy and girl. Like all great things, it is simple. You need not know anything of Science to understand and enjoy every page of the fifteen volumes. They will give you as complete a knowledge of Science as any college course. They contain all the important work of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and every other one of the great men whose genius revolutionized Science. From a weary tabulation of facts, they transformed it to a story full of life and light—a tale of marvels more wonderful than the Arabian Nights. Led by Dr. Ira Remsen, President of Johns Hopkins University, a long line of famous living scientists contributes full, clear accounts of the newest inventions and discoveries.

The Library covers every branch of Science from the Darwinian Theory of Evolution to the miracles of modern progress—Wireless Telegraphy, Aerial Navigation, Radio, etc. It embraces Geology, Astronomy, Anthropology, Philosophy, Political Economy, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, Metaphysics and Inventions.

The Popular Science Library will keep you mentally alive, will stimulate your best mental powers, and give you new power and new ambition. It will tell you of the marvels of earth and sea and sky, of the wonders of modern invention; it will tell you the story of the peoples of the earth; it will explain to you the science of government and the laws of thought. As a means of general culture and practical information, this library is superior to any work now before the American people. It is a library for the home—for pleasant reading as well as for the student.

Fifteen Handsome Volumes

The fifteen volumes (printed from new plates on specially made wove paper) are profusely illustrated with full page plates. There are two styles of binding, rich red half-morocco, with marbled sides, leather corners and gold tops, and neat red vellum cloth.

The titles of the volumes follow:

<i>Other Worlds Than Ours</i> , by Richard A. Proctor.	<i>Intelligence of Animals</i> , by Sir John Lubbock.
<i>Geology</i> , by Archibald Geikie.	<i>Silurian Pictures</i> , by Herbert Spencer.
<i>Forms of Water</i> , by John Tyndall.	<i>Political Economy</i> , by John Stuart Mill.
<i>Fragments of Science</i> , by John Tyndall.	<i>Popular Natural Philosophy</i> , by Adolphe Ganot.
<i>Origin of Species</i> , by Charles Darwin.	<i>Modern Inventions and Discoveries</i> , by various authors, including Professor S. P. Langley; Dr. Ira Remsen, President of Johns Hopkins University; Ray Stannard Baker, Alfred Russel Wallace, and Professor R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University.
<i>Man's Place in Nature</i> , by Thomas H. Huxley.	
<i>Science and Education</i> , by Thomas H. Huxley.	
<i>Descent of Man</i> , by Charles Darwin.	
<i>Prehistoric Times</i> , by Sir John Lubbock.	
<i>Anthropology</i> , by Edward B. Tylor.	

A Great Reduction in Price

With our wide connections it is sometimes possible to secure small editions at very low prices. In this way we have secured a limited edition of the Popular Science Library at less than the actual cost of paper and printing. Even adding a small profit, we can offer you these books at a tremendous bargain. Thousands of sets of the half-morocco binding have been sold for \$48.00. As long as this special edition lasts you can have a set for 50 cents after examination and \$2.00 a month for 12 months.

FREE ON APPROVAL Fill out the coupon and mail it at once. It will bring you a complete set. All charges prepaid for examination. It costs you nothing to examine the books. We take them back and pay return charges if you do not buy them. This offer is good only while the books are in stock, but you must take advantage of it immediately because the half price edition will not last long. Don't lose the opportunity by delaying. **MAIL THE COUPON TO-DAY.**

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
44-60 East 23d Street, New York

MAIL THIS TO-DAY

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

Smith's 11-07

Send me, express charges prepaid for examination, one set of the *Popular Science Library*, five volumes in half-morocco. If the books are not satisfactory I will return them at your expense. Otherwise, I will keep them and will send you 50 cents after examination and \$2.00 a month for 12 months.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

NOTE—If you prefer a set in vellum cloth binding change the payments to \$1.50 after examination and \$2.00 a month for 9 months.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



If You
Are Earning
Less Than
\$25
Per Week

I can double your salary or income by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising.

My System of Instruction by Mail is the only one in existence that has the hearty indorsement of the great experts and publishers, and I am anxious to send my prospectus, together with the most remarkable facsimile proof ever given in the history of correspondence instruction, if you are interested. I will show you how to earn from \$25 to \$100 per week. i

GEORGE H. POWELL

617 Metropolitan Annex, New York

BE
AN
ACTOR
ACTRESS OR ORATOR

BEST PAYING PROFESSION IN THE WORLD.
We teach you by mail in a short time to go upon the STAGE or speaker's platform. You can easily earn from \$25.00 to \$200.00 weekly. We have thousands of satisfied students. Write for FREE Booklet on Dramatic Art by Correspondence.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION,
290 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ills.



DOLCEOLA
A Miniature Grand Piano
The DOLCEOLA's captivating harmony and original construction give it instant popularity, and the hearty endorsement of the leading experts everywhere. It appeals to the larger number because of its low cost. Price makes \$100 to \$500 monthly. Agents make \$100 to \$500 monthly.
The Toledo Symphony Co.,
1102 Snow Flake Bldg., Toledo, Ohio



FREE PRIZE OFFER

We have just made arrangements whereby we are able to offer a valuable prize, to those who will copy this cartoon. Take Your Pencil Now, and copy this sketch on a common piece of paper, and send it to us today; and, if in the estimation of our Art Directors, it is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, we will mail to your address, **FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS.**

THE HOME EDUCATOR

This magazine is fully illustrated and contains special information pertaining to Illustrating, Cartooning, etc., and published for the benefit of those desirous of earning larger salaries. It is a Home Study magazine. There is positively no money consideration connected with this free offer. Copy this picture now and send it to us today.

Correspondence Institute of America, Box 630 Scranton, Pa.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

**SHORTHAND
IN 30 DAYS**

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in thirty days. You can do it in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Sure. No rules, no punctuation—no grammar—nothing at all other than words. No long lists of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command.

The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, typists, newspaper reporters, business men. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily practice as with other systems. The greater part of the time is spent in lessons overheard. Send today for booklet, testimonials, etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

975 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

I Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

**CHAS. J. STRONG, Pres.,
Detroit School of Lettering**
Dept. 88, Detroit, Mich.

"Oldest and Largest School of Its Kind"

WE CAN TEACH YOU TO DRAW
You can earn \$20 to \$50 and upwards per week.

We have successfully taught all branches of drawing by correspondence since 1888. Practical personal instruction. Experienced teachers. Art Director educated in Europe. Positions guaranteed. Successful students everywhere. Illustrated Year Book free.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART,
61-75 Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

BE A RAILROAD MAN

Firemen and Brakemen earn from \$100 to \$185 a month. Graduates of this school in great demand. The officials teach you by mail during your spare time, at small cost. Free catalog, etc.

The Wente Railway Corres. School, Box 490, Freeport, Ill.

**LEARN
TO WRITE
ADVERTISEMENTS**

**YOU CAN EARN
\$25 to \$100 A WEEK**

Learn by mail the most profitable and fascinating profession in the world. If you want to increase your income write for Free prospectus.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL,
Address Elmer (Dept. 1129, 99 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.)
Dept. 1129, 150 Nassau Street, New York. PAGE DAVIS MAN

Readers Read This Offer

Drastic Clearance Sale of 23 Sets of Historical Romances

Buyers of books of permanent value will appreciate this splendid opportunity

AT the close of a very busy season we find that 23 sets of the **LIBRARY OF HISTORICAL ROMANCES**, by Muthbach, in 18 splendid volumes, 9,000 pages, were slightly damaged in the packing room, and as space is needed for new stock we want to close them out quickly.

The damage is outside of these grand books. The scratch or bruise is all on the outside, and in many cases not visible to one buyer out of twenty, no matter how critical.

It seemed a shame to willfully waste this just-as-good-as-new material, so before sending them back to the binder we have counted up the cost of transportation, new binding, etc., and have decided to give a few book-buyers, rather than the **book-blinder**, the benefit of this saved expense. Close them out quickly and effectively at about what they would cost with the covers ripped off.

The regular price of the set is \$40. We offer you one of these slightly damaged sets for

Less than Half Price upon Small Monthly Payments.

FURTHER THAN THIS: As this great Library of Historical Romances has delighted thousands at the regular prices, we are sure they will you; therefore we will send you one of these sets at our expense for your examination before buying, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory.

THE "LIBRARY OF HISTORICAL ROMANCES" are strong, vivid stories as well as good history.

No set of books published reproduce so vividly the social life of the times they describe.

"Frederick the Great and His Court" is the most remarkable romance ever issued.

"Henry the Eighth and His Court" and "Joseph the Second and His Court" are great novels of political instruction.

"Sousci" and "The Merchant of Berlin" are unrivaled in the entire domain of historical romance.

All classes are represented in these volumes as they lived and loved, thought and acted. Thus the human interest always prevails and has given this set of books enduring popularity.

Hundreds of historical characters are written about in these volumes, and their lives and actions are described in the most interesting style imaginable. In reading these romances one really feels they are a part of the time and the people they are reading about.

Below we give the contents of one volume. This will illustrate to you how interesting the entire set of 18 magnificent volumes must be.

NAPOLÉON AND BLUCHER. Napoleon at Dresden. Frederick William and Hardenberg. The White Lady, Napoleon and the White Lady. Napoleon's High-Born Ancestors. Napoleon's Departure from Dresden. The Last Days of 1812. The Conspirators of Heligoland. The European Conspiracy. Gebhard Leberecht Blucher. Recollections of Mecklenburg. Glad Tidings. The Oath. Chancellor Von Hardenberg. The Interrupted Supper. The Defection of General York. The Warning. The Diplomatist. The Clairovoire. An Adventures. The Two Diplomates. The Attack. The Courier's Return. The Malificent. Lovers of France. John of Orleans. The National Representatives. War and Armistice. Theodore Körner. The Heroic Tailor. The General-in-Chief of the Silesian Army. The Ball at the City Hall of Breslau. The Appointment. After the Battle of Bautzen. Bad News. The Traitors. Napoleon and Metternich. Deliverance of Germany. On the Katzbach. Blucher as a Writer. The Revolt of the Generals. The Battle of Leipzig. The Nineteenth of October. Hannibal and Portas. Blucher's Birthday. Passage of the Rhine. Napoleon's New Year's Day. The King of Rome. Josephine Taleyrand. Madame Letitia. Fall of Paris. The Ball at La Rochechouart. The Diseased Eyea. On to Paris. Departure of Maria Louisa. The Capitulation of Paris. Night and Morning Near Paris. Napoleon on Fontainebleau. A Soul in Purgatory.

These 18 volumes contain a history of the great crises in Germany, Austria, Russia, England, Switzerland, Egypt, France, Holland, Prussia, during 200 years of startling events told in intensely interesting and romantic form.

The books are printed upon extra quality of paper from easy-to-read type, are attractively illustrated and beautifully bound. Titles and ornaments are stamped in gold on back, with gilt tops and trimmed edges. Size of the volumes is seven and three-quarters by five and one-half inches.

These Are the Titles of the Eighteen Volumes:

Napoleon and the Queen of Prussia	Frederick the Great and His Family
The Empress Josephine	Groetin and Schiller
Napoleon and Blucher	The Merchant of Berlin, and Maria Theresa and Her Fireman
Queen Hortense	Louise of Prussia and her Times
Marie Antoinette and Her Son	Old Fritz and the New Era
Prince Eugene and His Times	Andreas Hofei
The Daughters of an Empress	Mohammed Ali and His House
Joseph II. and His Court	
Frederick the Great and His Court	
Berlin and Sans-Souci	Henry VIII., and Catherine Parr

These 18 volumes contain a history of the great crises in Germany, Austria, Russia, England, Switzerland, Egypt, France, Holland, Prussia, during 200 years of startling events told in intensely interesting and romantic form.

The books are printed upon extra quality of paper from easy-to-read type, are attractively illustrated and beautifully bound. Titles and ornaments are stamped in gold on back, with gilt tops and trimmed edges. Size of the volumes is seven and three-quarters by five and one-half inches.

These 18 volumes contain 9,000 pages of the most instructive and interesting reading ever published.

A. L. FOWLE CO., 333 Fourth Avenue, New York.

CUT OFF, SIGN, AND MAIL TODAY!

Smith's
11-97
A. L. Fowle Co.,
333 Fourth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

You may send me, all charges prepaid, upon inspection, one complete set of "The Library of Historical Romances," 18 volumes, size 7½x5½ inches, bound in cloth, light red cloth, dark red sides and gold back stamping. After examining the books, if I decide to keep them, I will pay you \$1.00. The Library of Historical Romances, \$50 cents after examination and \$1.28 a month for 15 months. After examination I decide not to keep "The Library of Historical Romances," I will send the books to you, all charges collect.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

We have opened this classified advertising section, and invite all reputable advertisers to come in—no display—all must be set in uniform type—no objectionable advertisements accepted—minimum space, four lines; maximum space in this section, thirty lines. Our aim will be to eliminate all questionable advertisements, and we bespeak our readers' assistance to help keep this section clean and profitable to all. Rates, \$2.25 a line, which includes THE POPULAR and AINSLEE'S Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue closes October 7th. Address SMITH'S MAGAZINE, Classified Advertising Department, Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York City.

Agents and Help Wanted

BE—YOUR—OWN—BOSS! Many make \$2,000 a year. You have the same chance. Start a mail-order business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Very good profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and free particulars. Address T. S. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

LADY Secretaries Wanted—Organize Grocery and Soap clubs. Easy work. Big Earnings, no investment. Postal brings catalogue and special offer from R. & G. Supply Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

BUYER: Large concern in Greater New York wants experienced man to buy cheap grade of men's shoes. Must have had experience in buying for wholesale house or department store. Salary, \$2000. Hapgoods, 305-307 B'dway, N. Y.

AGENTS wanted to sell our Stylo-graphic and Fountain pens. Write for Catalogue and Agents' discount. J. Ulrich & Co., Manufacturers, 607 Thamas Building, New York, N. Y.

HUSTLERS Everywhere \$25 to \$30 made weekly distributing circulars, samples; no canvassing. Steady. Merchants' Out-door Ad Co., Chicago.

CAN YOU SELL a stock that is now a dividend payer? Semi-annual dividend due January first next. Bank references. For terms and particulars, C. W. Gallier, 2021 No. 150 Nassau Street, New York.

AGENTS wanted to represent old established Mail Order House. Over the counter and selling specialties. From \$5 to \$10 per day easily made; costly outfit free. George A. Parker, Dept. 9, 720 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you. I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

AGENTS can easily make \$10.00 a day selling our Gold Window Letters, Novelty Signs, and Changeable Signs; Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., 404 W. VanBuren St., Chicago, Ill.

INSURANCE STOCK — Scientific Salesmen will be offered an exceptional money making proposition. Address J. B. Harper, Room 12, Stormont Building, Topeka, Kansas.

Business Opportunities

START a mail order business; we furnish everything necessary; only few dollars required; new plan, success certain; costs nothing to investigate. Millburn Hicks, 755 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago.

"**SUCCESS IN THE STOCK MARKET.**" Our little book gives interesting details. It's yours for the asking. Write for it. John A. Boardman & Co., Stock Brokers, 53 Broadway, N. Y.

START COLLECTION BUSINESS. Handsome profits, no capital needed, big field. Earnings start immediately. Learn secrets of collecting money; establish permanent income at home. Write for free pointers. Am. Collection Service, 19 State St., Detroit, Mich.

I SELL PATENTS. To buy or having one to sell write Chas. A. Scott, 1073 Granite Building, Rochester, New York.

\$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly easily made in real estate business; no capital required; we will teach you the business by mail, appraise you special representative of leading real estate company, list with you readily salable properties, cooperate with and assist you to permanent success. Valuable book free. Address The Cross Company, 871 Reaper Block, Chicago,

Business Opportunities—Continued.

POSITIONS of interest to you and every other capable business, professional or technical man listed in our twelve offices. Write us today stating age, experience and salary desired. Hapgoods, 305-307 B'dway, N. Y.

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE BARGAINS. WE ARE THE LARGEST DEALERS AND BROKERS OF NEW AND SECOND HAND AUTOMOBILES IN THE WORLD. Automobiles bought for spot cash; cash always demands bargains, and we have them. Our past reputation and satisfied customers are our reference. Over 500 Automobiles on our sales floors to select from, including every make of Standard Automobile, ranging in price from \$150 to \$5,000. Complete list of Automobiles on hand sent on request. Automobile supplies at cut prices. We handle everything pertaining to an automobile. No matter what you are looking for, we are sure to have it. Send for bargain sheet No. 136. Times Square Automobile Company, 1599-1601 Broadway, New York.

Music

SEND YOUR SONG-POEMS TO ME. I will write the music and place before the big N. Y. Publishers. I have made a fortune writing songs and can help you do the same. My songs "Blue Bell" and "Way Down in My Heart" have achieved world-wide fame. Write to-day for free booklet. Edward Madden, 99 Madden Building, New York.

Patents & Lawyers

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. Book free. Rated low. Highest references, best services. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—Trade-Marks. Labels send for my free book "How to Get Them." Invent something useful, then have it patented and turn it into money, before some one else does. There is money in practical inventions. Send description for free opinion as to patentability. Advice free. Joshua R. H. Potts, Lawyer, 306 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.; 80 Dearborn St., Chicago, 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

PATENTS SECURED or fee returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and What to Invent, with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One Million Dollars offered for one invention; \$16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free. Evans, Wilkins & Company, 857 "F" Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS Secured or Fee Returned. Terms Low. Highest Refs. Advice and Literature Free. Vashon & Co., Patent Attorneys, 546 E St., N.W., Wash., D.C.

For the Deaf

THE ACOUSTICON MAKES THE DEAF HEAR INSTANTLY. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special instruments for Theatres and Churches. In successful use throughout the country. Booklet, with endorsement of those you know, free. K. T. Turner, President, General Acoustics Co., 1267 Broadway, New York City.

DEAF! Invisible Ear Pelliclets just patented, instantly relieve deafness and Head noises. Whispers plainly heard. Superior to anything on the market. Cost much less. Write for booklet. The Pelliclet Co., 17 Grant Blvd., Atlanta, Ga.

TO THOSE HARD OF HEARING. An efficient aid sent for trial; no expense, no risk, no contract, no money unless device be kept. Address B. B. Tiemann & Co., 107 Park Row, New York.

**Womens Apparel
and Toilet Articles**

LONG KID GLOVES 16 Button (24 inches), black or white \$2.50, colors \$2.75. 12 Button (20 inches), \$2.00 and \$2.25. Silk Gloves, 16 Button, black, whites and all colors \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Send for catalogue. The Long Glove Co., Dept. S, 94 Warren St., N.Y.

**Jewelry • Novelties
Post-Cards & Books**

U. S. GOVT. PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE AT COST. These publications are official and are authorities on the subjects treated. Many of them are magnificently illustrated. They relate to all branches of knowledge, including Agriculture, Live Stock, Manufacturing, Commerce, Mining and Fisheries, Military, Naval and Diplomatic Affairs, Laws of the United States, American History, Engineering, Mechanics, Medicine and Hygiene. All branches of Science, Astronomy, Anthropology, Zoology, Chemistry, Geology, Physics, Art, Fine Culture, etc. Send for Free Catalogs and price lists of subjects in which you are interested. Address Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

H. S. WILCOX of Chicago Bar has written four great books on law, lawyers, juries and defects of the law. The entire set postpaid \$3.50. Circular free. Legal Literature Co., Chicago

GIPSY SMITH'S Best Sermons, 12mo, 256 pp.; paper, 25cts.; cloth, \$1. Sent on receipt of price. We give 50% commission to agents. J. S. Ogilvie Pub., 378 Rose Street, New York.

POST CARD Views not previously published. No funny cards. Send 10c. for 10 cards (1st set) and list of 50 others. E. J. Buehler, Dept. A-30 West 13th Street, New York.

THE "STAR" WIRE PUZZLE. Latest novelty in this line for 10c. silver (no stamps). A. M. Davis, Assonet, Mass.

**SEND TEN CENTS FOR
VALUABLE BOOK.** The Handy Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN POST CARDS. We manufacture post cards for you, from photographs, sketches or designs of individuals, hotels, buildings, residences, animals, or landscapes, print or engraved and print yourself as publisher. Quick delivery guaranteed. Send for samples and prices. Advance Studio, 61 Murray Street, New York.

Watches & Jewelry

SENT FREE TO INTENDING BUYERS—Our new catalogue 500 pages, 30,000 engravings, 100,000 items, Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Clocks, Optical and Medical goods, etc. Lowest prices on record. Fine pianos, guaranteed ten years, only \$139.50. Write to-day for the big book of the Foremost Concerns of its kind in the world. S. F. Myers Co., S. F. Myers Bldg., 47-49 Maiden Lane, Desk S, New York.

For the Home

BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH is the best finish made for floors and interior wood work. Not brittle; will not scratch or deface like shellac or varnish. Send for free booklet. For sale by dealers in Paints, Hardware, and House Furnishings. The Butcher Polish Co., 356 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

CHRIST Walking on the Sea. Roosevelt and other pictures free with each portrait. Low prices. Handle latest and best in portraits. See our offer. Write to-day. Kurz Art Co., 672 Larabee Street, Chicago.

Real Estate

INVEST YOUR MONEY near a great and growing metropolis. Building lots in Boston's suburbs at \$20 to \$50 each. Boston Suburban Land Co., 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

Schools

ILLUSTRATING taught by mail. Small tuition fee. Send for booklet. G. W. Wilson, 288 Pittsburg Street, New Castle, Pa.

Miscellaneous

\$5.75 Paid for rare date 1853 Quarters. Keep all money coined before 1875. Send 20 cents at once for a set of illustrated Coin & Stamp Value Books. It may mean your fortune. C. M. Clarke & Co., Le Roy, N.Y.

TREASURE Vaults of the Earth. A beautiful little brochure containing the history and romance of the world's famous mines, mailed free on request. J. M. Sweeney, Union Trust, Detroit.

PERIN, greatest living palm-reader and astrologer will advise and read your future. Send two-cent stamp for instructions. Carl L. Perin, 1402 Broadway, New York.

MOLES AND WARTS are ugly nuisances. Book on how to remove them without scar, pain or danger, sent free. M.E.M. Dispensary, 33 Rochester, N.Y.

CONSTIPATION CURED by the New Food Laxacura. Makes an ideal breakfast or lunch. Cereals and vegetables combined. 15 meals postpaid \$1.00. Don't suffer. Send to the Laxacura Co., 334 Dearborn, Chicago.

THAT'S IT. A scientific preparation that removes moles and warts of all kinds, by dissolving, without injury. Used by doctors. Guaranteed 50c. Russel Blemish Remover Co., Prov., R. I.

A BOON TO THE SMALL ADVERTISERS

Fifty Cents a Line is all we ask for the Classified Advertising in SMITH'S MAGAZINE. Try it—you will be glad that we called your attention to it.

P. S. We make a combination rate of \$2.25 a line when Smith's, Ainslee's and Popular are used.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Like a Whirlwind!!

The NEW Low Cost

PRUDENTIAL

Policy Has Rushed Into Public Favor

Every Rate, Value and Feature in the Policy ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

SEE WHAT OUR FIELD MANAGERS SAY. THEY KNOW. THEY MEET THE PUBLIC FACE TO FACE, AND ARE EXPERTS IN THE STUDY AND SALE OF LIFE INSURANCE CONTRACTS

- "Superior in Every Point to any Policy Issued."
- "Policies Easy to Sell, People Want them."
- "There Has Never Been Offered to the Public a Policy that so fully and Perfectly meets the Rights and needs of the Insured."
- "The Finest that Has Ever Been Offered the Public."
- "Policy Most Attractive Ever issued by the Company."
- "Rates Are O. K. Selling Qualities Good."
- "Legitimate Life Insurance at Low Cost."
- "It Certainly is the Best on the Market."
- "Better than any Contract of Life Insurance issued by Any Company Doing a Life Insurance Business in this Country. The intention of this Company is to do the Very Best it Possibly can for its Policyholders."
- "Agents of Other Companies Congratulate Us."
- "Policy is a Winner—A Crackerjack."
- "Certainly the Best of Anything that is on the Market today in Life Insurance. There are no Competitors."
- "New Policy Defies Competition. Liberal to the Insured, and Cheap."
- "Selling Qualities Good."
- "New Low Rate Policy Appeals to Insurers, a model of Protection and Investment."
- "In Competition with Fraternal Insurance it will be Easier to Sell and Easier to Hold."
- "Outclasses any and All Kinds of Dividend Insurance."
- "New Policy Just What the People Have Been Looking for, with its low Rates and High Guarantees. Should Sell on Sight."

- C. B. Knight, Pittsburg, Pa.
- C. M. Adams, Macon, Ga.
- Perry & Cummings, Newark, N. J.
- Z. T. Miller, New York, N. Y.
- H. A. Austin, Kansas City, Mo.
- F. M. Mathena, Portland, Ore.
- F. C. Mann, Boston, Mass.
- C. W. Noble, Terre Haute, Ind.
- C. R. Showalter, Milwaukee, Wis.
- H. R. Gould, Omaha, Neb.
- O. O. Orr, Denver, Colo.
- A. X. Schmitt, Chicago, Ill.
- Nelles Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
- R. S. Boyns, San Francisco, Cal.
- C. M. Clapp, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- J. M. Mackintosh, Cleveland, O.
- J. E. Smith, Chicago, Ill.
- O. E. Fell, Seattle, Wash.

Hundreds of other Managers, without a dissenting voice, characterize this as
The Greatest Advance In Life Insurance in Recent Years



The
Prudential
Insurance Co. of America

THIS IS THE LIFE INSUR-
ANCE POLICY YOU WANT.
Nothing like it offered before.
Send in your age, and we will
give you rates. Address Dept. D

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the
State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Home Office :
President. NEWARK, N. J.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Vol. VI

No. 2

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

NOVEMBER

CONTENTS

1907

Theatrical Art Studies	169
Sixteen New Portraits of Footlight Favorites.	
The Adder's Sting —A Novelette	185
Illustrated by F. X. Chamberlin.	
"I've Got Something Just as Good"	228
Types of American Girlhood	233
(Special Art Insert). A Series of Color Drawings by M. Leone Bracker.	
The Doctor's Parrot —A Story	241
Illustrated by Arthur William Brown.	
A Nut to Crack —Verse	250
The One-servant Problem from Three Points of View	251
I—The Harassed Mistress.	
Illustrated by C. H. Provost.	
On Getting Your Money's Worth —A Sermon	259
Cupid at the Potted Shrimp —A Story	263
Illustrated by Harriet Adair Newcomb.	
Early Etchings by a Notable Architect	273
Illustrated with Reproductions of Etchings.	
The Passing Hour	281
An Illustrated Chronicle of the World's Doings.	
Ethel Barrymore	289
Illustrated.	
The Boy —A Story	295
Illustrated by W. B. Bridge.	
In Crowded Ways —Verse	306
The Cruise of the Hoss Marines —A Story	307
Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald.	
The Out-of-Town Girl in New York	320
Illustrated by A. M. Cooper.	
The Evolution of the Dainty Beauty	327
Illustrated by Harriet Adair Newcomb.	
What the Editor Has to Say	335

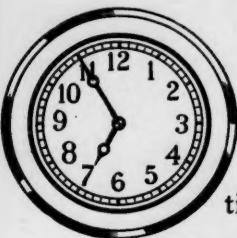
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50**SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS**

Monthly Publication issued by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 ORMOND G. SMITH, President, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer,
 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Copyright, 1907, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, in the name of the publishers, for circulation in Great Britain. All Rights Reserved.
 Publishers everywhere are cautioned against reprinting any or all of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.
 Entered as Second-class Matter, at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of

Congress, March 3, 1879, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE.

WARNING—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you personally. Complaints reach us daily from victims of such swindlers.



Time is of great value to the average man.

With the Gillette Safety Razor 3 to 5 minutes of your time is all that is required for a comfortable, clean, economical, sanitary shave—morning, noon or night, as the case may be.

You will be lucky to escape the barber in less than a half hour, all told—and the old-fashioned razor is worse still with its cuts, scratches, pulling, scraping, honing and stropping.

The time saved shaving with the "GILLETTE" would soon pay for my razor, to say nothing of the convenience which it affords.

Be independent. Shave yourself the best way—the "GILLETTE" way.

The double-edged, flexible blades are so inexpensive that when they become dull, you throw them away as you would an old pen.

The Gillette Safety Razor consists of a triple silver plated holder, 12 double-edged blades—24 keen edges, packed in a velvet lined leather case and the price is \$5.00 at all the leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers.

Combination Sets from \$6.50 to \$50.00.

Ask your dealer for the "GILLETTE" today and shave yourself with ease, comfort and economy, the rest of your life.

If substitutes are offered refuse them, and write us at once for our Booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

287 Times Building, NEW YORK CITY

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 6

NOVEMBER, 1907

NUMBER 2



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS JULIA FARRY
With "The Tattooed Man" Company



Photo by
White, N. Y.

MISS NORAH KELLY
In vaudeville



MISS OCTAVIA BROSKE
In "The Prince of Pilsen"



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS GRACE ANDREWS
In "His Honor the Mayor"



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON
In vaudeville



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS BELLE VEOLA
In vaudeville



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS EDNA GOODRICH
In "The Genius and the Model"



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS AMY RICARD
In "The Quicksands"



Photo by
Wallinger,
Chicago

MISS JULIA DEAN
In "The Round-Up"



Photo by Baker,
Columbus, O.

MISS ISABEL GOULD
In "Arizona"



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS ELEANOR DELMORE
In "The Prince of Pilsen"



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS HARRIET RAYMOND
In vaudeville



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS LILLIAN LEON
In "The Gingerbread Man"



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS GLAZIE VAURN
In vaudeville



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MISS ADELE ROWLAND
In "The Spring Chicken"



Photo by
Hall, N. Y.

MRS. APHIE JAMES
Leading lady with Louis James



ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

CHAPTER I.

THE sun had sunk behind Sugar Tree Ridge. The clouds in the west were piled in a red mass, with here and there a gap which glowed incandescently, like an open furnace door. All that March day the retiring orb had wooed the earth with a gentle, inspiring warmth; but the breeze which now sprang up across the freshly plowed fields had a chill in it, like the dying breath of old winter.

Seth Hazard unhooked his horses from the plow and threw the trace-chains across their backs. They started sedately for the barn, without their master, who walked to the other end of the furrow and picked up a book which lay on a stump in a fence-corner. He had bent to his work for ten hours that day, but as he paused to gaze at the fleeting glory in the west his muscular young body assumed its soldierly erectness.

As he stood thus, with reflective, dreaming eyes, a flock of blackbirds swept up from the south and passed directly over his head, scarcely a hundred feet above. They were the first blackbirds of the season, and the young man felt a thrill as he threw back his head and peered into the sable ranks. How

swiftly they flew, as each navigator bent strenuously to his aerial oars! How martial their appearance! Not a sound escaped them save a single gritty command now and then, as though the captain were directing the course of his company. Doubtless this migration was a serious enough business for the birds. They had crossed mountains and rivers, and some of them had yet the Great Lakes to compass. Frost and storm might overtake them. Their females were yet leagues in the rear, and the calm nesting days of May or June were still afar.

"How quickly a weakling would fall from those merciless ranks!" murmured Seth, as the flock became mere dancing specks in the distance.

Even as he spoke, such a weakling hove in sight—head outstretched, as if anxiously scanning the trail, and wings heavily beating the air, all with the silence of desperation. No breath wasted in useless appeals to his stronger fellows to slow up a bit!

"Go it, little brother of the air!" called Seth sympathetically. "The race is not yet lost. You may have as fine a nest as any before the summer's done."

It was a characteristic act. Even in his boyhood, when his vociferous com-

panions thought only of the winning hound, Seth's heart would ache for the losing rabbit or fox.

After feeding the horses, Seth took a bath and put on a black suit before going down to supper. Not many plow-boys in the Wabash bottoms took a daily bath. Not many of them had the facilities for it. And not many of them sat down to such a supper as Seth sat down to that night. Verily, for an orphan, the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places! Yet he never thought of himself as an orphan. His adopted father and mother were the only parents he could remember.

Usually he went from the supper-table to his books, and his light would burn for hours after every other light in the countryside had been extinguished; often until his tired body and brain, in spite of wet towels around his head, could no longer be whipped into an attitude of attention. But tonight—as on every Wednesday and Sunday night—he hitched his mare to his buggy and drove over to the Judah Powers place, three miles away.

This was a great, square, flat-roofed house, embosomed in a grove of hard maples whose age was to be reckoned in centuries—a fitting nucleus for the five hundred acres which composed the farm. Edith Powers, having heard Seth drive up, met him at the door. She was a tall, fair girl, with her light hair parted in the center, in a manner which fetchingly displayed her low, square brow and shapely head.

She hovered in her lover's arms for a moment, with her lips to his; then she quietly led him to a grate fire, and pulled his favorite chair forward, close to her own. She had been sitting with her feet upon a hassock—a girlish trick learned at college—but she now pushed this luxury aside. It was evident that she, too, was bookish, for several volumes lay on the floor beside her chair. Something, also, in their careless disposition indicated that she used her books, as a workman uses his tools, instead of fastidiously preserving them between paper covers, as if their bindings were too fine to be exposed.

The couple did not talk much. After the exchange of a few neighborhood commonplaces she read him something which she had marked in one of her books; he commented briefly, then they became almost silent. She gazed thoughtfully into the fire—she seemed a rather serious girl—and Hazard occasionally stole a hungry look at the serene beauty of her face.

"Edith," he said finally, "I have been thinking that we ought to get married at once."

"And give up the ministry?" she asked, lifting her steady eyes to his, with a slight twinkle.

"Yes. I'm twenty-six now and you are twenty-four. It will take me three or four years to go through the theological seminary. I have no right to ask you to wait that long."

"In love's domain, one should never speak of 'rights,'" she answered playfully. "The word is taboo. But suppose I prefer, for the sake of our happiness, to wait that long?"

"Will it add to our happiness? Sometimes I sicken of study and books and all this ambitious planning for the future. Sometimes I think that if we, with our tastes and the outlook which our college days gave us, were to settle down right here, close to the soil, we should be happier than anywhere else. Of course, our friends would think it was a come-down for me, but we long since agreed to let public opinion go its own way."

Edith was silent for some time, slowly passing her fingers—never deformed by hard work, farmer's daughter though she was—over one dimity-clad knee. Was she tempted?

"Another thing that galls me," continued Seth, in her silence, "is your teaching school. I suppose you will continue to teach until we are married. A good many people think, or profess to think, that you have to do it, in spite of your father's acres."

"What was that sage remark of yours just now about public opinion?" she asked mischievously. "Teaching school is the breath of my life, Seth. It isn't hard work, with my little flock

of fifteen or twenty, for seven months of the year. Would you want me to be a big lazy girl doing nothing but eat and sleep, just because I could?"

"Not much fear of that, I guess," answered Seth dubiously.

"In some respects," she continued more soberly, "I believe we could be as happy here as anywhere. We know what farm life is; we know its limitations, and have learned to circumvent them somewhat. We also know a little of city life. I know we should never vegetate here, like so many farmers. And I fancy we could be quite as useful to the world here as anywhere else. But there is another side to the question. In the first place—don't squirm now, dear!—I am not so sure of your remaining content on a farm. You have always wanted to be a minister, and after we were married, and the honeymoon was over—in short, after you had caged your bird—I am not so sure that you wouldn't still want to preach. But, mainly, Seth, my reason for wanting you to go through school is this: I believe you will make a great preacher. I can see it in you. You have not only the head for it, but you have the social gift which will go even further in raising you to a high place in the church. I don't think you have the right to bury that talent."

Seth's thin oval face, topped with his thick black hair, glowed under her complimentary words.

"Surely no man was ever given a better reason for his sweetheart's withholding herself for a season," he returned tenderly.

"I must be your spur," she added smilingly, but with an illuminated face. "I must see that you win the race."

"And to do that you are willing to wait four long years here with me away? Ah, Edy, I know now that you love me!"

He slipped over to the arm of her chair, drew her head to his side, and laid his lips upon its abundant mass of bronzed hair, right over the perfumed, wavy furrow which marked its center.

"And you are sure that you will

never be sorry that you chose me instead of Henry Fant?" he murmured. He could joke about his rival now, but there had been a time, not so many months before, when Henry Fant was by no means the person to stir Seth Hazard's mirth.

"We mustn't make fun of Henry," she answered him gently. "I fear the poor boy has suffered."

CHAPTER II.

The Teachers' Institute, held at Sycamore in May, was not the feast to Edith Powers that it was to the hungry minds of most of the rural teachers. Yet she always attended it, partly because she was expected to, and partly because she usually heard two or three stimulating lectures by men sent down from the State Normal School or the University. Seth also loved a good lecture; and with this double attraction at Sycamore—one of the head, the other of the heart—it was not surprising that he should have made the three days' gathering of school-marms a holiday for himself.

Circuit Court convening at the same time as the Institute, the little town's capacity for entertaining guests was severely taxed, and Seth was forced to share a room with other young fellows of his acquaintance. Though by reason of his studious habits and somewhat puritanical turn, Seth was not strictly popular with the young bucks of the neighborhood, he and his roommates had no collision by reason of a diversity of tastes until the last night of the session. The boys then brought in, about the time Seth was undressing, a dozen bottles of beer and a quart of whisky, with the avowed purpose of having a "time."

Seth quietly dressed again and left the room. He sat down-stairs in the parlor, reading, until he heard the trio pass out, rather hilariously, and with a fair chance, he reflected, of landing in the calaboose before morning. He returned to his room. The boys had carried out the beer bottles—presumably

after emptying them—but the whisky bottle, scarcely touched, still sat on the window-sill. With a feeling of disgust for the men who would deliberately fill themselves with a poison which would steal their senses away, he seized the bottle with the intention of tossing it out of the window. However, the thought that it was not his property, and that it would not make a pretty sight on the lawn in the morning sunlight, stayed his hand.

Standing thus in doubt, with the repugnant object still in his grasp, he curiously drew the cork and sniffed at the liquor, for he had never so much as smelt whisky at short range before. The odor was not as unpleasant as the breath of topers had led him to imagine; and, still moved by that strange attraction which repellent objects often exercise, he gingerly tasted the stuff. Unused to drinking from a bottle, he inadvertently got a mouthful of the fiery mixture, which he involuntarily swallowed in order to get his breath. Then, with scalded throat and streaming eyes, he quickly set the bottle down.

In a few minutes, though, a peculiar serenity, a delicious lassitude, such as he had never experienced before, stole over him, and a neighboring church-spire, just visible in the gloom, suddenly took on a majesty that made him gaze in awe, as if it were the great finger of Faith pointing to the home of God. At first he did not connect this unusual mental state with the whisky; but when he realized the truth, his eyes dilated, and he sat staring at the bottle for a full five minutes. Then he arose, but not to smash the accursed thing. He took another swallow—a second—a third.

There was no doubt this time as to the identity of the magician at work in his veins. His peculiar exaltation was intensified. The stars blazed with a hitherto unsuspected brilliance. The balmy evening breeze became balmier, past all experience. The strains from a distant piano were seraphic in their sweetness. The laugh of a girl somewhere in the darkness fell on his ear

like angel music. A paradisiacal ecstasy filled him, body and soul.

He lifted the bottle for a third drink with the ease of a lifelong toper. No caution, no scruples of conscience, no sense of wrong! This time, thinking to double his mysterious enchantment again, he took a good pull. Whether he took a fourth one or not, he never knew, for the world soon became a very hazy, wobbly, uncertain place. The church-spire danced off in the shadows; and the seraphic music in the distance and the laugh of the houri in the darkness were heard no more. Finally, feeling the need of air, he rose, took a step or two, and then landed in a corner with a crash which upset the washstand.

When he recovered consciousness, he was lying in his room at home, with a throbbing head and a feverish thirst. A realization of the truth—that he had been drunk, and had been brought home by unknown friends—was slow in coming. It was too incredible, too revolting, to be readily admitted into the mind. But finally the cruel realization did come, and, covering his face with his hands, he sobbed until the bed shook. He, Seth Hazard, a candidate for the ministry, a man who had never drunk tea or coffee or used tobacco, whose name was a neighborhood synonym for abstemiousness, had been drunk!

He lay there, hour after hour, now trying to retrace the steps by which he had reached the fatal abyss, now closing his eyes and trying to persuade himself that it had all been a horrible dream. But one process was as hopeless as the other. It was no dream; it was a grim fact; but how it had happened, how he had come even to uncork the bottle, he could not explain. In his present mood, he could almost believe his downfall a machination of the devil's. Yet he well knew the shout of ridicule with which such a story would be received; and he foresaw despairingly that what to him was a tragedy would, in the eyes of the world—at least, the masculine world—be

merely a theme for jocular discourse. In the eyes of Edith? But, covering his head, he groaned in an agony of spirit, and refused to let his mind present that picture.

About noon his father entered the room. For a moment Seth, in order to hide his shame-suffused face, pretended to be asleep. But only for a moment.

"Father, this is awful!" he exclaimed tremulously.

"It is awful, my son," answered Warren Hazard. "Yet I did not come to rebuke you. Your conscience has done that already. I have only come to lay before you, as a matter of duty, a few painful facts. It is seldom that we—your mother or I—think of you as an adopted child, and never before have we had occasion to remind you of the fact. I had hoped that we never should. But the reason that you happen to be our son, the reason you were left an orphan at a tender age, was the fact that your father drank himself into an early grave, and was soon followed by his broken-hearted wife."

Seth shivered, and laid one hand across his burning forehead.

"Your grandfather was also a drunkard, although he lived to the remarkable age of ninety-three, and became the father of your father at the age of sixty-seven. I knew both men well, and while neither was viciously inclined in any other respect, neither seemed to have the least control of his appetite for whisky. Both had the strongest incentives to live sober lives, and both failed to do it. Whether drunkenness is hereditary or not is a mooted question. The whole theory of heredity, both mental and physical, seems to be undergoing modification. Yesterday, in spite of the cases of your father and grandfather, I should have been inclined to say that drunkenness was not hereditary. Yet I must confess that when the boys brought you home at two o'clock this morning, in the same state in which I have so often seen your father and grandfather, my heart stood still for a moment."

The old man, usually so unemotional, paused with misty eyes.

"Oh, father," cried Seth, in anguish, "you don't believe that I could ever take another drink?"

"My boy, I hope not, I pray not. Yet it is only honest for me to warn you that while drunkenness may not be hereditary, we know that sensuous temperaments and infirm wills are. You have never shown signs of either, I am glad to say. You have been a boy of unusual strength of character. You have resisted the ordinary temptations of youth in a manner that has made me proud. Yet you may have a dreadful struggle before you, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed."

"Father, no power on earth could ever force another drop of liquor down my throat. I loathe the sight and smell of it. That I took it this time is as inexplicable to me as if I had caressed a rattlesnake. I—I was taken so unaware. I had no thought of danger. I—I—oh, I cannot explain it at all," he ended sobbingly.

"I believe you, Seth. You have my deepest sympathy. Only, remember that six months or a year or two years hence your remorse will not be as sharp as it is to-day. It is then, when all seems secure, that you must be on your guard. Now, I have only one request to make; go to Edith, confess everything, and then let her decide whether she still wants to marry you or not. You know her horror of liquor. You know that it blighted her mother's family. It will take heroism to tell her all, but it is the only manly course."

"Oh, I shall do that," moaned Seth. "That was my first thought to-day."

Truly, it was a heroic task. In anticipation, Seth could see the horror overspreading Edith's face, could see the blood leave her cheeks, could see her shrink from him as from pollution. But she might have already heard the story, for such dire news travels quickly. If so, she would be waiting for him, stricken with grief, possibly, but more likely proudly confident of his innocence. Alas that he, with his own lips, should have to declare that confidence vain! Yet, even so, he must go, and that very day.

As the evening shadows fell, however, his repugnance for the humiliating ordeal became simply unconquerable, and he excused himself for that day on the ground of nervousness. Nervous he undoubtedly was; but the next day his repugnance was as strong as ever, and he excused himself again by promising to go early the next morning, which was Sunday.

Meanwhile, he fairly writhed under the thought of what Edith might be suffering all this time, and under the fear that every hour's delay might be burning ineffaceable scars upon her heart. He knew, too, that his father, though silent, was watching and waiting for him to go and vindicate his manhood. Yet it was not until Sunday evening, at his usual hour, that he mustered courage to go; and then he hated himself for having waited for the cover of darkness. Did he recognize, in all this delay, that infirmity of will of which his father had so gently hinted?

He had just rumbled across Meadow Creek bridge when a glowing cigar shone in the darkness ahead. Its owner brought his buggy, a moment later, to a standstill alongside Seth's.

"That you, Seth?" called a friendly voice.

It belonged to Harvey Hill, one of the young men who had shared Seth's room at Sycamore, and about the last person on earth that Seth would have chosen to meet at the present moment.

"Yes," the latter answered briefly.

"How you feelin'?" There was a grin in Harvey's voice, although his face was invisible in the darkness.

"Not very good," returned Seth shortly.

"A little down in the mouth, eh?" Hill chuckled audibly this time. "That's natural. Still, you didn't commit no unpardonable sin. Every feller has to fly his little kite, though I'll confess you did fly your'n a trifle high for the first trial. You could have floored me with a hummin'-bird's wing when we come in and found you piled up in that corner gloriously jagged." Again he chuckled at the excruciatingly funny recollection.

"I was goin' to stop at your place tonight," he continued, more soberly. "What I wanted to tell you was this: outside of us three fellers that roomed with you—me and Lute Emory and Bill Hodges—and, of course, your paw and maw, nary a person will ever know of that jag. Me and Lute brought you home, and before we left Sycamore we three swore—knowin' that you was studyin' for the ministry—that we'd never tell. We wouldn't have brought you home, either, and give you away to your folks, but we was afraid you would be pretty sick the next day, and that others might ketch on to something. Especially Edith," he added, after a momentary pause. "As it was, we know that you expected to go home at sunup the next morning, and that she wouldn't suspect anything from your bein' gone."

"I'm obliged to you fellows," answered Seth. His tone was not cordial, yet his heart had leaped at the news that he had not, at least, been publicly disgraced. "Of course, I can hardly hope that it won't leak out sooner or later in some way," he added, thinking of his present mission.

"It won't leak out through *us*," protested Hill, with an energetic pull at his cigar. "I stand promised to lick the man that tells."

"I appreciate your good-will, Harve," said Seth, a little more warmly this time.

"Don't mention it," returned Hill swellingly. "I recognized your position, studyin' to be a preacher and keepin' company with a girl like Edy. It didn't hurt you none in my eyes, either. Better have your fling now than later." He laughed, spat jocosely, clucked to his raw-boned horse, and was gone.

Seth smiled sardonically at himself. Twice he had thanked Hill. Why should a man on an errand of confession thank another man for concealing that which he was about to confess? Could he not at least have told Hill, kindly though firmly, that while his drunkenness was possibly none of the public's business, he could not deceive Edith about it?

Nor was this the end of the matter.

S o m e w h e r e between Meadow Creek bridge and Judah Powers' lane Seth picked up a companion on that night ride whom he afterward half-believed to be the devil himself. This dark personage came in the form of a great temptation. If Edith had not learned of his disgrace, and was never to learn of it through the tongue of gossip, why should Seth himself tell her? What good could come of his giving her pain? He could never make plain to her the peculiar, baffling character of his downfall. Nor could she—nor any one but himself—understand how impossible it was that he should ever take another drink. Why should he, therefore, weaken her faith in him? Why should he plant seeds of suspicion in her mind which some untoward circumstance, years later, might cause to germinate and grow into a foul plant? Why should he, indeed, run the risk of losing her altogether?

Assailed by this fusillade of interrogatives, he pulled his mare down into a walk, to gain time for his answers; and just before he reached the lane he brought the animal to a halt. There, for the space of twenty minutes, he sat in a seething ferment of conflicting emotions.

CHAPTER III.

As Harvey Hill had said, there were just three of them concerned in getting Seth home. There was a fourth person, however, who had been an interested spectator of the midnight drama—a pale young man of furrowed brow and gloomy mien, who had sat in the shadow of a honeysuckle, at the far



The identity of the hatless, black-haired man swaying helplessly between his two companions was established beyond a doubt.

end of Mrs. Grimes' veranda, until a late hour. His name was Henry Fant.

Over at the court-house, where the Institute lecture had been given on that night, he had occupied a seat—not by chance—within ten feet of Edith Powers and Seth Hazard. Every smile of the girl's, every movement of her hands in caressing her beautiful hair, had cut the rejected suitor like a knife-thrust. Yet to be absent would have

been greater pain; and so it was that he had hovered about her, like a moth around a flame, throughout the sessions of the Institute.

Sleep being far from his eyes, Fant had taken his secluded position on the veranda immediately after the lecture. He sat there, a dark, brooding figure, until the last noises of the village died away. He saw Seth Hazard come in whistling, after seeing Edith home. He saw Harvey Hill and his cronies come in with their basket of flowing refreshments; he saw them pass out, an hour later; he saw them return again, about midnight. Finally, he saw one of them go out once more hurriedly.

But it was not until this last member drove up to the house in Seth Hazard's buggy that Fant took any notice of what was going on. Perhaps he did not really wake up until the trio once more appeared, whispering, and staggering along under a burden that looked like a man's body. Then Henry Fant found his heart throbbing tumultuously. Something told him that that limp form was Seth Hazard, and that, incredible as it might appear, he was drunk.

To verify his suspicions, he stole forward for a nearer view. He identified, certainly, Seth's chestnut mare and the red running-gear of his buggy. But Seth's face he could not see. To close this gap in his evidence, he noiselessly descended to the lawn, slunk around the house, ran down a lane, and posted himself behind a tree, near an electric light which the buggy would pass under if the drunken man were indeed Seth and the boys were taking him home. He had not long to wait. A minute later the buggy did pass under that light; and in its glare the identity of the hatless, black-haired man swaying helplessly between his two companions was established beyond a doubt. Then Fant went back to the boarding-house, light-hearted, and ready for bed.

He drove over to Judah Powers' farm the next day, ostensibly to get figures on some shorthorn calves. But he persistently hung about the house, and finally he spied Edith on the side-porch. Excusing himself to Mr. Powers, he

asked the girl, in a voice which shook a little, if he might see her for a moment. Edith reluctantly came forward, for her last interview with Henry had not been a pleasant one.

Fant wasted no time on preliminaries. He was too nervous, too high-strung, for that.

"Edith," he began abruptly, "is it true that you and Seth are engaged?"

She looked surprised, but answered civilly: "Yes, though we had supposed that our families were the only ones as yet in the secret."

"I only surmised it. Edith, do you know what you are doing? Do you know the manner of man you are marrying?"

Edith surveyed him with a mixture of indignation and pity. Henry Fant in his senses was not the man to talk like this.

"Naturally, I think I do," she answered sharply.

"Yes, Edith, you think you do, as many a woman before you has thought. But you *don't!*" he burst out excitedly. "Edith, Seth Hazard—Seth Hazard—" His teeth chattered for a moment, and then he murmured hoarsely: "Seth Hazard was dead drunk last night!"

Edith would have laughed scornfully, but the man before her was evidently in a dangerous mood. "Are you crazy, Henry?" she demanded.

"You may think so," he cried shrilly. "But ask Harvey Hill—or Bill Hodges—or Lute Emory. They took him home. Ask *him*. And when you ask him that, also ask him if it ain't true that his father and grandfather were drunkards. *That* tells the story!" he ended, with a mirthless laugh on his white lips.

For a moment Edith did not move, or lift her eyes from his face.

"Henry, I have only this to say: I should have more respect for a man who got drunk than for one who ran and told that man's sweetheart about it," said she, and turned and entered the house.

"What does Henry Fant want now?" asked Mrs. Powers.

"What he usually wants," returned Edith, with a short laugh. But it did not deceive the mother. She knew that her daughter was troubled.

"Edith, I wouldn't have him pestering me any longer. I would tell him, if necessary, about your engagement to Seth."

"I did," answered the girl. "He won't come again."

As soon as she could, she slipped up to her room. In spite of her outward calm, Fant's words had stunned her. She believed him half-crazed by jealousy; but, even so, would he have invented such a senseless charge? However, it was his last fling, about Seth's ancestry, which had made her cold about the heart. She knew, and her parents knew, that Seth's father and grandfather were drunkards.

Again and again she shook off the distressing doubts which assailed her. Again and again she resolved not to do her lover the injustice of even considering his guilt until he had had a chance to speak for himself. But the very monstrousness of the alleged offense—for in a man of Seth's professions drunkenness would be monstrous—exercised an unwholesome fascination over her mind, and she waited feverishly for Seth's coming. If he were innocent, he would of course make no allusion to the matter. Likewise, if he were guilty, and wished to deceive her, he would say nothing. But she felt confident that she had only to see him to know the truth.

At last he came, at his regular hour, on his regular day. She hugged this reassuring fact to her breast as she descended the stairs. She veiled as best she could the eagerness in her eyes; she hid as best she could all signs of the tumult within. When the conversation flagged, when Seth appeared preoccupied, even depressed, she charged it to her imagination. Yet her heart grew heavier each moment, and when Seth bade her good night, half an hour earlier than usual, she could hardly keep back the tears. As she dragged herself wearily up-stairs again something told her that, out-

rageous and inexplicable as drunkenness would be in Seth, Seth had been drunk.

The man, meanwhile, crumpled up in one corner of his buggy, with his chin sunken on his breast, and almost as limp as on the night they had brought him home from Sycamore, allowed his mare to find her own way, at her own pace. It was a black brood which swarmed in his brain. All evening, in Edith's presence, he had wrestled with the temptation which had so suddenly assailed him after leaving Harvey Hill. All evening he had made excuses to himself for deferring his confession till a more opportune time. Now the die was cast. He knew now, in his heart, that he would never confess. He had deceived the woman he loved—his future wife, the destined mother of his children, his bosom companion to the grave. And he had deceived his father, that good man who had rescued him from all the nameless miseries of orphanage, and had loved and guarded him as one of his own blood throughout the years.

Seth stood before his glass that night, gazing long and solemnly at his image.

"You sneak! You coward! You viper!" he hissed.

But with these blistering words of self-denunciation on his lips he felt their impotency. They were no substitute for duty. He had committed—and he knew it—the first great, deliberate, premeditated deception of his life. He had made the first break in his moral fiber. He had forged the first link in a chain of bondage which was destined to wrap him round and round.

CHAPTER IV.

Four years later. The Reverend Seth Hazard and his bride left the train at a lonely little station called Dick's, and entered the stage-coach for the four-mile drive to Orchardville, Seth's first ministerial charge. The

steep hills and deep ravines, denoting the proximity of the Ohio River, were new to these prairie-dwellers; and as the stage lunged or slid grittily from side to side of the rock-bottomed road the young couple laughed and clung to each other like children. The driver, who seemed to keep his place by some special dispensation of gravity, grinned to himself and rehearsed the entertaining story he would tell that night at Timmins' grocery-store about the new "sky-pilot" and his wife.

"I think Orchardville must be the very lowermost rung on the ladder, dear," said Seth gaily, but softly enough to elude the driver's alert ear.

"The great thing is that it's on the ladder, with a second and a third rung above it," answered Edith.

Seth squeezed her hand.

"You women are natural missionaries. Here I am burying you for at least a year, maybe two or three, in a hamlet of five hundred inhabitants, where, as the minister's wife, you will be critically watched by every eye. Yet you are positively happy over the prospect."

"I look for one pair of eyes to be very uncritical," she answered, with her sweet, serious smile.

That incident which, four years before, had seemed to threaten her happiness for life, had long since been consigned to oblivion. Yet it had taken her a year or more to do it. At one time she thought of breaking her engagement, for this sinister secret was making a mockery of that tender relation. As time passed, however, she became less certain of Seth's guilt. No word had ever reached her ear in corroboration of Henry Fant's strange story; and had it been true it seemed as if it would have been impossible to hush it up. Just what she would have done had she been convinced of Seth's guilt she could not say; but forgiveness of those she loved was always easy for her. In the beginning she had thought that some day she would frankly ask Seth for the truth, but as time passed this course seemed less and less worthy of that faith which love implied, and

she had at last dismissed it from her mind.

It was a very dear little cottage in which the young couple found themselves installed, with a spacious front yard, full of trees and shrubbery, and an almost too spacious garden, according to Seth, in the rear. There was also a barn, which would be convenient, for Seth would have to keep a horse for his circuit-riding.

This circuit embraced three other charges besides Orchardville, distant from five to nine miles. The four together paid—or promised to pay—four hundred and fifty dollars a year! The performance of this promise depended entirely on the preacher. If he was liked he got his money; if he was not liked he did not get it. Such was the simple method of getting rid of an unacceptable preacher. Seth's predecessor had, in fact, been starved out, his total collections for the year having amounted to less than three hundred dollars. Nor was this in cash, as Seth's salary would not be in cash. Some of it was in the form of chickens—not always young; eggs, not always fresh; butter, pumpkins, and other farm-produce.

Seth's enthusiasm, however, was auspicious. He was as pleased with his charge as a boy with his first rubber boots. After inspecting every room and cupboard in the cottage, and every rod of ground outside—not overlooking a clump of horseradish in a distant corner of the garden—he led Edith over to the little church, almost opposite the parsonage. Here, too, he scanned every nook, and was not satisfied until Edith had climbed to the belfry with him for a view of the "promised land."

He had studied the map until he knew exactly the distance and direction of Harmony Grove, Belfast, and St. Peters, his three outlying charges; and he and Edith amused themselves by identifying certain faint clusters of houses and patches of smoke as the scene of his future labors.

"Just as soon as we are settled," said Seth eagerly, "and before the roads get

bad, I want you to make the circuit with me once, and meet all the members. I want them to know that when they are good to me they are being good to a much better, finer, and holier creature than I."

"If you talk that way to *them*, dear, they will know that you are a very, very new husband," she responded slyly.

"I shall talk that same way when I am a very, very old husband, God sparing me. Do you believe it?"

"I am not afraid," said she.

He laid his hand on the bell.

"This church was built in 1847. Think of the funerals and the marriages; this old bell has announced to the world; the Christmas nights, the New-year's mornings! Few of those who heard its first summons to worship are here to answer now. They are over there." He pointed to a little hillside graveyard, half a mile away. To their eyes, accustomed to the prairie's dead level, the site seemed an ideal one. It was a little nearer Heaven, Seth said.

"It will, in all probability, be my duty to lay more than one away in that God's acre," he added solemnly.

She felt his hand tighten upon hers, and she could guess what was in his thoughts. While improbable, it was not impossible that he should lay *her* there, or even himself. But such thoughts were not good for them, and they climbed down again, allowing the pigeons to come back to their ledges.

Edith had a path to tread which, if not exactly thorny, was beset with pitfalls. She was, by nature and training, a woman of broad ideas. She had always danced, played cards, and gone to the theater—three things forbidden by the discipline of Seth's church, and now her church. On these subjects she would now have to maintain a discreet silence. Again, while serious enough, she liked the good things of life; she liked society, and she liked nice clothes. But on four hundred and fifty a year! She smiled ruefully. But she had determined beforehand to accept no aid from home. Besides, she knew instinctively how quickly the slightest display on her part would react on her hus-

band's head. Instances were not unheard of where church members had refused to pay their pledges on the ground that the minister's wife dressed better than their own!

But tact, that gift which combines all other gifts, carried her smoothly along. She quickly learned the boundaries of the factious camps existing in the church, as well as in the village society, and she held herself aloof from them. She would have nothing to do with quarrels which had originated ten or twenty years before her time. She would be a friend, but not a partisan. She put her shoulder to the wheel which her husband was turning. She took a class in the Sunday-school; within two months she was elected president of the Ladies' Aid Society; she worked vigorously in the Missionary Society. In a score of ways and places she made her influence felt, as a strong, earnest, noble woman is bound to do anywhere.

Yet her success was but a drop in the bucket of her happiness as compared with Seth's. As tactful as herself, but capable of unexpected courage and decision, he won his way from the beginning. Under his ministrations, all four of the churches thrived; and at the end of the third quarter of the year every dollar of salary due had been paid. Also, the general benevolence fund, the raising of which went far toward recommending a minister at Conference, was in such shape that there was no danger of a deficit.

CHAPTER V.

Yet it was in the pulpit that Seth was greatest, in Edith's opinion. How he could preach! Edith knew his weaknesses well; she knew that he was far from perfect; her searching blue eyes could spy blemishes even in the man she loved. But in the pulpit he was well-nigh faultless. He worked hard before he went there, but took no smell of the lamp with him. He had a resonant, magnetic voice, music in itself; and his words flowed as fluently as the waters of a mountain brook.

After his first funeral sermon, Edith wrote to her mother:

"Mama, he didn't tell me a word of it beforehand, and it came like a revelation. It was as beautiful and impressive a thing as I have ever heard or read, and I wept like a babe. Yet it was so simple—as simple as Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg."

She knew that this gift of Seth's would win him fame; she knew that his was a light which could not long be hid under a bushel the size of Orchardville. But, wisely, she did not tell him the latter.

She was, in fact, in no hurry for him to leave there. At least, she wanted him to stay two years, by which time, in all probability, he would be asked for by a larger place. Moreover, she wanted him to keep his skirts clear of the charge being brought against so many of the young ministers of the Conference; namely, that they were always being "called" where the salaries were highest; and that, in the present madness for young men, they were crowding older and worthier men to the wall.

In this Seth agreed with her. He was willing, he said, to stay in Orchardville until he was wanted elsewhere. Yet, early in the third quarter, a change came over him. His enthusiasm ebbed; he sang and whistled less about the house; and Edith, with the sharp eyes of love, could see that his work was dragging. Finally, one Sunday morning at the breakfast-table, he cautiously broached the subject of making a change at the end of the year.

"I feel, Edith, to tell you the truth, as though I had reaped the grain here," said he. "To stay another year would be swinging a cradle over stubble."

"Yet there is just as much work to be done here next year as there was this," she argued.

"Yes. But I am not exactly the same man. I have developed. I want a little more room to stand in, a little more room for the swing of my arms."

"Couldn't you be happy here one more year? By that time, in all probability, some larger place will have asked for you. To go now, without an invitation, looks like place-hunting, as

we have so often said. I don't believe it would be best. It would look as though you had either failed here or were of a fickle nature."

"That's true. Oh, I'll stick it out another year, I suppose," he assented cheerfully.

But his cheerfulness did not hold out. Edith saw that a change of pastorates was fast becoming a necessity with him. It pained her, too. He was discontented; he was chafing under his limitations. She had hoped he could be more patient.

"Darling, this is the truth of the matter, and I want you to know it," said he one day. "I am not merely tired of my work here. I don't scorn this place because it is at the bottom of the ladder. But I can't stand Booth Duckwall any longer. He's a natural-born boss. His word is law here in Orchardville, and his son's word is law in Harmony Grove; and he is so wealthy, and has so many connections, by blood or business, that he practically controls my whole circuit. *He's the bone that sticks in my throat.*"

Edith looked her astonishment. "I am surprised. Of course Mr. Duckwall is rich, and he gives a great deal to the church; and he has, I presume, an opinion on any matter which may come up—as an intelligent, successful man like him naturally would have. But I never thought him bossy in any way."

"You haven't sat with him in as many official board-meetings as I have," answered Seth shortly.

He did not speak of the matter again, but Edith knew that the Rubicon had been crossed. As Conference approached he grew very restless. She no longer opposed him—she had never really done that—but she was sometimes unhappy. Was this restlessness a defect in his character? Was Booth Duckwall only the type of a man who was sure to show himself in all of Seth's future congregations?

One afternoon, when Seth was off on the circuit, Booth Duckwall called—to Edith's surprise, for the relations between him and Seth had become decidedly strained. He was a short,

sturdy, thick-set man of perhaps sixty, with a square chin and taurine neck. Yet he had an open blue eye, and Edith had always liked him.

"I brought you a chicken, Mrs. Hazard," said he, in his incisive but pleasant way. "I also wanted to have a talk with you. That is why I came when I knew your husband would be away."

Edith—with a quickened heart, for some reason—carried the basket to the kitchen, took the dressed fowl from out its spotless wrappings, and then returned to the front room.

"Mrs. Hazard," began the farmer, "your husband wants to leave here this fall, although everybody, as near as I can learn, wants him to return. I understand that you yourself want him to return. But, after what I have to tell you, I think you will agree with me that he had better go. He has told several—who should have treated his communication as confidential, but didn't—that he wants to leave here because I am an autocrat. Now here is the secret of that—and I know it is going to hurt you, but I believe it is for your good and his for you to know it."

He shifted one thick leg over the other, and cleared his throat. Edith clasped her hands tighter.

"Do you remember a Thursday last August, when he stopped overnight at my house, coming back from Harmony Grove, being taken sick on the road?"

"Yes," said she, very softly.

"I happened to be home alone. About four o'clock a horse and buggy, covered with mud—you remember we had a heavy rain the night before—turned into my barn-yard. Nobody got out, so I went down to see what the trouble was. The driver, as muddy as the horse, was huddled on the seat in a heap, and was, I surmised, drunk. When I saw a half-pint flask in the bottom of the buggy, with about a tea-spoonful of whisky still in it, I was sure he was drunk. That man, Mrs. Hazard"—he paused and wet his lips painfully at his listener's white face—"that man was your husband."

"I carried him to a room up-stairs, undressed him, and put him to bed; and

when my wife came home I told her Mr. Hazard was sick. I don't know as I've told her a lie before in thirty years. When your husband came to, he explained to me that he had a diabetic affection which sometimes produced a coma—I believe he called it; anyway, a stupefied condition. He also said the doctor had prescribed wine or whisky in small quantities. He said he had carried that half-pint bottle for six months, and had just drunk the last of it, a half-ounce or so, that day, feeling one of his spells coming on. But the spell came, anyway, and the whisky on his breath and the empty bottle made it look black for him, he knew. But he asked me, as a brother Christian and a gentleman, never to tell any one, and I promised."

He paused again, in evident distress at his listener's set face, then continued doggedly:

"I have never told any one but you. I never will. I only tell you for his sake; first, that you may no longer oppose his leaving here; secondly, that you, if he has a weakness for liquor, may help him. I don't say he has such a weakness. He may have been telling me the truth. You will know. But the point is, he ought to leave here. He will never be happy here again. He began to distrust me from that day. He thought I had him on the hip, and was pushing my advantage. Just the other night, in official board, when I ventured to disagree with him, he turned white, and actually clenched his fist. He is young and fiery, and he thought I was bullying him. I can understand it, and I bear him no ill-will. But you better not tell him where that chicken came from, or he may not eat it."

He picked up his basket, smoothed the cloths, and arose.

"I am sorry for you, Mrs. Hazard. You have my sympathy. You are a good woman. Count on me always as a friend, no matter what the emergency. But treat this talk as confidential. Never let him know that you know. It would shake his faith in me, and he might—he might begin to think of you as he does of me. Good-by."

He held out a big hand, into which Edith laid her own icy fingers. Then she heard the gate click, at what seemed a great distance, and she was sitting alone. She felt as if she were to sit alone the rest of her life.

CHAPTER VI.

She walked slowly and uncertainly to her bedroom, undressed, and crept into bed. For some moments she shook as with a chill. It seemed to her as if the besom of destruction had suddenly swept from the earth all that was worth living for. She had grown attached to her new home. It had been the scene of her first year of wifehood, and there could be but one first year. She had wanted her child to be born here, and had suffered a pang of homesickness at the thought of going among strangers. But now all this was changed. The place had grown hateful. She was in a fever to leave. She hoped never to see Orchardville again, once gone; and she wanted never again to hear Seth's voice from that pulpit.

"And this is how he feels, and has felt for months!" she sobbed to herself; and buried her head beneath the covers to muffle the despairing little wail which she could not suppress.

What should she do? What *could* she do? Shocked to the center of her womanhood, quivering in every fiber with grief, indignation, and horror—yet what was she to do? If she could only



"Just as soon as we are settled, I want you to make the circuit with me, and meet all the members."

open her heart to her husband, how much easier it would be! Together they could canvass the situation, honestly and frankly; repair the damaged past as far as might be, and plan to preserve the future intact.

But he had deceived her! That was the poniard in her breast. After that,

not for her right hand, even if Booth Duckwall's terrifying warning had not still rung in her ears, would she have gone to Seth. To throw herself weakly and womanishly upon him would belittle herself and belittle his sin. Nor would facing him boldly with his deception, and denouncing his violation of vows made both to her and to Heaven, effect a reparation. He was no boy caught in a pot of jam. He was a man, a prospective father, a minister of the Gospel; and he had done a thing which would hurl him from the pulpit amid a roar of angry anathemas from the people whose shepherd he had so presumptuously assumed to be.

Was this all? Had he ever been intoxicated before that night in Sycamore?—for Edith knew now that Henry Fant had told the truth. Had he been drunk more than once since? Drunk! Drunk! It was an ugly word, but no uglier than the thing it signified; and with a shudder, as from a profound and all-pervading nausea, she threw herself upon her breast and buried her face in the pillow.

Suddenly she sprang to a sitting posture, with wide, frightened eyes. Her husband's quick, nervous step was coming down the walk. Somehow, she had forgotten that he would ever come back, that she would ever have to face him again, look into his eyes, and hide the loathing within her. He was whistling, too! Yes, he was happy again, since it had been agreed that he should leave Orchardville. As if he could leave behind him the horrid thing that had made Orchardville intolerable!

She glanced wildly at her clothes on a chair, as if she would dress and flee; at the door, as if she would lock it; at the window, as if she would leap out without dressing. But, one and all, they were only a helpless woman's vagaries, and she did nothing but sink back on the pillows.

"Edith! Edith!"

No answer.

"Edith! Edith!"

Hazard's voice was solicitous, almost imperative. During the past month he had been unusually tender with his wife.

He never returned to the house without immediately looking her up; he had asked her never to go anywhere without notifying him; and he had saved her every step that he could.

She heard him moving quickly from one part of the house to the other—to study, dining-room, and kitchen. Then he came back, swiftly, flung open the bedroom door, and stepped within. She did not open her eyes, but she could almost feel his startled gaze. The next instant he crossed the room in a stride or two, and threw himself upon the edge of the bed.

"Darling, are you sick?" he cried.

No answer.

"Edith—sweetheart—in God's name, what is the matter with you? Are you sick?" His voice was now shrill with excitement.

"Yes."

"Has anything happened? Have you been frightened? Have you fallen down?"

No answer again. He bent over her, but she interposed her arm between his face and hers, almost like a sulky child.

"Let me see your face, won't you? Don't you want me to touch you?" His voice was intensely beseeching, but still she made no response.

"I am going for a doctor," said he threateningly.

"I won't see him," she answered.

Now thoroughly frightened, Seth slipped off the bed and stood by the window for a moment, nervously chewing his lip. Then he vaulted through and crossed the side yard to their nearest neighbor.

"Mrs. Hewitt," said he, "something is wrong with my wife. I am desperately worried. You know her condition. Won't you run over and see what you can do while I go for the doctor?"

Mrs. Hewitt, six times a mother herself, dropped the dough for supper biscuits, hastily washed her hands, and cut across the yard, drying her hands on her apron as she went. Hazard passed out the front way to the street, and rapidly made his way to Doctor Green's office.

When he emerged therefrom, twenty minutes later, with some powders in his

pocket, it was with a vastly lighter heart. The fatherly old physician, so far from being startled by the young husband's account—as the young husband had certainly expected him to be—had only smiled knowingly.

"If she doesn't want to see me, it's pretty good evidence that she doesn't need me. She has a touch of hysteria," said he. It was an old, old story to him. At least, from the symptoms described by Seth, he was not to be blamed for thinking so.

On the way back Seth stopped at a house and arranged for a girl to come to the parsonage on the morrow, to do the cooking and sweeping. He himself, he said, would get breakfast. But Edith stole a march on him. When he awoke, her place in the bed was empty; and when he sat down to the breakfast-table, radiant over her recovery, she slipped up behind him and wound her arms about his neck.

"Did you think me a very naughty girl last evening?" she asked softly, with her cheek tight against his, so that he could not look into her eyes.

"No, no," said he, caressing her hair. "Just a very flighty girl."

"And you forgive me?"

"Tut, tut! I only wish I had a chance to forgive you something."

Throughout the long, torturous night, while Seth slept, she had lain on her back, with wide-open eyes, fighting her battle to a victorious finish. It was a tragic crisis such as came to people in stories, such as had come to one or two people within her experience, but which she had hoped to be delivered from as we hope to be delivered from sudden and premature death.

Yet here it was. The man to whom she was bound for life had developed a weakness which she could never forget; a weakness which, in his most triumphant hour, should such an hour come, would stand before her eyes like a hateful apparition. She could still love him as one loves the erring, but never again could he command her unqualified respect. Never again could she prostrate herself before him in wifely adoration, as she had done on a few

glorious occasions in the history of their love. Godlike as he might appear to others, with years and dignities heaped upon him, to her he would be only a man, and a weak one at that. He might dazzle the world with his brow of gold, but she could not forget his feet of clay.

Yet she was his wife. The world would expect of her the prompt and unflagging performance of her duty. Her own mother would expect it, for this dire secret, the wife's only excuse for failure, not even her mother must know. She had a child to bear, to nourish through infancy, to guard and train through childhood and adolescence. Perhaps there would be more than one. She would have to stand by her husband's side and uphold his hands; she would have to do her part in the work of the church, and fill her place in society. And through it all this family skeleton must be kept under lock and key! Yea, the time might come—though from it she prayed fervently to be delivered—when she would be expected, unblushingly, to deny the existence of such a skeleton; when she would be offered the choice of sacrificing her conscience or her husband's reputation.

At first, her heart sank under the prospect. But there was in her blood the stuff of which martyrs are made—in how few women is there not such stuff!—and toward morning peace came to her. She remembered Seth's father and his grandfather. No one could say positively that it was not their sour grapes which had set her husband's teeth on edge. Her course was clear. No half-way measures would avail. Not to appear to love him, but to really love him, was her duty. It could not be the love of her maiden dreams—alas, that seemed gone forever!—but it could be the love which many another woman had given to a weak and erring husband.

Edith spent Conference week at home with her mother, although she had rather planned to go with Seth. Her choice as a disappointment to him, she knew; it was a time of anxiety with him, for a young minister asking for a change

after one year of service is not always gently handled by the bishop. But Edith felt that she must have a breathing-spell. A week's absence from her husband would do her good.

A week! As she rode up the maple-arched driveway by her father's side, with Shep leaping and barking along ahead, she half-wished, wicked as she felt the thought to be, that she were coming home for a month, a year; yea, a lifetime. The days flew by all too quickly. Then, a few hours before she started for the station, came a telegram from Seth:

McPherson. Population, 2,000. Salary, \$800. Hurrah!

There was something Cæsarian in its brevity. It breathed triumph even without the final ejaculation.

And it was a triumphant young man who met her at Dick's on her return. He fairly bubbled with joy. Again he told her that McPherson was a town of two thousand, that his church had a membership of two hundred and fifty, and paid eight hundred dollars a year.

"A station, my dear, not a circuit!" he murmured exultantly. "No more saddles for me!" And as they drove into the village he said: "We'll take just one more ride in this old ark. Then it will be going in the opposite direction—away from tyrannical old Booth Duckwall forever!"

Edith shivered a little, as if struck by an icy wind.

CHAPTER VII.

Those people in the McPherson church who fancied that Bishop Allison had played them a scurvy trick in assigning them a young circuit-rider, with credentials one year old, soon changed their minds. Seth preached to a full house, morning and evening; not once or twice, while he was new, but regularly, month after month. In fact, he nearly emptied the other churches in the town.

In the opinion of a few obstinate ones, he was merely a young man with a

rather unusual "gift for gab," whose success would not last. But Edith knew better. She knew how hard he worked. Five hours of each day were spent in his study, and the rest of his time went to pastoral calls, prayer-meetings and committee-meetings, choir-meetings and official board-meetings. In fact, it was plain to her, from his feverish energy, that he was trying to make reparation for the past; and he seemed to glory in doing in one day what another man would have allowed himself two days for.

"The pastor who follows me here will find that I have set a heart-breaking pace," he observed, with a grim smile to Edith, one day.

"Has it occurred to you that your successor next year will in all likelihood be Seth Hazard?" she asked playfully.

"That's the very fellow I have been laying for."

Her eyes glowed tenderly. For the past few months she had seen little in him of that exultant youth who had met her at Dick's. Had she been too hard on him? Had she underestimated the strength of his temptation? Surely it must have been strong to pull him down. Could any penance which she might have prescribed been severer than that which he had voluntarily accepted? And his deception of her—that most unpardonable thing of all—had she seen it in just the right light? If she had feared to tell him what she knew, might he not have feared, with equal reason, to tell her what he had done?

It was a perplexing question. But perhaps there was more left in life for her, after all, than she had at first been inclined to think. A little later she felt even more confident that this was so. It was on the occasion of Seth's last sermon of the year, commonly called the "farewell" sermon, even when a minister expects to return.

"Have you ever fought with the demon of temptation?" asked the young preacher from the pulpit. "Not for an hour, or a day, or a month, but for years? Have you felt the ground slipping from beneath your feet as you

grasped desperately at even the motes of the air for support? Have you ever called up the images of your loved ones, living and dead—father, mother, wife, babe, even those babes yet unborn—and prayed to them as a pagan prays to his idols of stone; and yet, in spite of these, gone down, down, down into the dark valley of sin? Have you gone about among your neighbors with a smiling face, while the cancer of remorse gnawed at your vitals, until you were almost constrained to shriek out, like a leper, 'Unclean! Unclean!'

"If you have, you are to be pitied. But you are still more to be pitied if there has not come a time when suddenly, without warning, the chains have been knocked from your limbs by an unseen Hand. You paused; you looked about; you leaped exultantly in your new freedom. Then you heard a still, small voice: 'Be of good cheer! *You* are my son, in whom I am well pleased.' You knew, then, that the dragon with his tail of stings was dead."

He leaned upon the pulpit with one elbow, and faced the silent audience. His rather large, orator's mouth was shut firmly, almost grimly, but his face was illuminated from within. It would have been a dull person that would not have guessed that Seth Hazard himself had been subjected to some great temptation.

His eyes were dry, but there were tears in the eyes of a young woman near the front, with a baby in her lap. Edith knew the secret source of that inspiring burst. The words fell upon her heart like blessed balm. Spoken there in the house of God, from the sacred desk, they meant more to her than any private confession could have meant. They gave her a stronger assurance of Seth's uprightness in the future.

Edith went to Conference with her husband this year, in spite of her babe of six months. Seth had insisted on it, in a rather mystifying way; but it was not until they were on the train that he cleared up the mystery.

"I may need your advice," said he.

"I understand that Cameron City is sending a delegation up to ask for me." His eyes sparkled at Edith's amazement.

"Cameron City!" she cried. "Why, that's a place of fifteen thousand."

"Yes, and pays fourteen hundred a year."

"But is it true?"

"That's the question."

"And how did it happen?"

"That isn't so complimentary. It happened—if it does happen—because of this!" And he facetiously tapped his forehead.

"Oh, you egotist!" she cried, in delight.

"Still, my girl, it puts me in a rather delicate situation. I make no bones of the fact that a big field has more attractions for me than a smaller one. It has for any ambitious man in any walk of life. If the bishop sees fit to send me to Cameron City, I shall be only too happy to go. Yet I may not be asked for unless the delegation is convinced that I feel equal to the place. In other words, my wishes may be consulted. Now, in the first place, there are plenty of men in the Conference whose age and long services rank them ahead of me—I can't afford to appear to be trying to rob them of their dues. Again McPherson unanimously voted for my return. I don't want to try to get away from there, and then be sent back, after all. Some of the members would not forgive that."

"You have done a great deal of good there," murmured Edith thoughtfully.

"But I should expect to do even more good in Cameron," he argued. "In fact, I believe my sermons have been a little too advanced for some of the McPherson people. There is an ultra-conservative element in the church there which may show its hand before another year is out."

At this point, another minister on the train came toward them, and the discussion was dropped.

It was Edith's first sight of a Methodist Conference. The body very fairly symbolized, in its diversified elements,

the far-reaching ramifications of the great church which it represented. The broadcloth frock of the city clergyman brushed the coarse and shapeless garments of the circuit-rider. White-haired octogenarians shared seats with beardless boys. The polished collegian, who had perhaps finished his studies abroad, and topped off with a trip to the Holy Land, mingled freely with raw-boned sons of the soil, whose whole training for the ministry consisted of a year or two at some small seminary or academy, often after they were the head of a family.

The bulk of the members lay between these extremes; but, on the whole, it was a democratic body. The venerable bishop himself, a man with a score of bulky tomes to his credit, had knotted fingers which were reminiscent of the plow-handles of his youth. There was also present a sprinkling of the old pioneer preachers—men as grizzled and gnarled as oaks, with no education whatever, but a will and spirit which had balked at no obstacles; whose territory had been a whole county, or several counties; who had preached on Sunday and felled timber through the week; who had received little or nothing for their ecclesiastical work because the early settlers had little or nothing to spend on their souls.

It was an earnest, enthusiastic, joyous body. Its atmosphere was not congenial to the sluggard. Its favorites were sure to be men of action. Therefore, Edith was pleased at the consideration shown her husband. He seemed to be generally recognized, in spite of his brief services, as one of the Conference's "coming" men. When he arose to speak, he was listened to with attention. He was elected assistant secretary of the Conference. But not even Edith was prepared for the honor which came in his appointment to preach in one of the churches of the town on the following Sunday.

Yet—the delegation from Cameron City did not materialize! Nor was any explanation forthcoming. Seth's presiding elder did not so much as hint to him that he had ever heard of a place

called Cameron City. Edith did not care so much; on reflection, it had seemed to her that it would be better in many ways for them to serve McPherson another year. But Seth was profoundly disappointed; Edith saw it, in spite of his efforts to hide his feelings. Yet he bore himself manfully. "I only wish they hadn't put the notion into my head," he observed, with a rueful smile.

The last day of the sessions arrived, and the secretary arose to read out the appointments. The bishop's cabinet is a kind of star-chamber. Little that goes on there leaks out to the world, or even to the Conference. There were some preachers in that body who knew that they would be returned to their present charges; there were others who knew that they would be changed. But there were also many who did not know either the one thing or the other, and some of those who thought they knew were mistaken.

Some, hoping to be advanced, would be returned for another year's labor in the old vineyard, uncongenial as the scene might be. Others, hoping to be returned to the place which their heart-strings had twined about, would be required to say good-by to loving friends, to fold their tents, like Arabs, take a farewell, misty glance at a little mound or two in the cemetery, and fare forth once more among strangers, beginning life anew, like bees robbed of their honey, for the tenth or twentieth time. Men who had failed would be sent to smaller places; old men would have it made clearer that superannuation was one year closer. Naturally, there was a profound stillness in the room as the secretary read.

Seth Hazard was not among the anxious. His little disappointment had already come. He listened absent-mindedly to the reading, glancing now and then at some one whom he had reason to believe would be either pleased or displeased with the throw of fortune's dice. Then came his own name.

"Seth Hazard—*Cameron City!*"

Husband and wife exchanged startled glances. Then Seth exultantly seized

Edith's hand and squeezed it until it ached for hours.

"You wait here until I find the presiding elder," said he, when the announcements were done. "I want to learn the secret of this thing."

As Edith stood in the pew, watching the crowded church slowly empty itself, and nodding to the few whom she knew, she observed a large, white-haired, distinguished-looking old gentleman, with gold nose-glasses and white waistcoat, threading the pews toward her.

"Mrs. Hazard, I believe," said he, extending his hand. "Congratulations! I am T. P. Hamilton. Your husband is to be my successor at Cameron."

"Oh, thank you," said Edith, with a slight flush. "It came as such a surprise to us."

"Did it? I had understood otherwise."

"That is to say, we—or Mr. Hazard, rather—had heard, before coming here, that there would be, or that there might be, a delegation from Cameron to ask for him. But we had given up all—we had concluded it was a mistake," she concluded lamely.

It was embarrassing enough to be unexpectedly brought face to face with this aristocratic old gentleman whom her husband had displaced without being suspected of fibbing as well. But her confusion was complete when Mr. Hamilton, answering her question as to where his new appointment was, said sardonically: "*McPherson!*"

"Oh! I didn't catch it in the announcements."

"I hope the people there will not consider that they have been swindled in the trade," continued Hamilton, with salty jocosity.

"I am sure they will not," protested Edith.

"I wish I were sure. You see, I am getting old." He laughed shortly, and stood his erectest. "My father preached until he was eighty-four, and died in the harness. I am sixty-five! But this is a young man's era. They want a new church building at Cameron, and they want a young man to do the work. In fact, I may say they *need* a young man.

With our present system of building churches, a pastor should combine the qualifications of a corporation president, a tax collector, and a building inspector. Preaching is a secondary matter. But it is a trifle hard upon a man who has spent his life in study and meditation, in perfecting himself for his sacred office, to be sent to the foot of his class because he does not possess the foregoing qualifications. Nobody seems to remember, either, that I have built five churches in my time—though, to be sure, they were not such edifices as the Cameron City people will erect."

Again he shook hands and passed on. His bitterness was plain, in spite of his suave manner. "The Goths have taken Rome!" murmured Edith to herself. In that moment she had a prophetic vision of the day when Seth would be "old"—not as nature reckons age, but as this church at Cameron City had reckoned it; as all the world, apparently, was now reckoning it. For the first time in her life, old age struck her as something sad. Heretofore, she had always thought of it as a season of ripeness and serenity, when one could fold his hands, oblivious of life's little fret and fury, and look with inspired vision into the heart of things, and know that all was well.

She related to Seth, that evening, her meeting with Mr. Hamilton, and the thoughts it had stirred. He did not speak for some time.

"It is tough, Edy," said he at last. "This country has no patriarchs. Gray hairs command scant veneration. The spirit of the age is against them. A railroad president has said that it is economy to drive an engine at the highest pressure for five or six years, and then 'scrap' it. Dairymen have testified that it is good practise to force a milch cow with rich foods for about the above period, and then sell her to the butcher. I know a cattle-buyer who habitually wears out a team of blooded horses in a few years by constantly pushing them to the limits of their endurance, and finds it cheaper than to coddle them for twice or thrice that period. It seems to be the same with men. A few grand



"Give me a half pint of whiskey, please," said Hazard in a low voice.

spurts, and then the grave. The war we wage right here in our church for the survival of the fittest is as cruel as anything which goes on in an African jungle."

Edith looked at him affectionately. "I like to hear you talk that way."

He smiled. "At the same time, it must be confessed that is nature's way. It is hard on the individual, but good for the species. Yet I firmly believe," he hastened to add, at her disapproving nod, "that a better way is coming for us human beings, at least. Our intuitive condemnation of the struggle as 'cruel' proves that."

"That is worth a kiss," said she, and gave it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Had she not been prepared, Edith would have been disappointed at the church building in Cameron, for it belonged to the old box type of church architecture, and was in a dilapidated condition besides.

"This is only the shell," observed Seth apologetically.

"Which you have been sent to repair," retorted Edith mischievously.

"Yes," laughed Seth. "But it is not a wholly ignominious job, young lady. The bishop said to me: 'Hazard, when a soldier is sent to a dangerous point at the front, he regards it as a tribute to his bravery. You may regard this

appointment to Cameron not in any sense as a reward, for there are many in the Conference ahead of you as regards service, but as a recognition of your ability. They want a church at Cameron, and we believe that you are the man to build it.' *I am the man,*" he added, after a pause. "In two years a fifty-thousand-dollar edifice will occupy this spot."

Edith slipped her hand through his arm. When he talked that way, she loved him almost as well as ever she had. She forgot that he had ever been weak.

He was as good as his word. Two years and three months later the new church was dedicated. But Seth had paid a price for his triumph.

"Those red memorial windows are symbolical of my blood," he murmured wearily to Edith, as they sat alone in the big auditorium after the service.

As she looked at him she realized the literal truth of his words. He had aged five years in two. His cheek-bones were painfully prominent, and he was thinner than ever.

Doctor Hamilton had predicted that Seth would have no time for study. But Seth had manufactured time out of the small hours of the night; and his rising fame as an eloquent preacher had suffered no check. He had, moreover, during the two years, delivered lectures at various points in the Conference, under the auspices of the Epworth League; and he was announced for the following summer as an attraction at a neighboring Chautauqua.

There was another item in the price of his success. If he had thought, in his farewell sermon at McPherson, that he had laid his old enemy under the ground, he was mistaken. Many, many times, during the past two trying years, he had felt as if a stimulant would be the greatest boon earth could grant him. And now, in his depleted physical condition, he craved liquor incessantly. His appetite dogged him to his study, to his parishioners' parlors; yea, to his pulpit.

For a long time he presented an adamantine front to his temptation. If

Edith could have dreamt of the will which he exercised week after week, and month after month, she would never again have thought him weak. But this she could not know. Nor could she know of the peculiarly insidious form of attack adopted by his appetite. His will, in the past, had never been overthrown bodily, as a hurricane overturns a house; but, rather, bit by bit, grain by grain, as termites excavate timbers from the interior, unsuspected from the outside, until the hour of collapse.

"I think possibly a little wine would do you good, Mr. Hazard," said Seth's physician one day. "There is really nothing wrong with you. All you need is rest and a mild tonic."

"I never touch spirits," said Seth, almost briskly.

Doctor Cary shrugged his shoulders, apparently nettled by his patient's tone. "As you please. There are other things which may do as well. I will fix you up something."

Seth did not like that half-contemptuous shrug; it hurt his pride. And he did like wine. It was strange, after all his struggling, how easily and suavely he said:

"I did not mean to be too emphatic, doctor. I'll try a little wine if you think it best. I am no crank."

Why did he say it? Why did he thus tamely, without a qualm, surrender that for which he had so fiercely fought for years? Had his power of resistance been hammered until there was nothing left? Or did he honestly believe he was using the wine as a medicine? If the latter, why did he carry the quart bottle of sherry into his study, and secrete it behind his books, and say nothing to Edith? The answer was not forthcoming.

When this first quart was gone—and it went with a speed which secretly surprised Doctor Cary—Seth brought home a second one, and stored it in the same place. This one went even more quickly than the first. But Seth did not return to Doctor Cary for a third. Instead, he bought it at a drug-store, where he had every reason to believe

that the transaction would be treated as confidential. He got bottles Nos. 4 and 5 at the same place. But bottle No. 6 he got at another drug-store—again confidentially. Bottle No. 7 he secured at Doctor Cary's again, some time now having elapsed since he had drawn one there. No. 7 came from the first drug-store; No. 8 from the second drug-store. But No. 9 came from a new source—a little grocery on the extreme edge of town.

The empty bottles became an embarrassing asset, but Seth finally hit on the plan of carrying them out after dark and dropping them into alleys, ash-barrels, and vacant lots. But one night there was a mishap. A bottle tossed into the mouth of an alley struck something hard, and broke with a startling crash. The sound brought a prowling policeman up on a trot.

Verily, conscience makes cowards of us all! For once in his life Seth lost his head. Instead of calmly pursuing his way—no one would ever have suspected the pastor of Temple Street Church of being connected with the suspicious noise—he darted into the alley and ran like a thief. He quickly distanced his portly pursuer, but he was panting desperately before he thought it safe to slacken speed; and when he emerged on the street again, in a carefully studied leisure gait, his knees trembled from exertion and excitement.

This incident, however, only temporarily frightened him into sobriety. In three days he again began his tippling. In time, one doctor's office, two drug-stores, and a grocery-store became insufficient to supply his wants—that is, making allowance for the intervals between purchases, which he regarded as necessary to keep down suspicion. For the mild wine disappeared like water. Frequently he consumed a quart bottle in a day. Yet at no time had he been intoxicated. At no time had he lost his caution, and he had reason to believe that no one, not even Edith, had ever detected the liquor on his breath. He had been stimulated, however, and the time came when he wanted a stronger

stimulation than wine could give. He wanted whisky.

A curious paralysis of the will had now been upon him for nearly three months. As he finished a bottle, he would say to himself, "This is my last." The next day he would buy another bottle, without struggle or remorse. Sometimes he even laughed. But it was the hard, mirthless laugh of a man marching to the gallows. He knew that a tragedy was impending. Sometimes he hoped to weather the gale; again he was content to be blown whithersoever the caprice of the wind might land him.

About this time Edith, unfortunately, went home for a visit. Until after she was gone Seth had not, perhaps, realized what a restraint on his appetite her presence had been; but even as the train pulled out, with his lips still damp from his wife's kiss, he experienced a sense of a new, wild, and lawless liberty. Now he had the house to himself! Now no one would walk into his study unannounced! Now, in Edith's absence, no woman, with her sharp nose for a dram, would call to see him on church business! Now he would no longer toy with a womanish liquor like wine! Whisky was *his* drink!

Yet one thing was sure; he could not safely buy whisky in Cameron City. He dared not even ask his doctor for it. To get it he would have to go to Vienna. Vienna was a larger city than Cameron, forty miles away. About the only people there whom Seth knew, or who would be likely to recognize him in the sack suit and soft hat which he would wear, were the two Methodist ministers. He could keep out of their path. But should he chance to meet one of them, he would have an excuse at hand for his presence in Vienna; he would be there to see a printer, to get an estimate on the cost of printing a collection of his lectures!

Edith had left at nine o'clock. Seth left at one. Entering the coach from the rear, he dropped into the first seat, where he could scan his fellow passengers. To his vexation, he discovered one of his parishioners a few seats

ahead. He watched the man closely, seeing in him a spoil-sport, and not doubting that he, too, was bound for Vienna. But to Seth's relief, the man gathered up his things when an intermediate station was called. When he passed Seth, the latter was buried in his paper.

CHAPTER IX.

Seth had never been in Vienna before, but he was not long in finding a saloon. He had heard that there were one hundred and thirty-three of them in the city! This one, though, was a fine-looking place, on the main street, and Hazard had no intention of entering it. Just what one to enter proved a difficult question, for each one possessed some disadvantage viewed from the standpoint of a minister of the Gospel in quest of whisky! Hence he tramped the streets vainly for two hours.

He must find some more secluded resort than any he had yet seen. To this end he took an excursion into a district of tenement-houses, carpenter-shops, and second-hand stores, all the time keeping an eye open for any one whom he might know. The saloons were not so numerous here; and the few he did find always contained a noisy crowd. Or else some one was approaching who *might*—one chance in ten thousand—recognize him.

"You coward!" he laughed nervously to himself.

He resolved to delay no longer; and about dusk he entered an ill-smelling little joint presided over by a young Irishman.

This man and two blear-eyed loafers by the stove stared curiously at the well-dressed stranger.

"Give me half a pint of whisky, please," said Hazard, in a low voice. He had resolved that half a pint should be his limit.

"Rye or bourbon?"

"Bourbon. And make it a pint, if it's good," added Seth, as the man bent under the bar for a flask.

"I have some extra fine stuff if you

are willin' to pay for it," said the bartender.

"In that case make it a quart," answered Seth, his black eyes glistening curiously at the display of bottled stuff on the back bar.

The Irishman laughed. "Pardner, I'll stay with you in this game just as long as you raise the limit."

Partner! Was it the man's familiarity or his unconscious rebuke which brought the flush to Hazard's cheek? He stowed the bottle hastily in a little hand-bag, which he had brought for the purpose, and then took a circuitous route to the station. He got home about ten o'clock, took one stiff drink, just one, and went to bed.

When he awoke he congratulated himself on his moderation of the night before. "To say that whisky has a hold on me is nonsense," he soliloquized. "I can take it or leave it alone. I have left it alone for a good while. But when I want it, and want it *bad*, I am not going to deny myself for the sake of a fanatical public opinion."

He took a drink immediately after his bath, and another one after he had finished dressing. By this time he was in a fine glow. But he did not go out for breakfast. He dared not, with the whisky on his breath. So he contented himself with a slice of bread and butter, which he found in the pantry.

He did not go out for dinner or for supper; nor did he eat any more bread. Whisky was his food that day. He spent the time in reading. To be exact, he spent the time in a narcotized dream, with a book in his hands, and his bottle not far away. How delightful were those hours! The pool of life was without a ripple. A glorious serenity, like that of an Indian summer day, lay over him, swathed him, bathed him. A mysterious, bewitching languor filled his veins. His future lay before him like a sunlit landscape, where all was pleasing to the eye; and at the other end he saw himself a preacher of national fame; an honored dignitary in his church. For by *that* time he would have left drink, and his appetite for drink, far behind.

About three o'clock the clang of the door-bell brought him out of this poppy-land with unpleasant abruptness. He did not rise at first, however. When the summons was repeated, he slipped his bottle behind a shelf of books, tiptoed up-stairs as noiselessly as a burglar, and peeped from behind a bay-window curtain at the visitor below. It was a woman, one of his parishioners, with some borrowed books in her arm. But even as Seth looked she turned away. With a laugh he skipped down-stairs, pirouetted across his study, and took a good pull at his bottle, to restore his shaken nerves. Then he broke out in his rich barytone with: "This is my story, this is my song."

Not once that day did he leave the house or unlock a door. By eight o'clock at night he was almost helpless. The demon in the bottle was beginning to show its hand. The dreams and exhilaration of the earlier stages of his intoxication were gone; headache, nausea, extreme nervousness, partial paralysis, and delirium had taken their place. Finally he started for bed. He tripped upon a rug, fell his length, and there he lay throughout the night.

It was ten o'clock the next morning, and the sun was shining brightly in his face, when he awoke. Fortunately for him, there was a little liquor left in the bottle. He took it in one feverish draft; then, haggard, unkempt, weak, and tremulous, he dragged himself upstairs. He bathed, shaved, and put on fresh linen. After this, he dropped to his knees. With his thin, bony hands clenched until his knuckles were bloodless, he knelt, wordless and voiceless, for he knew not how long, like some Hindu sworn to uphold his arms until they had stiffened in their place, while his black eyes were turned wildly upward, as to the vault of Heaven.

"O God, be merciful unto Thine erring servant! O God, be merciful unto Thine erring servant! Save him, save him, Father, from his dreadful doom! And if there be no other way, remove him from this earthly scene!"

It was a pitiful, a tragic cry. It was the cry of one caught in the coils of

fate, knowing that his own strength would avail him nothing. Again and again it echoed piercingly through the silent rooms and halls; and once it caught the ear of a passer-by, who paused and listened, glanced curiously at the tightly curtained house, and then moved on.

At last Seth rose from his knees, passed weakly down the stairs, and broke his long fast with a slice of dry bread—the only food he could find in the house. Again he remained in all day, but telephoned to a restaurant for his dinner; and after dark he took a long walk. Country-bred as he was, fresh air and exercise were almost a daily necessity for him. When he got back, after his sojourn under the stars, he was very tired; yet he felt better.

His remorse, however, was deep, terrible, and enduring. No other lapse from sobriety had so profoundly shocked his self-respect. He loathed himself. On the following Sunday he forced himself into the pulpit only by a most vigorous effort of the will. He was tempted to feign sickness—a deception which his physical appearance would have upheld—but the thought of a lie, even a white one like this, was now abhorrent.

As he leaned in weakness on the pulpit, after the Scriptural lesson, and looked out over the large congregation—pure, wholesome, lily-faced girls; fine, manly boys; venerable men and women, from whom the fires of life had burned all dross away—as he contemplated these, he could scarcely suppress a groan of agony. God knew that he, polluted one, felt himself unworthy to lead such as these. God knew that his spirit was humbled and broken.

When Edith returned the next day he shrank from touching her, as if there were a real and tangible contamination on his hands. When she kissed him, her lips burned his like fire. As they rode up from the station in a cab, he forced a smile, and asked about the folks at home; but a chill like that of a Greenland midnight benumbed his heart. Yet, in spite of all that he had suffered, he knew that his penitence was

not complete. An inner voice whispered: "Tell *her* the truth. It is her due. Until you have done this you have not done all."

But he lacked the manhood for it. Just here, as before, he failed; and though he despised himself for his weakness, and felt as if he must either overcome it or be blasted for life, he did not, he could not, overcome it.

The next thirty days were purgatorial to him. At times he went so far as to contemplate the taking of his life, although he was probably in no real danger of doing this. Then a reaction began. His thoughts became more wholesome. The six months following, taken as a whole, constituted a period of splendid achievement. He worked as he had never worked before. He preached as he had never preached before; and truly there was excuse for some of his members believing that a young prophet had been sent unto them. Not once throughout this period did his temptation show its face. Indeed, so far was he from any indulgence of his weakness, that he felt as if he had been born again.

In the fall, with a spirit still unquenched, he began a series of protracted meetings. The revivalistic spirit was not strong in his church; many of the members, indeed, were opposed to revivals. Edith had always doubted their efficacy; and Seth himself had looked upon them with suspicion. Yet a revival came, with Seth as his own evangelist. Night after night the church was packed with people. Night after night the altar was filled with sobbing penitents.

Among these penitents was one whose face was tantalizingly familiar to the young minister, but which he could not place. Even the man's name—Jerry Croghan—did not solve the puzzle. But the morning that Croghan was received into the church on probation, his identity flashed over Seth with stunning force. Jerry Croghan was the Irish bartender in Vienna from whom Seth had bought his whisky!

It was a faltering service which the ordinarily fluent young preacher ren-

dered for the remainder of the hour. He felt as if the earth had suddenly spun from under his feet; as if he were falling through bottomless space. But when he did strike, it was on his feet, as usual. What at first appeared only retribution, he quickly came to regard as a cruel and relentless fate, and he prepared to fight it.

Had Croghan recognized him? Hardly, or he would never have been converted. Was he likely to recognize him? With such a Damocles sword hanging over him, Seth was not the man calmly to wait his destiny. He ascertained that the young man was working in an ice-plant, and the next day Seth called on him in his pastoral character. If Croghan had recognized Hazard, nothing in his manner indicated it; and he talked freely for some time. Still, Seth was not satisfied.

"Your face seems familiar to me, Mr. Croghan," he observed finally.

Croghan made no answer; but he was a simple, direct fellow, with no fund of small talk for a superior person like his pastor.

"Have I ever seen you before, that you remember?" continued Hazard cautiously.

The young Irishman's eyes filmed over curiously, as if he had been detected in some trickery. "I think so."

"Where was it?"

"I think you remember as well as I, Mr. Hazard."

Croghan's tone was almost resentful. It was apparent that he was not to be trifled with. Only one course was open to Seth, and that was the course of perfect candor. He was wise enough to accept it.

"We can't talk here on such a subject, Mr. Croghan; as painful to you, I presume, as it is to me. Will you call at my home this evening?"

"Yes."

Croghan came dressed in the black clothes in which he had attended the revival meetings. Edith was in the study; but, recognizing the visitor as one of the recent converts, and supposing he wanted a private talk with his pastor, she immediately withdrew.

Seth, now that the gauntlet was down, did not mince his words.

"Mr. Croghan, I met you in a saloon in Vienna, where I bought a quart of whisky from you. I hope you will pardon my indirection of to-day. You will realize how much it meant to me—and still means to me—whether I was recognized by you or not. The story I have to tell you is a humiliating one to me, but you have a perfect right to know it.

"My father and my grandfather were

to live a life of total abstinence. I hope, I pray, I believe that I shall live such a life from now on. I have not tasted a drop since I emptied the bottle I bought of you. Since then I have gone through the torments of hell. As a kind of penance, I have worked almost night and day. A part of that work was the revival which brought you into the church. Up to the moment I saw you, I had felt that God had forgiven me, and was smiling on my efforts.



He tripped upon a rug, fell his length, and there he lay throughout the night.

both drunkards, Mr. Croghan, but until I was twenty-six years old I never knew the taste of alcoholic drink. Then, by accident, it was put into my hands. In a manner not yet clear to me, I tasted it, liked it; I became intoxicated. I have been intoxicated on two occasions since—both times since I was a minister of the Gospel. How I have fought this demon of an appetite, you, once a bartender and familiar with whisky's victims, may have some notion. Consider, further, the fact that I am a minister of the Gospel, and you will perceive the powerful motive I have had

Then you came. When I first saw you there at the altar, I could not have been more startled—pardon me for saying it! —had you been a horned and cloven-hoofed emissary of the devil."

He paused tensely, and Croghan shifted uneasily in his chair.

"You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Croghan, so I shall not dwell on them further. I don't know what you think of me. I only know that it is in your power, by simply opening your lips, to blast my ministerial career and the hopes of my life, to damn me in the eyes of the world, to destroy my domestic

happiness, to break my wife's heart. I am not going to ask you not to do it. I am going to put it on higher grounds than that. I am going to ask you if you think I deserve such a fate. If you do, strike. If you don't, I rest my fate in your sense of justice."

"I shall never open my lips to hurt you, Mr. Hazard," answered Croghan earnestly. "When I first saw you in the pulpit I was astonished. But I liked your sermon, and I came again. I was soon convinced that you were not a hypocrite. I know what whisky is better than most men. I have known lots of good men who drank it that would have given a leg or an arm not to drink it. I took it that you were of that class."

Seth's eyes filled with tears, and he extended his hand.

"That is sufficient, Mr. Croghan. I shall never bring this subject up again. I shall rest secure in your assurance of justice. And I shall never give you cause to regret that assurance. Now I have been thinking over a matter since seeing you this morning. I want to show my gratitude by doing something for you. My work here has increased to such a volume that the church has voted me a secretary at fifteen dollars a week. I notice that you write an unusually fine hand. If you would like that position, you are welcome to it."

"I couldn't take it as pay for *this*," answered Croghan. "I should never have said anything, even if you had not come to see me."

"No, no, not as pay," exclaimed Seth; "but because I am grateful to you; because I want you to live close to me, to learn just what kind of a man I am, and that you may become more and more assured, as time passes, that your confidence has not been misplaced. And"—he paused momentarily—"that I may have the strongest incentive to live uprightly."

CHAPTER X.

Croghan, though lacking education, was a shrewd, quick fellow, and he made a good secretary. He knew how

to meet people; and he was as faithful as a spaniel. Edith laughingly told her intimates that her husband now had a pugilist in his employ who would fight for his patron at the drop of the hat; and it was no great exaggeration. Hazard certainly had reason to congratulate himself on his assistant's efficiency and fidelity. He would, moreover, have been more than human, perhaps, if he did not also sometimes reflect, with satisfaction, that he had in his hands, as it were, one of the two men only on earth who could do him much harm. The other man was Booth Duckwall.

There were others, however, who, all unknown to Seth, were even at this moment fitting their arrows to their bows; and the fact that their shots were, as they had persuaded themselves, in the cause of Christ, only made them the carefuller to take a deadly aim. One of these archers was the young woman who acted as reception-room assistant to Doctor Cary. Another was a clerk in one of the drug-stores at which Hazard had bought wine. Both of these people were members of the Second Methodist Church in Cameron, a body mostly composed of working men and people in the humbler walks of life, who regarded the richer and more aristocratic Temple Street Church as a decidedly worldly organization. A third archer, and the one directing these other two, was the pastor of this Second Church.

Seth's first intimation of danger came in a letter from his presiding elder. It read in part:

The charge is, briefly, that you have been in the habit of using intoxicating liquors, and have on at least one occasion been seen under their influence. Now the quickest way for you to stamp out this fire is to ask for an investigation. I will then appoint a board of your ministerial brethren to sit on the case. The most active man against you is, I regret to say, Brother Mead, and I think it would be policy for me to appoint him as a sort of prosecuting attorney. Then, when you are acquitted—as, of course, you will be—it will leave your enemies no ground for the accusation that the case was conducted in a lukewarm manner.

No, indeed, the prosecution would not be lukewarm with Jason Mead,

pastor of the Second Church, at its head. Seth, after staring blankly at the letter for a moment, grew faint and sick at the thought of having such a human bloodhound set on his trail. Mead was the temperamental antipode of Hazard. Hazard was gracious, optimistic, and charitable toward the weak; he loved life and a good time; and the world had, on the whole, loved him. Mead was an ascetic, cold and hard. Fifty-five years of age, he was a member of the old school of theology. He was still preaching a physical hell, and seemed happy rather than otherwise over the fact that a majority of his fellow beings were bound in that direction. Life, to him, was a truceless war. Pleasure was a device of the devil. Weakness was inexcusable, and he would crush the sinner, if need be, in order to crush the sin within him. That he would crush Seth if he could, the latter knew well; for Mead hated him for the popular theology which he preached, and had more than once denounced him as a heretic.

Seth's first impulse was to see Mead, and possibly throw himself upon his mercy, as he had upon Croghan's. But the weakness and unmanliness of this course, and its utter futility as well, became at once apparent; and, bringing his clenched fist down upon the table, Seth exclaimed aloud:

"I have lived far from a blameless life, but I do *not* deserve this. I will fight this old man to a finish, and I will whip him!" And he might have added, for he felt it: "Be the cost what it may!"

But the fire died from his eyes as he thought of Edith. Oh, if he had only been honest with her! Then the heaviest drag under which he now labored would have been removed. But it was too late. To confess to her in this crisis would look like cowardice, and only aggravate his offense in her eyes. No, he had lied to her once; he might have to lie again before this pestilential trial was over. But after that, never, never again, for any consideration on earth, would he swerve a hair's breadth from the truth, with her or with any one

else. Ah, damnable fool that he had been! A fool to dabble with the demon of drink; a fool to put his reputation into the hands of a frivolous woman and a treacherous clerk; a fool to deceive his wife!

As he entered the sitting-room to tell Edith what was in store for them, he would have cheerfully cut off his hand if he might have thereby purchased immunity from this ordeal. She was sitting in the mild winter sunlight, sewing, while little three-year-old Ruth lay on the floor, mischievously pulling at mama's shoe, and laughing uproariously whenever mama retaliated by thrusting the toe of that dainty shoe into her tormentor's ribs. How sweet, how noble she looked, thus at play with her babe! How soon her smiling lips would set in consternation!

Briefly—for circumlocution would have been no mercy—Seth communicated the contents of the presiding elder's letter. Edith's self-control was always admirable. Her busy fingers had come to a pause at his very first words, but she made no outcry at his last. Instead, she folded her work—a garment for the little girl—laid scissors, thimble, and spool on the windowsill, and gazed sorrowfully into her husband's eyes.

"Seth, the innocent have nothing to fear."

The blood leaped to his temples.

"Does my anxiety, then, condemn me, in your opinion?" he asked harshly.

"Oh, Seth, do not misunderstand me! Let us not begin in that spirit. Now, if ever, is the time to stand side by side—to be honest and true with each other. You know the truth, and God knows it."

"If the truth, the whole truth, as God knows it, could be given to the world, I should have no fear. It is the half-truth that may crush me." In the whole truth he would have included, of course, his long struggles before he fell, and the severe penance which followed.

The confession he then made to Edith was a half-truth. He told her only of the wine he had bought, and was not explicit about even that. He told her

of Doctor Cary's prescribing it, and of his reluctance at first to take it; but he made no mention of the mental states in which he bought the succeeding bottles.

"If you took it as a tonic, its use was justifiable," said she softly. "No one ever needed a tonic more. But—but why didn't you tell me, dear?"

"Because I thought you would disapprove, Edith. In that I did you an injustice, I know."

"Why didn't you get it all from Doctor Cary, instead of exposing yourself by going to the drug-store for it?"

"In the first place, Cary makes no charges for his services or supplies to us. I didn't want to ride a free horse too hard. In the second place, after expressing my sentiments against wine, I was half-ashamed to go back to him for succeeding bottles."

"I can understand that," she answered, after a pause. "I don't see what they can prove against you from these facts."

The prosecution, however, had no intention of confining itself to these facts, as a second letter from the presiding elder revealed.

I think it only fair to warn you that Brother Mead expects to collect some testimony against you at your old home, and also in Orchardville. I think this entirely unjustifiable; it smacks more of persecution than prosecution, and is altogether out of place between brother ministers. It is simply a bid for your enemies to come forward. Yet it would be unwise for me to arbitrarily shut him off. If he finds any witnesses, their depositions will be taken; and this letter is to notify you that your counsel should be present at that time.

Henry Fant and Booth Duckwall! Those were the names which leaped instantly into Edith's mind. That night, while Seth was busy writing a long letter to the minister whom he had chosen for his counsel, Edith wrote two short letters. The first was to Henry Fant.

My husband is to be tried by his church on a charge of intoxication. A committee of people may appear at home in search of evidence against him. It is not right to condemn a man in this way for his past. You

loved me once. For the sake of that love, Henry, spare me now!

That was all. The one to Duckwall was equally brief.

I have always trusted your promise of secrecy. It may soon be put to a severer test than you anticipated when you made it. But, if you can, Mr. Duckwall, save us! My husband has done grand work since leaving Orchardville, as you cannot but have heard, and he is doing grand work now. To brand him as a hypocrite and throw him out of the church would be unjust as well as cruel.

For half an hour she sat thinking of these two men. Both had come to her with their story of Seth's misdeeds, but both had refrained from giving it to the world. What would they regard as their duty in the present instance? If asked, pointblank, as to their knowledge of Seth's past, what would they say? What could they say, as honest men? The longer she thought, the graver grew her face. At the end she rose, crossed to the grate, and laid the two letters on the fire.

"If only lies can save him, he cannot be saved—he should not be saved!" she murmured tremulously. "Oh, my husband, forgive me if I seem to succor your enemies!" And, laying her face upon the table, she sobbed as she had not sobbed before in years.

The trial, which was to be held in one of the class-rooms of the Temple Street Church, had been generously advertised in the newspapers, as is always the case when a clergyman is involved in a scandal; and on the opening morning a crowd of curious people, including half a dozen reporters, gathered about the side door of the church. But no spectators were admitted. There were present in the room only the witnesses, the defendant, counsel for both sides, the presiding elder, who sat in the capacity of a judge, and the nine ministers composing the ecclesiastical jury.

In spite of the questionable zeal and indefatigable energy shown by the Rev. Jason Mead in the preparation of the church's case, it was nearly a foregone conclusion that the charges would

fall flat. No depositions whatever had been secured either at Seth's home or in Orchardville. Hence the evidence offered by the prosecution consisted of the testimony of Miss Rose, Doctor Cary's *ex-assistant*—for she had been discharged—who stated that on at least three occasions she had seen Doctor Cary give the Reverend Mr. Hazard a bottle of wine; of a clerk in Say's drug-store, who stated that he had sold the Reverend Mr. Hazard not less than three or four quart bottles of sherry; of a young woman in Seth's church who stated that on several occasions when she had called to see her pastor in his study, on Sunday-school business, his face was much flushed; that once she had detected the odor of liquor on his breath; and that once, when in this flushed condition, he had familiarly laid his hand upon her arm, in a manner wholly at variance with his customary reserve.

The noon hour having arrived, court was adjourned until the following morning, to suit the convenience of the presiding elder. Seth was jubilant. As he passed out, a young reporter, whom he had frequently favored with interviews, approached him confidentially.

"They are going to put Croghan on the stand to-morrow," murmured the young man. "I don't know that the tip will do you any good, but I thought I'd give it, anyway."

"Thank you, but Croghan is welcome to tell all he knows," returned Seth smilingly.

At the moment he was sincere, but shortly the triumphant look died out of his face. Had the prosecution a thunderbolt up its sleeve? Or were they merely throwing out a drag-net, on the desperate chance of making a catch? Croghan could not have betrayed him—it was not in the man's nature. They would make nothing out of him on the morrow. Yet, on further reflection, it was undoubtedly a strange thing that Croghan had said nothing to him about going on the stand. It was also a noteworthy coincidence that Croghan had asked to be excused from work that

day. The more Seth thought of these things the more nervous he got; and after supper he walked around to Croghan's boarding-house. One glance at his secretary's embarrassed face confirmed his worst fears.

"Jerry, did you know that you were to be called to the witness-stand to-morrow?" asked Seth, at once.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" demanded Seth, with sudden temper and blazing eyes. "Is this what you call honor?"

"I didn't tell you because I have been sorely troubled in my heart about what to say, Mr. Hazard," answered Croghan, with something like tears.

"Have you told the prosecution anything yet?"

"No, sir. They haven't asked me."

"Do I understand, by your first remark, that you are contemplating my betrayal?"

"Is that the word to use when a man tells the truth?" asked Croghan, this time with an angry flush of his own.

"It certainly is, after promising me not to tell the truth."

"I didn't promise that. I promised to keep my mouth shut, and I have kept that promise. But to-morrow I am to be forced to speak. Can I deliberately tell them a lie? Once I could have done it easily; but what does my religion amount to if it permits me to lie, even to save a friend like you?" His quivering lips and nervous manner showed that these questions were no light matter with him.

Seth's aspect softened.

"Now, Jerry, let me talk to you as I would talk to a brother. The prosecution knows nothing of that miserable Vienna matter. I doubt if they even know that you were ever a bartender. They have simply called you because they think that you, in your intimate relation with me, may have seen some trifling thing which your conscience won't let you conceal, and which they can twist into something culpable. It's a dirty, low-lived, scoundrelly proceeding to begin with, such as might be better practised in a police court than a

body of Methodist ministers." He strode up and down the little room fiercely for a moment.

"They know—Jason Mead does—that there are very few men whose private life, in all its details, could be thrown open to the public, in a few bald answers, such as a witness is required to give, without injuring that man in the estimation of many people. There are so many qualifying statements—all a part of the truth—which a witness is not allowed to make. Just there is where the prosecution hopes to get me on the hip. So far as *that* part of it goes, however, you are perfectly free to tell all you know. The chances are that you can answer truthfully tomorrow every question that they ask, and yet do me no harm. But they *may* ask you, in a general way, either blunderingly or as a feeler, whether or not you know anything detrimental to my character. You *do* know something detrimental. And if you tell what you know, you will throw me out of my pulpit, a disgraced man. But you can't tell it all, Jerry. You can't tell about the devilish nature of the temptation to which I succumbed, although you know that devilish nature well. You can't tell about the years through which I successfully fought it. You can't tell about the upright life I have lived since. Or about my terrible remorse. Or about the unremitting toil I set myself as a penance. Those things you *can't* tell about. Therefore, while your confession of the whisky I bought from you would be the *literal* truth, it would be, my friend, the monumental lie of your history. It would be a lie, told in an ecclesiastical court, that would make angels weep and the fiends of hell clap their hands for joy."

His burning eyes transfixed the other accusingly, threateningly. Croghan, who had once been a Catholic, and still had a respect very different from the average Protestant's for the priestly cloth, winced visibly.

"Are you willing to tell such a lie simply because everybody else will think it the truth?"

Croghan wrung his hands.

"I don't know what to do," he began miserably. "I don't want to lie—no, no, I *won't* lie. But what, in this case, would be a lie?"

"Jerry, I shall not attempt to deceive you. What I ask you to do would, in a conventional sense, be a lie. But I have tried to show you that it is so only in that sense. About that I shall say nothing further. Now, I am the man who saved you from a life of sin. I am the man who brought you to the altar—who set your feet in the path of light. I have done the same for scores of others. If I am permitted to continue my ministry, I shall, before I die, do it for hundreds, yea, thousands more." His voice fairly throbbed; and though he spoke in a subdued tone—for boarding-house walls are thin—he had never been more eloquent. "A terrible responsibility rests upon you, Jerry. More than a human life is in your hands. More than a human soul is there. Thousands of souls, it may be, are there. Confess to-morrow that Vienna affair, when I bought whisky and *you* sold it; confess that one wayward moment, so far as you know, in my ministerial career; throw that morsel to the human hounds that are on my trail, with the inquisitional fire burning in their veins, and you have done me forever. I shall stand before the world, with its crude justice, branded in ineffaceable characters as a drunkard and a hypocrite. *You* know that I am not a drunkard. *You* know that I am not a hypocrite. *You* know that I am not a bad man. Jerry Croghan, tell me, now, in the presence of your God, what you intend to do. Hold up your right hand, and let me know my fate."

Croghan, alabaster white, lifted his hand as commanded.

"I will stand by you, my pastor," said he hoarsely.

CHAPTER XI.

When Croghan appeared at Seth's study in the morning, a little before the hour for the trial, he gave evidence of having spent a bad night, being pale

and nervous. But he said, in answer to Seth's anxious scrutiny: "Have no fear. My mind is made up."

Seth extended his hand. "You will never live to regret it, Jerry."

Croghan's examination, after all, was by no means severe. The aimless questions of the stolid prosecuting attorney confirmed Seth's suspicion that in calling Croghan to the stand, he had simply taken a "long shot"; and, like most such shots, it failed to score. But at the very last, as a kind of afterthought, Mead stumbled on a question which gave Seth a momentary bad turn.

"Did you know Mr. Hazard before you joined his church?"

"No," answered the witness, almost inaudibly. It was the only deviation from the truth required of him.

The defense waived cross-examination of Croghan, and then took up their side of the case. Doctor Cary testified that he had prescribed wine for his patient, and had given him several bottles; that Hazard had at first refused to use an alcoholic beverage; that his patient had not consumed, even with what the prosecution had shown to be bought at the drug-store, an undue amount of wine. Other witnesses testified to their pastor's reputation for probity and uprightness. Then came a pause.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to put Mrs. Hazard on the stand?" whispered Seth's counsel. "It's unusual, but her testimony that she had never known you to use alcoholic beverages would strengthen our case."

Seth thought a moment.

"I'll speak to her," said he.

He slipped over to where Edith sat in the background; she had been present both days. But, to Seth's surprise, she met his request with silence.

"Seth, I would rather not go on the stand unless it is absolutely necessary to save you," said she finally, with what seemed an effort.

"Why? You would simply be asked whether you had ever known me to indulge in alcoholic beverages."

"I—I would rather not have to answer any questions, unless it is absolutely necessary," she persisted.

"It is not absolutely necessary. My situation is not desperate," he returned, almost sarcastically. "But Doctor Bolton thinks your testimony would strengthen our case."

"Seth, I—I don't believe it would."

She lifted her blue eyes unfalteringly to his. Something in their depths took all the insistence and all the sarcasm out of him, and he returned to his counsel.

"Mrs. Hazard would rather be excused, unless it is absolutely necessary, Doctor Bolton," said he. "She is a peculiarly modest woman, in spite of the ease with which she talks in public. Besides, she rather questions the wisdom of her going on the stand."

"Possibly she's right," answered Bolton. "It was just an afterthought with me, and it would be unusual. Then, I suppose, we had better finish our defense with your testimony."

Seth made a fine witness, cool and dignified. He admitted getting the wine from Doctor Cary and from the drug-store. At the latter place, however, he thought he had bought only two or three bottles instead of the four or five testified to by the clerk. He had used it temperately; he had at no time been intoxicated by it, and had at no time felt the slightest symptoms of intoxication. As to the alleged familiarity with the young lady in his study, he had no recollection of the event; yet he might have laid his hand upon her arm at some time; she was only seventeen or eighteen, and he had always looked upon her as he would a child.

Then Doctor Bolton, in his desire to clinch Seth's testimony, asked a question or two not agreed upon beforehand between them.

"Did you ever, since you have been a minister, taste any intoxicating beverage besides this wine?"

At least two people in the room were startled by the question. Croghan shifted in his chair; Edith slightly lowered her head.

"No, sir," answered the witness promptly.

"Did you ever, as a matter of fact,

taste any intoxicating beverages in your life?"

Edith bowed her head still lower, and shivered slightly.

"Once—when a boy."

"Were you, as a matter of fact, ever intoxicated in your life?"

"Never."

Shades of Henry Fant and Booth Duckwall! These answers pierced Edith's heart like a knife. Oh, how could a husband of hers sit there, with clear eye and open brow, and so shamelessly lie!

She little knew the justification which Seth had worked out for himself. She had, it is true, been touched, barely touched, by the same sophistry. At times she had wondered if his deception, not only of the world but of herself, had not been offset by the good he was doing and would do in the future. But in the actual presence of a downright lie, these sophistries were shattered like bubbles, and she quailed before the fact. Surely it would have been better, wiser, for him frankly to acknowledge his sins and accept the judgment of his church and of the world, even though that judgment might be unduly severe; even though it might not take into consideration all the extenuating circumstances; even though it might not make the allowance for weakness in a minister which it would make for any other man.

Blundering old Brother Mead could not, of course, expect to shake the testimony of as shrewd and self-possessed a witness as the defendant; moreover, that witness, were he given the slightest chance, would let fly one of his barbed arrows at his prosecutor. Mead's cross-examination was, therefore, short and innocuous. The defense rested its case; there was no rebuttal attempted by the prosecution; and after a brief instruction from the presiding officer the nine ministers retired to make up their verdict. They returned in less than fifteen minutes, not only with an emphatic "Not guilty," but also with a sharp rebuke for those who had jeopardized the harmony of the church on such slight grounds.

Seth was exultant. Yet his exultation was short-lived. Even as he received the congratulatory hand-shakes of parishioners and brother ministers, his sense of victory rapidly oozed away. At what a cost had he purchased it? In plain English, he had lied as glibly as a pickpocket. He had deceived his own counsel, his presiding elder, his ministerial associates on the jury, his wife—everybody. Not one of these, had they known the real truth, but would have turned from him with loathing.

Worst of all, he had dragged another man down with him; he had flung another human sacrifice to the capacious maw of his vice. He had made Croghan untrue to his simple instincts. It was a shock from which Croghan might not soon recover. He had not the flexible nature of his master—for Seth had been his master. With him, honesty was honesty, under any and all circumstances; a lie was a lie. He had not his master's acuteness in determining when a lie was good and when it was bad. Seth smiled bitterly at this satirical arraignment of himself.

Then there was Edith, first, last, and all the time. Her conduct had puzzled him. How much did she know? What rumor, nay, what *fact*, had reached her ears? And from what source? He had not the remotest conception, and he dared not attempt to ascertain. She would instantly detect his purpose.

Pursued by these and kindred reflections, Seth sat in his study, with his feet on his desk, until far into the night. Edith did not come in to ask him to go to bed, as she often did when he studied too late. She did not come in to share with him the elation of victory. Indeed, her congratulations after the trial had been peculiarly constrained. She must have taken some pains in the choice of her words. And when they had entered the parsonage, she had kissed him, with hot eyes, and had laid her head upon his shoulder and held it there until he was uncomfortable.

Oh, why had he not had the manhood to be as honest with her as she would assuredly have been with him!

To destroy, by one bold and truthful stroke, the barrier which was growing up between them! What she already knew or did not know should have made no difference to him. No man could live happily and prosper with a secret in his breast which he dared not share with his wife. Such an ugly thing would eventually, like a cancerous growth, eat out the very vitals of their union. It would make a mockery of that consecration of himself to humanity which he had made after his last fall. For how could he become an acceptable priest to mankind until he had first sacrificed at the altar of her who stood nearest to him of them all?

Those who drive a winning race in that great hippodrome called life, must have something of hardness about them. They must not be too squeamish. They must not sicken and grow faint if they feel the body of a rival beneath their wheels. Such, at least, it would seem, is too often the ethics of the successful. There was something of this kind of hardness about Seth Hazard. Profound as was his remorse, he sooner or later found a balm. Crooked as was his course, he found the best of reasons for believing that no man, in his shoes, could have made a straighter one.

There was, too, a resilience, a rebound, about his nature which threw him on his feet when better but less hardy men would have lain prostrate. In less than a month after his trial, the wounds which he had inflicted upon his self-respect had begun to heal. It was toward his brilliant future, not his shadowy past, that his eyes were turned. He had been burned too severely, as he honestly believed, ever again to play with that fire which had come so perilously near incinerating his moral nature.

To a certain extent, at least, there was, undeniably, something admirable in his attitude. Tears over the past are of little avail. The man who stumbles and lies still is not the man that the gods love, or even that men love; but he who leaps up, though the dirt of the road be still on his face, and speeds on again. Publicly, therefore, Seth had been

strengthened by this trial. Most people regarded it as a persecution having its roots in the breadth of his theology. For Hazard was broad. His preaching was for the young; for the future, not the past; for this world, perhaps, rather than the next.

CHAPTER XII.

About this time came a telegram announcing the critical illness of his father.

"Will you go with me?" he asked of Edith.

"Yes. Your father always loved me. It would pain him if I failed to come now."

As the train sped along, Seth did some somber thinking. His father, of course, knew all about the trial; and he would not have forgotten the incident at Sycamore. He would not be content with the verdict of the jury. He would want to know the truth from his son's own lips. His question would be not "Were you cleared?" but "Did you deserve to be cleared?"

Seth had deceived that good man once, under tremendous pressure. He might have deceived him again, under some circumstances. But now, when his father's face was set toward the shadows of the Great Valley, it was a different, a more momentous matter. All that railroad journey Seth struggled, to the monotonous pounding of the wheels, with his conflicting thoughts. But oftener and oftener, as familiar names began to be called by the brakeman, did he furtively glance at Edith's face. Somehow, its sad but tranquil beauty helped him; it purified his turbid mind; it uplifted his drooping spirits. And after they had alighted from the train, and were driving across the country of his boyhood days, behind old Ned and Prince, whom he had so often followed down a furrow, a peculiar exaltation of soul came over him.

"What manner of man am I, that it is so hard to be honest?" he asked himself. "What is the truth, that I should

so shrink from it? What, after all, is life, that one should cherish it so?"

It was a small thing now, this life, to Warren Hazard. Some day—a very near day, it would seem, after it had arrived—life would be as small a thing to Seth Hazard.

"Will you, then," asked a small voice within, "tell your father the truth?"

"I will," answered Seth solemnly.

"Will you tell Edith, also, the truth?" asked the voice again.

"Edith, too," promised the man—not falteringly, like a criminal on the brink of eternity, but with the decorous joy of one who has sought and found a pardon.

But the shuttle of fate weaves its warp and woof with small regard for man. The first half of his atonement Seth was never, to his grief, to be allowed to make. Warren Hazard had already set one foot upon the dark and uncertain valley path. Seth's weeping mother met him at the front door, kissed him gently, and then led him to the darkened chamber where the unconscious man lay. Later, the father rallied a little, and reached for his son's hand, and seemed to recognize him. But he never spoke again. When the end came, Seth knelt in silent prayer for many minutes.

The funeral was a very large one, for Warren Hazard had spent his life on the spot where he died. Quiet and unassuming as he had been, he was known by everybody for miles around; and where he was known, his goodness was known. Seth had been wont, especially since going to Cameron City, to regard his father's career as an obscure and comparatively insignificant one. Yet, on this requiem day, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw that the gathering which took place at the little Mt. Moriah Church was a tribute such as any man, high or low, might be happy to know awaited him at the end. For two hours before the services the three roads which converged at this point presented an almost unbroken procession of vehicles. One family which Seth knew to live eighteen miles away was there, from nursing babe to grand-

father; and he also saw invalids who seldom left their easy chairs.

The next morning he and Edith drove over to her home. It was a beautiful day. A mist of spring's earliest, tenderest green sprayed the earth. Plum and peach-trees were in bloom. The little peepers lustily piped from every pool, and bird throats pulsated with hymeneal joy from every grove and meadow. It was a morning, in spite of the sad occasion, for husbands and wives to become lovers again, if perchance they had been so unlucky as to have ceased to be such.

"Do you remember the night I wanted to marry you at once, and abandon my career?" asked Seth.

"I am not likely to forget that."

"Could we have been happy here?" he continued curiously.

"I could. I was sure of that at the time. It was for you that I feared. Was I right?"

"I must confess that you were, although I thought otherwise at the time. I had not then tasted the sweets of public life. Had we stayed here, I should never have tasted them, of course; but as I developed I believe I should have instinctively hankered for them."

"Are they, then, so delectable? Did I not hear some one sighing, only the other day, to step higher, when Madison was mentioned?" She smiled, but was evidently half in earnest.

"Can you blame me? Madison is one of the best charges in the Conference. It pays two thousand a year. If I should be invited there, Edy, as Mr. Peel hinted the other day, would it not be a feather in my cap—at the age of thirty-six?"

His eyes sparkled for the first time in some days. Edith smiled at him, almost as a mother smiles at her child.

"A feather is a flimsy thing."

"But sometimes quite ornamental," he retorted, with a glance at her becoming hat. "Anyhow, the invitation to preach at Barrington is almost certain, and I am proud to share the honors of dedicating a church with a Methodist bishop."

"I am proud for you, too," said she contentedly. "You are a pretty good preacher for a boy." She laughed softly, and slipped a wifely hand through his arm, and for a moment sat dreaming in the warm sunshine as the horse trotted steadily along. "If about twenty of those Madisonian aristocrats should come over, to take your measure, while a bishop and half a dozen distinguished preachers sat behind you, with thirty or forty more preachers below, to say nothing of the crowd, wouldn't you be scared a little?" She looked at him with that golden tribute in her eye which a woman pays to an intrepid man.

Seth laughed scottingly.

"Edy, I don't know what being scared means. I am one of those lucky rascals whom a great occasion stimulates instead of paralyzes. Give me the biggest audience of my life, and I will give you the biggest sermon of my life."

"I wish I had a tenth of your assurance," said she half-teasingly, half-wistfully. "I—" She paused, with a slight start, as she recognized Henry Fant in an approaching buggy.

Seth slowed down his horse for a hand-shake and a little chat, for he was feeling kindly toward all humanity this morning. But Fant passed with unabated speed, calling out distinctly: "Good morning, *Edith!*" without a glance at Seth.

"How is that for a home-coming welcome?" asked Seth blankly. At another time he would have been angry.

Edith's heart warmed toward her husband for having taken the affront so calmly. "Henry was always queer," said she. "He hasn't been successful. The poor fellow looked positively seedy, and he used to dress so neatly." She could not forget that Henry Fant, though he had refused to speak to Seth, had withheld his hand when he might have laid it on heavily.

"Everybody here looks seedy to me," observed Seth moodily. "The truth is, Edy, we have been living among *black* coats and hats so long that a clay-red or moss-green variety catches our eye now, without exactly charming it. Again I

say, girl, it's a lucky thing that you got me out of this. If I had been anchored here I should have become the most discontented mortal on earth."

"I am not so sure of that," she answered, with that superior, maternal air which he loved more than ever he had her girlish deference to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

The visit home did Seth good, in spite of his little grumblings. The courtesy and respect shown him by old neighbors not only flattered but stimulated as well. He went back to his work resolved to do still greater things, and the future had never looked brighter.

One specter of the past, however, still dogged him like a shadow. This was his unaccomplished confession to Edith. Time was when he could have easily laid this tormenting ghost—when he had laid it. But a change had undoubtedly come over him. He was a better man than he had been six months before. His deception of Edith was daily becoming a heavier burden. Yet the wave of exaltation which had floated his soul on the day of his father's death, when he had promised himself to tell Edith the truth, had unquestionably subsided, as such waves are bound to subside. Moreover, he had not entirely thrown off his old habit of substituting expedience for principle. Some questions persisted in asking themselves. Would a confession, now that his weakness was overcome and a thing of the past, serve any good end? Would it make either Edith or himself any happier? Would it not, on the other hand, make her very unhappy? Might it not destroy her respect for him, and with it her love?

Yet his instincts were not for a moment baffled. His professional future now stretched before him like a broad and level road, flecked with sunshine and shadow, bordered with blooming orchards, fields of waving grain, and pleasant homesteads. He knew that he could not travel this delectable road, year after year, and enjoy its scenery to



Then, with a swaying motion of his head, he closed his eyes, reeled, and sank to the floor.

the full, until he had done justice to the dear companion at his side.

It proved to be the battle of his life, and under the incessant calls to arms, the night alarms, the sudden attacks, the man grew thin and haggard. Meanwhile, the time drew near for the dedication of the church at Barrington. But he delayed beginning his sermon until Edith rushed into his study one day, as eagerly as a child, with a letter in her hand, and announced that the rumored delegation from Madison, to hear him preach, was a certainty.

"Now I'm afraid that my poor, half-sick boy will work himself wholly sick," she added solicitously.

Seth's pale cheek had flushed at the good news, but it did not bring him the lasting happiness which it would if his mind had been at ease. However, he settled down to work with the grim determination to make that dedication sermon the effort of his life. The first draft, slowly and laboriously hammered into form and proportion, gratified him immensely, and he laid it away to ripen for a few days.

But when he came back to it, with a fresh mind, he was vaguely dissatisfied. It was brilliant, very brilliant; it fairly scintillated with rhetorical gems. But it lacked heart. It smelt of the lamp. There were passages in it so glaringly superficial that he fiercely, almost contemptuously, struck them out. Nor was he, in his succeeding labors, able to mend the matter much. He had got a false start, and for the first time in his life he had a profound fit of blues over his work.

Was he written out? Were his powers already beginning to fail? Or was it because he was not quite happy? If the last, he could do nothing, in this crisis, to remedy the matter. His confession must go over until after dedication. Work, work, work was the only present hope. But the harder he worked the more his mind rebounded from his task, until finally, in sheer despair, he threw manuscript and notes into the fire.

Edith was aware that something had gone wrong. "Isn't the sermon coming

on right?" she asked, one evening, as Seth restlessly paced the sitting-room.

"Edith, it isn't coming on at all," he burst out tragically. "I am a ruined man. That wretched, artificial thing that I first produced came easily enough; but now the harder I work the farther I get from what I want. My intellect seems paralyzed."

"Don't get discouraged, dear. I don't agree with you that the first manuscript was wretched. It was not *my* style of a sermon, I'll confess; but I have a suspicion that it would strike most of that Madison delegation as something rather fine."

Seth shook his head gloomily. "It's got to suit *me*. I couldn't deliver that other thing now. It would choke me. It would be like running a shell-game in the pulpit."

"You *must* deliver it, or get up another one between now and Sunday. You can't flunk."

"I'll not flunk. That is to say, I'll go into the pulpit and deliver something that will pass for a sermon. But everybody will say that I was scared to death or that I have been greatly overestimated, and that the Madison church will ask for somebody else next fall. I never thought that my mind would play me such a scurvy trick," he concluded bitterly.

He flung himself into a chair. Edith slipped over to his side and laid her hand upon his feverish brow.

"One failure, dear, even if people should call it a failure, can't ruin you. Your fame will continue to grow. Many great men fail on exhibition occasions. You have been working under unnatural conditions. You have been trying, consciously, to produce a masterpiece, and masterpieces do not come that way. That's your whole trouble in a nutshell."

Tears came into his eyes.

"I wish the world were as penetrating and as charitable," he exclaimed tenderly, and kissed her.

At the first of the dedicatory services of the day, the patriarchal Bishop Nelson, who had served his church in

America, in Asia, and in Africa for over half a century, spoke to a great audience, in an atmosphere surcharged with the lingering notes of the magnificent pipe-organ and the perfume of a thousand Easter lilies. As the throng of black-coated men, with their gaily garbed wives and daughters, slowly worked its way out, one of the numerous ministers present murmured to a clerical brother:

"That was a grand service, but I lost half its impressiveness through thinking of the young man who is to be the principal figure this afternoon. I have preached for twenty years, but I confess that I should not like to follow Bishop Nelson. It seems to me a mistake to have asked as young and inexperienced a man as Hazard."

"It was a mistake, a deplorable one," returned the other impatiently. "And I felt sorry for him myself until I heard this morning that he had no set sermon. He intends to depend upon the inspiration of the hour! Such presumption as that needs a rebuke."

The rebuke seemed likely to come, if an overawing environment could give it. At two-thirty the auditorium was again filled to its last nook and corner with a rustling mass of starched and perfumed humanity. The great organ thundered out its voluntary, as if to demonstrate how puny a thing was the human voice which was to follow. A choir of fifty voices rendered an impressive anthem. Bishop Nelson gravely, and in unimpeachable accents, offered prayer. Another dignitary of the church read the Scripture lesson. Once more the organ thundered, while the offering was being taken. Then—then a slim young man in a black frock arose from a seat in the background, noiselessly crossed the platform, and took his stand beside the sacred desk.

He said nothing, he did not change his position, he made no bid for attention. But gradually the audience hushed its multitudinous noises; the last foot ceased its shuffling; the last hymn-book thumped into its rack; the last fan ceased its flutter. Then, and only then, did the slim young man lift his

head as if to speak. He had scored on his very first move in the game! The two bankers, three lawyers, and half-dozen business men from Madison, who sat in the audience with their women, rearranged themselves silently in their pews and took a second and more interested look at what might be their future pastor—all before he had spoken a single word!

But the most anxious eyes in the audience were those of a young woman near the front, with a little girl at her side. For once in her life Edith felt uncertain of her husband's performance. He had eaten no dinner. He had told her that it would be better for him not to eat; that a long walk would do him more good than dinner; for her not to worry. She had not seen him since, until the present moment. But she *had* worried, for she knew that nervousness, so unusual in him, had robbed him of his appetite; and her heart had gone out to him in his coming ordeal.

Yet Seth was surely no object of pity now. If ever a man were master of himself that man was Seth Hazard at this moment. His attitude was one of perfect ease; his face was as impassive as that of Bishop Nelson himself; and he surveyed his audience with the politely impersonal glance of a trained orator. When the last disturbing sound had ceased, he, with one arm still resting on the pulpit, gracefully and almost languidly lifted a white rose from its vase, and held it up to the sea of faces. The act was as simple as if he were instructing his class in Sunday-school.

"Birth — growth — maturity — decline — death!" Such, my friends, is the history, in five words, of this flower and of myself; of you and of all the human race; of this planet and of this planetary system; of every star in the universe; of the universe itself."

His voice, in the beginning keyed soft and low, as birth is soft and low, swelled to the middle of his period, as life swells, and then solemnly died away. It was magnificent! The thrills swept up and down Edith's spine. Then he paused, with his eyes upon his hearers, and restored the rose to its vase.

In that brief period he had captured his audience. There was something about the man beyond what could be heard and seen; a hidden power of some kind which sent thrill up and down the spine of other women than Edith; which made the bald-headed banker from Madison shoot a triumphant glance at his overdressed wife; which even hushed fretful babes.

Seth Hazard was strong, beyond all doubt, for the effort of his life. The bishop, the preachers, the crowd were as nothing to him. For the time he was their master. No strain or anxiety did he betray. Rather, like a skilful juggler, who knows how easily he can repeat the feats which he has done ten thousand times before, he at first played with his words, flinging them out with a semblance of recklessness. But not one of them failed to hit the mark, gyrate and sail as they might in the beginning; not one of them but found its proper place, as if by magic, in the complex structure which his tongue was weaving.

At first a faint smile illuminated his face, as if at the ease with which he did it all. But as he warmed up, the smile vanished. Lightnings flashed from his eyes, and his voice, fairly rivaling in sweetness and volume the great instrument behind him, reverberated through the room until the air was vibrant.

The old bishop, at first wrapped in an impassivity which the most tragic failure on the part of the young orator could not have disturbed, leaned forward a little, with a curious, surprised, inquiring glance. The banker from Madison wiped the moisture from his hairless crown and whispered exultantly to his wife: "We'll have *that* boy for Immanuel Church!" Edith, with rosy temples, felt a stirring within her bosom which she had not felt for many a month. Once more her husband was a god, or, at the very least, a demigod, worthy of her adoration.

Seth paused, with a rather flushed face, although his olive complexion rarely showed the effects of heat.

"Will the janitor please give us a

little more air?" he asked. "The room seems very close."

The informal request, considering the occasion, was something of a surprise to everybody; and the orator was certainly taking great chances with the spell which he had woven. A few in the audience smiled—admiringly. It showed the young man's confidence.

Seth calmly waited until the windows had been lowered by the colored janitor, and then went on again. But not at the same gait. The pause seemed to have worked harm. The thread of his argument seemed to have slipped from his fingers. He made three or four false starts, he fumbled for the right words, and then, falling back on an old oratorical trick, he thundered a little to hide the thinness of his thought. But the thunder was in vain; no rain fell, or, at the best, only an ineffectual shower. Finally, after eight or nine minutes of this harassing thing, he paused again and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I shall have to ask the janitor once more for better ventilation. Pull those west windows down at least a foot farther. This house is full of people, and they consume a large amount of oxygen."

His tone was almost angry, and Edith felt distinctly uncomfortable. Unless he were really suffering—and she thought the room by no means close—this second request, together with the temper displayed, was in exceedingly bad taste. Moreover, by this time he had jeopardized the effect of his sermon, for the people had relaxed in their seats, fans and feet were going again, and a broad smile was everywhere visible.

Seth took another start. But he now truly resembled that discomfited young man whom so many had looked for in the beginning. His theme had slipped still further from him, and he seemed utterly unable to get it in hand again. How he could blunder so, Edith, with scarlet cheeks, could not understand. Bishop Nelson charitably dropped his eyes, and people in the audience began to fidget sympathetically. Then, to every one's surprise, Seth tossed his

handkerchief upon the Bible, laughed, and stepped to one side of the pulpit.

"My friends, it's of no use. I cannot speak in a temperature equal to that of the place which we are all striving to escape. It is my opinion that janitors have spoiled more good sermons, either by parboiling the parson or by putting his audience to sleep, than any other class of men on earth. I sometimes think that for these men there must be an especially warm and cozy nook reserved in the region to which I first alluded. However, I will conclude by giving you a little talk on—well, on temperance. This is not exactly the time and place for such a talk, but temperance is a subject always in order."

Subject! Edith's head went up like an alarmed deer's, and with white lips and frightened eyes she gazed fixedly at her husband. A moment later he blundered again in his pronunciation, as if his tongue had thickened. His enunciation became muffled; he broke off in the middle of sentences; he repeated himself monotonously, even stupidly. Something had clearly gone wrong with the man, for he was no more like what he had been in the beginning than a crow is like a swan. A physician in the audience leaned forward and sharply scanned the speaker.

"As I said," Seth was saying, with both hands tightly clasping the pulpit, "people make mistakes, lots of mishakes. We all make mishakes. We—we—"

He paused—throughout an eternity, it seemed to Edith, whose heart pounded as if it would burst—and looked blankly at his audience. Then, with a swaying motion of his head, he closed his eyes, reeled, and sank to the floor. The watchful physician sprang from his pew and hastened up the aisle.

For a moment the throng sat in a paralysis of horror. Then the doctor, after briefly examining Seth, turned and whispered something to the bishop. The latter rose.

"My friends, our brother has had a stroke of some kind. The physician, however, is confident that he will recover." He paused, with one pitying

glance at a certain young woman below whose head was bowed, as if in prayer, then added: "Go in peace, and may the God of peace go with you."

It was not until the next day that the astounding truth leaked out. The Reverend Seth Hazard, presumably in priming for the great occasion, had taken an overdose of whisky!

AFTERMATH.

Spring, with her train of green-and-white attendants, had once more come trippingly to the land, like a bride to the chamber of her groom. The earth, after its long sleep, stirred with its multitudinous resumption of life. Bird songs quivered upon the air. Insect wings flashed in the sunlight. The tiny leaves, as white and soft as a baby's fingers, were emerging from their winter cradles. The freshly turned soil was filling the countryside with its sweet, tonic breath.

As Seth Hazard unhooked his horses from the plow, a flock of blackbirds passed swiftly over his head. One of those inexplicable mental states, in which we seem to be passing through a former experience, came over him. Ten years before, at this hour, in almost this very spot, he had seen the first blackbirds of the season. He now glanced toward the stump; his book was not there this time; but, as he raised his eyes, a straggling bird, very like the one of ten years before, and pulling heavily at his dusky oars, came into view.

"Don't give up, my hearty!" sang out Seth cheerfully, as he had sung out before. "There's a lassie and a nest for you, if you persevere, and I know it better than ever I did before."

As he entered the dooryard—a tall, straight, striking figure in his flannel shirt and top-boots—little Ruth ran out to meet him, and was tossed high in the air as her reward. Inside, a smaller tot cooed and crawled on the floor. Edith rose as he entered. Seth encircled her with his strong arms and pressed her, boylike, until she whimpered for mercy.

When Seth came down to supper, in his checked sack suit and spotless linen, he looked little like Farmer Hazard. Freshly shaved and with neatly trimmed hair, he looked more like the Reverend Seth Hazard, the famous young preacher whom Immanuel Methodist Church had at one time wanted. But there was no *Reverend* Seth Hazard now.

Edith's birthday was approaching, and Seth had insisted on their celebrating it with a neighborhood gathering. There had been a time, during the first black months of the Hazards' return to the farm, when neighbors doubted much whether their visits were wanted. But that time was now, happily, long gone by. So Edith drew her secretary near the open fire which was still comfortable of an evening, and wrote the invitations, while Seth stamped and addressed them.

"I shall kill two birds with these invitations," observed Seth. "I shall fittingly celebrate the birthday of the first lady of the land—*my* land—and lay the corner-stone of a Farmers' Institute."

"Which is the more important?" ventured Edith.

"If any one asks me I shall tell him privately. But the Institute is important, too. My ultimate object is to get the State to start an experiment station in this neighborhood and ascertain the exact capabilities of the soil. In that way we shall learn more, in five years, about the intelligent rotation of crops than we could otherwise in a lifetime."

"You are a regular old farmer, Seth."

"Regular, but not old." He was silent for a moment. "Next week we shall have been here one year. We have lived, and lived well; I have laid away seven hundred and fifty dollars, and will double that amount next year, accidents barred. None of us has had a sick day; and, with the exception of the first three months, it has been the happiest year of my life."

"Of *our* life," corrected Edith quietly.

"I have lived a richer and fuller life than ever before," he continued. "I have felt myself closer to the reality of things; I have been freer from vanity and unworthy motives and emotions and

that artificiality which is fostered by cities. I still have ambitions—one of them is to raise the standard of rural life in this section and show the glorious possibilities of the farm—but they are not of the feverish, hectic type which feeds upon itself. Yet how easily I might have been lost! If my wife had not had the charity of an angel——"

"Now, Seth!" she protested, as his eyes filled. "You promised that you would never, never talk about that again."

"Just this once!" he pleaded, taking her hands in his. "I have much to atone for. All that I can do for humanity from now till the day of my death will scarcely make amends, in some respects, for the harm I did. *That* I shall always regret. But the crowning catastrophe I do not regret. It snatched me out of a slough of deception. It restored me to my wife, and it restored me to myself.

"My first great mistake was in deceiving my wife—in being afraid to trust her with the secret of my weakness. In that, dear, I underrated the strength of your love. My second mistake was in continuing in a position where the discovery of that mistake would have resulted in overwhelming disaster. That made me a coward. Since I got out of that false position, I have been possessed of a new strength.

"However, I wouldn't go back to the Conference to-morrow, if invited—no, not to Immanuel. With my two hundred and forty acres here, I have a bigger field for mental operations than even that pulpit would afford, and, as I am coming to see it, a bigger field for the service of humanity."

"Then will you run for governor?" she asked mischievously, alluding to a recent puff in a county paper.

"If I do, I'll be elected; and I'll carry a lady with me who will grace the Executive Mansion as it has never been graced before."

"There's another mansion that she graces better, she hopes, and where she'd rather stay," said she gently.

"Then I may not run," answered he, pinching her cheek.



"I'VE GOT SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD"

by HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

TO the average man or woman the word "substitution" calls to mind the act of a dishonest druggist who substitutes an inert or cheap ingredient for an active and more costly ingredient prescribed by a physician. That is substitution in one of its worst and most dangerous forms, of course, but the evil implied by substitution in what might be called its modern sense goes far beyond drug substitution.

It is a very serious and pertinent commentary on our present-day civilization that we—you and I and our families—find ourselves permanently in an attitude of self-defense. Our remote ancestors built themselves castles as a protection against their neighbors, and our more immediate ancestors who first colonized this land found it necessary to live behind stockades and to carry weapons when afield.

In those days the enemy was visible and known. He did not lurk under disguise, but came boldly to the attack.

To-day we are still fighting for our existence. The progress of commerce has served merely to change the appearance of our enemies; but they are just as active as they were in the last century or the century before that. We do not live in castles or behind stockades, but we have entrenched ourselves behind the bulwarks of the law, and as the castle walls were weak in places, so are our present-day laws.

The enemies we fight, for the protection of our families, have been created by the present strife for wealth, the strife which has brought into being not

only the trusts, but a more insidious foe which is generally recognized under the name of Commercial Dishonesty.

It is Commercial Dishonesty that kills our babies by watering or otherwise adulterating the milk; that wrecks the health of our boys and girls through child labor; that causes the criminal druggist to endanger the sick by nullifying the physician's prescription; that puts clay in our foods, and harmful coloring-matter in our beverages; that doctors our tobacco and embalms our beef; and it is Commercial Dishonesty that has brought about the evil we know as substitution.

This particular evil is growing. It has gone beyond the drug-shop, and has penetrated into almost every line of trade. There is not a housewife in the land who has not felt its presence at one time or another. It is found in its worst form in the food trade, but its effect can be felt in soaps, clothing, furniture, and even hardware. To-day we cannot expect to get what we want when we want it, nor to get our money's worth when the money is offered.

Substitution as it is generally regarded, and as we will regard it for the purposes of this article, is the offering of an inferior brand of goods for a better one asked for by a customer, in the store of a retailer who is dishonest enough to sacrifice the interests of his customer for the sake of a few additional pennies of profit.

Perhaps this phase of substitution does not appear particularly important and serious to you. Perhaps you do not

think that such an act on the part of your grocer or your other shopkeepers would mean very much to you. We will see.

In securing the information for this article I interviewed a score or more of manufacturers, retailers, and customers. I found a few who seemed inclined to belittle the evil. For the sake of argument, I will present their points of view.

"What harm is there in a retailer offering you any one of several different makes of washing-powder?" asked one customer. "Because a manufacturer spends thousands of dollars advertising his particular washing-powder, is it any proof that the powder of another manufacturer who does not spend his money in advertising is not just as good?"

"My grocer sent me a package of biscuit, in place of the Uneeda brand, which I had ordered," explained another housewife. "He said it was larger but cost the same, and that I would get more for my money. The makers of the new brand do not spend their money advertising and can give more for the same price."

"It makes little difference to me whose goods I sell, so I get the trade," remarked an up-town New York retailer. "When my customers ask for Sapolio I give it to them, if it's in stock; otherwise I sell them something just as good."

Now, these three testimonies reflect three important phases of the evil. The first man does not believe that an outlay for printer's ink really indicates good value. The housewife who experimented with an unadvertised biscuit advanced, without thought, an ancient and moss-grown argument given her by a substituter, and the retailer represents a class of brazen merchants who hold

the peculiar commercial belief that money in the till is a legitimate profit, no matter how obtained.

The man who told me that he did not believe advertising means good value, spoke without due consideration. Spending a fortune convincing consumers that your produce is for sale and that it is worth the money would be a poor policy if the product was not worth the money. The manufacturer cannot expect to make anything from first sales. If no one bought more than one can of "Japa-Lac," for instance, the money spent by its manufacturers in advertising would be absolutely thrown away.

No manufacturer in his sane mind would pay thousands of dollars to induce an unwary public to purchase an inferior article. The advertiser who spends time and money in building up the reputation of his goods can be depended upon to substantiate his representations of their quality. Any other policy would be ruinous.

The manufacturer of a well-known brand of toilet powder told me that he stood to lose \$65,000 at the end of his first year of advertising. He meant that if his sales had stopped with the first cans bought out of curiosity by the public, his business would have been ruined. The powder was good value. The consumers realized that it was worth the price asked, and they are still buying it. The argument, that money spent in advertising does not imply merit, in nine cases out of ten is absurd.

Now, for the housewife who bought the biscuit. Her assertion, that some manufacturers put their money into the goods instead of spending it in advertising, was learned from her retailer, who heard the phrase from a substituting manufacturer.

This is a favorite device of the sub-



"Did you ever try the Blank prepared food?"

stituting merchant. In place of the advertised product his customer asks for, he represents the article he offers is a few cents cheaper, because the manufacturer is under no expense to exploit it. A moment's reflection will convince you of the falsity of this argument. Advertising of any commodity, by increasing the output, decreases the cost of production.

Because of the advertising, the articles most widely advertised are cheaper. The simple fact that they are advertised, widens the market and vastly increases the sales.

This statement is easily verified. The cost of advertising, distributed over the large output which comes of advertising, is infinitesimal per article. The large output made necessary by advertising means labor-saving machinery and a system of economical manufacturing. If any one of the breakfast foods was manufactured for a few consumers the cost per package would be more than double what it is now.

It certainly is logical to believe, on the other hand, that the substitutor who offers his article at a lower price, or even at the same price, either loses money or, in manufacturing, uses inferior ingredients. The unadvertised article, made in small quantities, is certain to be of less value, if offered at a lower price than the widely known competing product.

Take the case of certain prepared foods for infants. Several brands of these foods are absolutely pure, made of the best material, and are highly recommended by physicians and health authorities. The manufacturers advertise their product, spending fortunes to acquaint the buying public with the merit of their wares. This results in large sales, and the establishment of what is known as standard brands.

As a consumer, you know that such and such a brand has been prescribed by your doctor. You apply at the druggist for a bottle, or can. The man smiles in a friendly manner, and says:

"I see that you are using a great deal of that brand. Did you ever try the Blank prepared food? It sells at the same price, but the can is larger. You get more for your money, and it's just as good as the other. I have lots of customers who prefer the Blank brand. Mr. Jones gets it all the time, and Mrs. Brown raised all her babies on it. Suppose you take a can with you and give it a fair trial. The manufacturers do not advertise, as they prefer to put the money in the goods."

Perhaps you yield to the druggist's plausible argument, and buy the Blank product. You feel that you are getting a couple of ounces more at the same price, and you are satisfied. If your wife is equally careless the baby is fed with Blank's prepared food, which, in nine cases out of ten, is vastly inferior in nutrition to the standard brands. It is not necessary to picture results.

No mother would wilfully feed her child on skimmed milk, nor would she knowingly deprive the child of life-giving sustenance, yet that is what she risks when she accepts a substitute in place of a standard brand recommended by her physician.

There are several proprietary medicines made from formulas approved by the medical fraternity, and there are a number of medicinal remedies firmly established by long usage. The druggist who substitutes an inferior baby food for an efficient brand, will also persuade his customer to purchase imitations of the standard formulas. The fact that health probably depends upon the purity of the drugs does not concern him.



Refilling lithia bottles with ordinary city water.

The case of the Broadway druggist who was caught refilling lithia water bottles with ordinary city water is doubtless fresh in the reader's mind. This was a flagrant case of substitution in which the culprit, detected in the act, was tried and convicted. No more dastardly form of petty swindling can be imagined than this attempt to sell a worthless article without medicinal qualities, in place of a curative liquid.

The actuating cause is the making of an extra profit. Substituting manufacturers as a rule do not expect large and continued sales. They knowingly use inferior ingredients and depend upon the retailer to push the goods until their inferiority is discovered. It takes some time to prove this lack of value. In many cases only a chemical analysis will make the fact apparent before the article has been given a thorough trial.

In the meantime the druggists and department-store proprietors, who are unscrupulous enough to deceive the public for the sake of increased profits, do their best to earn the extra commission given them by the manufacturer or jobber. This extra commission is the main reliance of the substitutor. It is given in the form of cash discounts, bonuses, or extra quantities of the article in question.

A practically unknown paint manufacturer, for instance, seeing that a brand of varnish is being widely advertised by an established rival, bides his time until reports show a large sale, then he quietly puts upon the market a similar stain or varnish, probably bearing a name as nearly like the other as the law will allow.

His agents, well trained in work of this nature, will see the various retail-



A sample of honey which deceives by containing a bug or a bee.

ers and offer them an extra commission or some form of bonus. The substituting varnish will be inferior. It must be inferior to enable the manufacturer to offer the extra commission. The gum or resinous material, or some other ingredient used will be of a poorer and cheaper quality, and the consumer will find that it will not last as long or hold its surface gloss as well as the original article.

The consumer has paid the same, in all probability, but he will not get good value for his money. In some

instances the similarity of names causes the purchaser to believe that he has bought the advertised article, and in any case he has been defrauded as much as if the retailer had picked his pocket.

This phase of the evil is thus expressed in an article recently published in a Philadelphia newspaper:

When you call for a trade-marked commodity in a retail store and the suave salesman ingratiatingly tells you that you had better take another brand, which he can confidently recommend as "just as good," you hear only one side of the story. Back of the recommendation lies the proprietor's order to the salesman, somewhat to this effect: "John, push the sale of Skinnem's at the expense of the advertised goods. Remember that we make twice as much profit on Skinnem's." Unsolicited advice from a substituting dealer is seldom disinterested. Many who allow themselves to be persuaded to buy imitations of advertised products discover this fact for themselves when too late. The only insurance against the substitution fraud is to insist upon getting what you ask for.

The essential evil of substitution is irresponsibility. If an unknown person issues checks without having any bank-

account, he becomes liable for fraud. But this same person can put out fraudulent imitations of Mennen's Talcum Powder, for instance, with impunity. It is practically forgery and positively fraud, but the victims who buy the worthless substitutes are without redress. Herein is touched the root of the substitution evil—irresponsibility trading on the name and fame of responsibility.

The substitute in most cases is simply a bad check. It has little actual value. If the purchasing public would once grasp this fact, they would no more accept a substitute for a standard brand than they would knowingly accept a fraudulent check. Tried and proven articles have built up their reputations on actual worth, on merit that lies below the surface, which involves purity of ingredients as well as skill in manufacture. The so-called "just-as-good" substitutes could make the same reputations in the same way if they were just as good. The fact that they do not make reputations is proof that their claim of equality is fraudulent.

That fraud is only the surface fraud. How much deeper the fraud goes, how far it effects the purity and the safety of the goods, only analysis can disclose. It is fair to assume that any commodity which is a fraud on the outside, where detection is possible, will surely be a fraud on the inside, where deceit can be covered from the scrutiny of the inexperienced. Thus it is that the greatest loser by substitution is the consumer, who pays the price of a guaranteed article for something which at the best has a less value, and at the worst may prove a positive injury to the user.

A typical example of the lengths to which the substitutor will go in his attempt to deceive the public was cited by Congressman Mann, who said during a speech in favor of pure-food legislation by Congress:

"One of the articles upon the table here which has attracted some attention is a sample of honey, in the preparation of which the acumen of man has really

reached its highest point. The specimen is composed of glucose, but it still deceives by containing a bug or a bee. Who, when looking at the clear amber substance, with a bee floating in it, would suspect that it had never seen the inside of a hive, but only came from the glucose factory?"

This clearly indicates the natural instincts of the man who substitutes or adulterates. Manufacturing an imitation of honey, reproducing the color, taste, and consistency, was not enough. Deceit required the added touch of the bee itself. This compound was placed on the market and sold as pure honey.

That substitution in almost any form is a menace to health and morals seems to be proven by the fact that within the past eighteen months two important American communities and one well-known school were prostrated by typhoid fever. In all three cases investigation showed that the milk supply had been adulterated and contaminated with surface water. When the milk swindlers decided to cheat their customers they had no conscience about pollution. It is that way with all substitutes for standard articles.

Not only in the line of food are the substitutions found. The consumer finds his path beset by the substitutes of other necessities of life. It may be carpets, a mattress, soap, furs, motor-cars, underwear, furniture, stoves, tooth-powder, corsets, millinery, or any one of the numerous articles sold to the public. The "just-as-good" argument is used in every case, and the fraud is just as palpable in pianos as in soap or in foods.

There is a remedy for this class of deceit, and it is simple. It can be expressed in the one word "*don't*." *Don't* take a substitute, and *don't* trade with a man who does business on the "just-as-good" order.

The remedy is entirely in our hands. Our protection against the wiles of the substituting merchant is to stick obstinately to the proposition that we know what we want better than he does.



Types of American Girlhood

DRAWN EXPRESSLY FOR SMITH'S MAGAZINE

BY M. LEONE BRACKER



THE DEBUTANTE



SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,
Fifteenth Series

THE BRIDE



SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,
Fifteenth Series

THE GIRL WHO RIDES



SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,
Fifteenth Series

THE SUMMER GIRL.



SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,
Fifteenth Series

THE WINTER GIRL.



SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,
Fifteenth Series

THE YACHTING GIRL



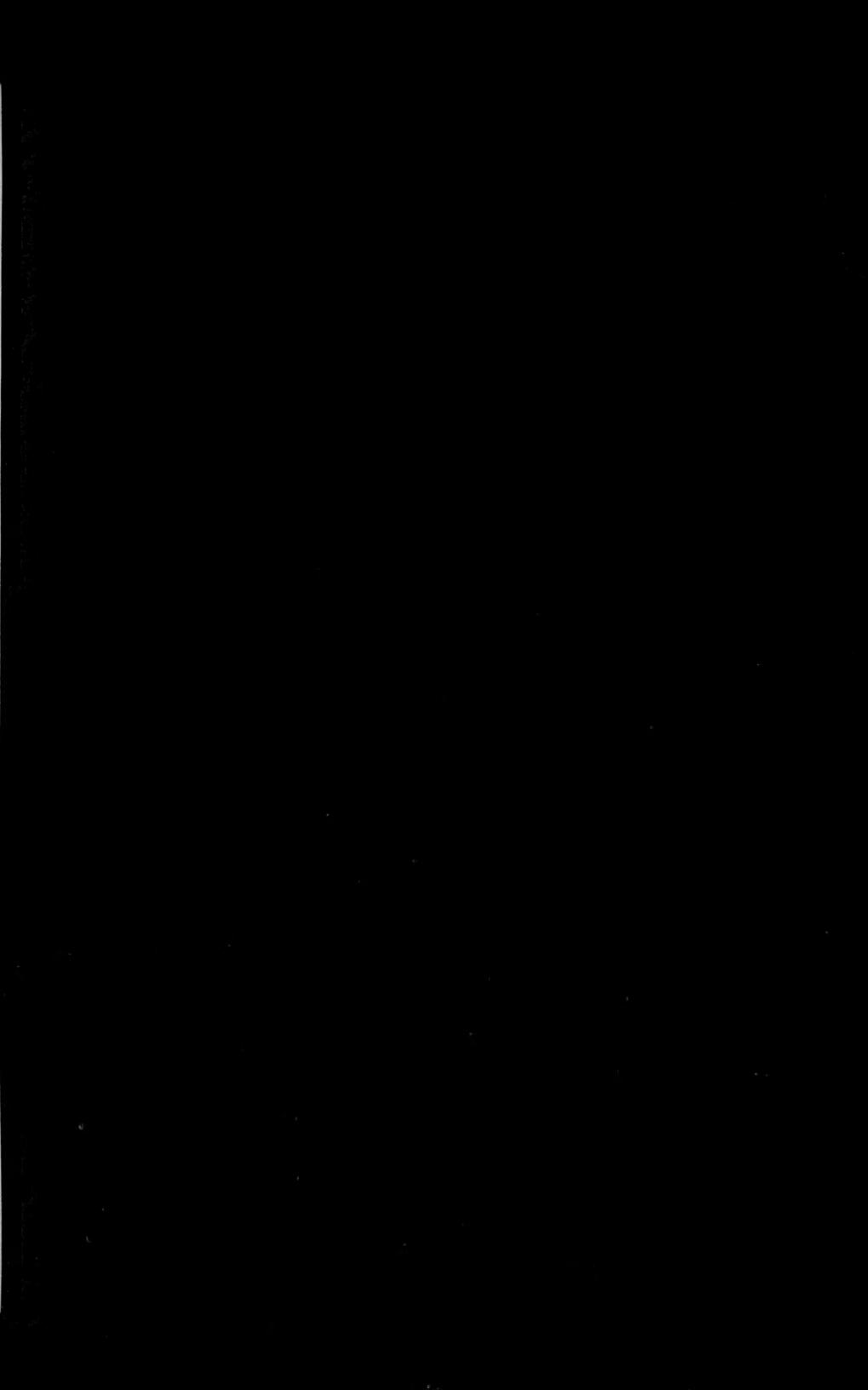
SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,
Fifteenth Series

THE COLLEGE GIRL



THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

SMITH'S MAGAZINE ART SECTION,
Fifteenth Series



the DOCTOR'S PARROT

Eden Phillpotts

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



WHEN Johnson, young Corkey's cousin, left Merivale, he went to sea, and a very curious thing happened. He went into what is called the merchant marine service, which means liners, and not battle-ships or destroyers; but you see a good deal of the world, and have not got to fight. A pension is not so certain in the mercantile marine as it is in the navy; still, Johnson told Corkey, when he came off a voyage from the East Indies, that he was hopeful. He had seen a good many curious things, and brought home several, including a parrot, chiefly gray, with a good deal of red about its tail. But what was far more wonderful than the parrot was the reason that Johnson had brought it home.

He had brought it home, and also a very fine tiger's skin, as gifts to Doctor Dunstan, and when Corkey reminded him very naturally that he had always hated Doctor Dunstan as much as anybody when he was at Merivale, and been jolly thankful to leave and go on to the *Worcester*, training-ship for the merchant marine, Johnson admitted it, but confessed that, looking back, he had found it different, and felt that Doctor Dunstan was an awfully good sort, and that he owed him a great deal. But a curious thing was that Johnson never would come and see the doctor in after life. Corkey asked him why, and he said he wanted to remember the awe and terror of the doctor, and thought, if he ever saw him again, it

might not be the same; because, since the Merivale days, Johnson had seen so many queer places and things, including his own captain in the merchant marine, who Johnson said was himself one of the wonders of the deep.

Of course Johnson left Merivale long before I came there. He was, in fact, nearly twenty when he sent the parrot by young Corkey; and it seemed that the doctor had never had a gift from an old pupil until that time; and, though Corkey said he thought the doctor would rather have had almost anything than a parrot, still it was so, and he took the parrot and the tiger-skin, and Corkey told me that Johnson got a letter of four pages from Doctor Dunstan, thanking him for these things, and telling Johnson many facts about parrots in general.

The great point about the parrot was not so much its appearance as the thing Johnson had taught it to say. Simply looked at from the parrot point of view, it was gray, with a black bill and curious white lids to its eyes, that went up and down like blinds. It climbed about its cage with its claws and bill, and had a curious way of eating nuts, especially walnuts, which was rather amusing. We hoped that it might have learned some sailor words, and would bring them out some day when least expected; but if it knew them it never spoke them. It only said three words, and they were rather familiar; but they were rather romantic in a way, when

you knew what young Corkey knew, and was able to tell me.

You see, after Minnie Dunstan, the doctor's youngest daughter, had that fatal row over the fight between Bray and Corkey, and interfered, and boxed Bray's ears in the fourth round, just as he was settling Corkey—well, after that she was sent to a boarding-school, but the doctor was so frightfully anxious about her, and she hated any school life except the school life at Dunstan's so frightfully, that he relented, and let her come home again. And she was at home through the last term that Johnson spent at Dunstan's; and they were undoubtedly engaged in secret.

But Minnie Dunstan was just an ordinary little squirt of a girl, with nothing to look round after but a lot of hair, and eyes that happened to be uncommonly blue by some accident; and, of course, as soon as Johnson went to sea she forgot him, and turned her attention to young Carlo, the son of a millionaire, and about the most utter little outsider who ever came to Merivale.

But when the parrot settled down and suddenly said (after it had been at Merivale four days): "Dear Minnie Dunstan; dear Minnie Dunstan," the wretched girl chucked Carlo and blubbed in secret for hours, so Corkey said, and let it be known to the sixth that she was true to Johnson, because through many and many a watch on the trackless main, when he ought to have been resting from his labors in the merchant marine, he had sat hour after hour by the parrot and repeated, doubtless many millions of times, the piffling words, "Dear Minnie Dunstan!"

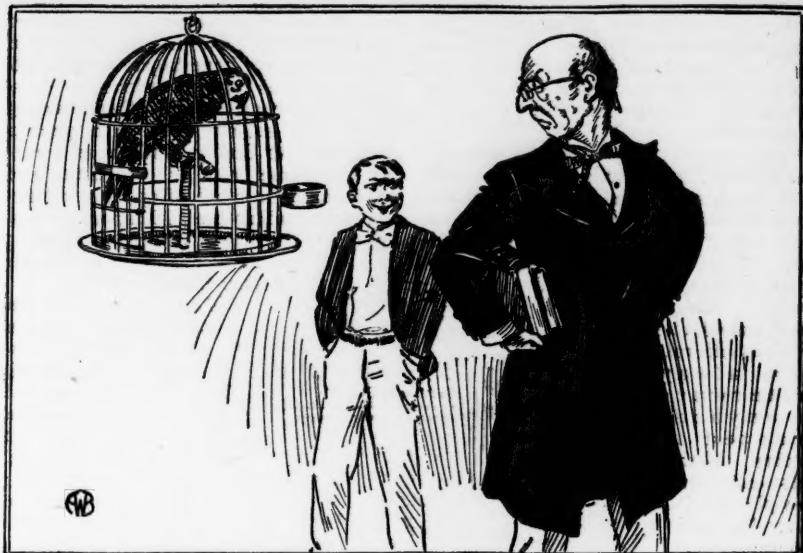
I don't think the doctor was so pleased about it as Minnie was. Certainly he did not cry, and Corkey said if the parrot had begun by speaking, Doctor Dunstan might have considered it cheek on Johnson's part, and sent the parrot back with the four-page letter; but, seeing that he had accepted it before it said "Dear Minnie Dunstan," he couldn't well return it. Besides, in the meantime, Johnson had set sail for South America, and Steggles foretold

that he would bring another parrot back from there which he might train to say something even stronger. He told Minnie so, and excited her hopes a good deal; but Steggles told her she needn't get excited about it, because her father would never let her marry a chap in the merchant service. This was that same Steggles who did many things at Merivale in the past, but he was now exceedingly old, and expected at any time to be taken away. Many believed he was eighteen, but he had nothing to show it.

The first thing to do was to give the parrot a name, and Minnie told us in triumph that she had made the doctor call it Joe. Of course this was the Christian name of Johnson, though I believe the doctor had quite forgotten that. Anyway, Joe is a very good name for a parrot, and everybody got very fond of him, and old Briggs lectured on him, and told us that parrots reach a great age, and have often been known to live a hundred years and more, owing to their healthy diet and quiet life.

Old Briggs himself is frightfully keen about fruit and nuts, and such things, and I believe in secret he hopes he'll live a hundred years, too. But nobody else does. Steggles discovered a likeness between Joe and old Briggs. They shut their eyes in the same way, certainly, but Joe's eyes are like gray diamonds, and old Briggs', through many years of looking through microscopes at seeds, and bits of seaweeds, and stones, and so on, have got a sort of film over them, and are not up to much now, even with two pairs of spectacles to help them.

Well, Joe was as good a parrot as ever you saw, and there is no doubt that he would have outlived everybody at Merivale, and got to be a sort of heirloom in Doctor Dunstan's family, if he had been spared; but after he had been there two years the great and sorrowful death of the parrot took place; and such was the general feeling about him, that there would certainly have been a public funeral if the doctor had allowed it.



Steggles discovered a likeness between Joe and old Briggs.

Mathers went further, and wanted it to be a military funeral, and have the cadet corps out with reversed muskets; but Mathers is a chap who is all nerves, and like a girl in some ways, being easily made to laugh or cry. To show you the peculiar sort of ass he is, I may say that he always writes home letters of dreadful anguish at the beginning of the term, and then, when the vacation really does come, seems never to want to go home at all! Steggles says this is contrary to nature, and will end in pure insanity for Mathers; but Fowle, on the other hand, says that Mathers is already mad.

I heard Browne, the mathematical master, speak about Mathers, too—to Shepperd, a new under-master. They were watching Mathers in the play-ground, and he was in one of his most cheerful moods, and imitating a monkey on a barrel-organ catching fleas. He certainly did it jolly well, and even a chap or two from the sixth stopped to watch. And then, when he saw these chaps looking on, he got stuck on him-

self, and began playing the giddy ox, and spoiled the show.

Then it was that Browne gave his opinion of Mathers, and said that he had "the artistic temperament," whatever that may be. Anyway, it is no catch, for, though boys laugh at you, they despise you, and so do masters. Masters never seem to have the artistic temperament much; or, if they have had it, they get over it after being masters a few terms.

I suppose it was the artistic temperament that made Mathers join the cadet corps; which he did do, chiefly that he might wear the uniform, and drill once a week under the sergeant. He was rather small, and it took all his strength to carry the musket round, for the corps had twenty-five old muskets, and I believe it was a regular military affair under government in a sort of vague way.

Anyhow, we had percussion-caps for the muskets, and fired them off at times in the course of the drill; and the first time that young Mathers had a musket

with caps he turned rather white, hating explosions and noise of all kinds, and said out loud in the face of the corps, to the drill-sergeant who stood in front of the brigade: "Is it loaded, sergeant?"

The sergeant, who was old and had seen battle, and had a gray mustache and medals, and a fierce expression, looked at him, and merely said: "Good gad, boy, d'you think I should be standing here if it was?" Then he spat a scornful spit, and twirled his mustache, and looked like a ferocious old rat.

So always, afterward, if anybody wanted to worry Mathers, and most people did, they had only to say, "Is it loaded, sergeant?" and he instantly became depressed and mournful, or got into a frightful wax—one or other, according to his frame of mind at the time.

I am telling you all these things about Mathers for two reasons. First because he is the principal person after "Joe" in this story, and second because he was my chum.

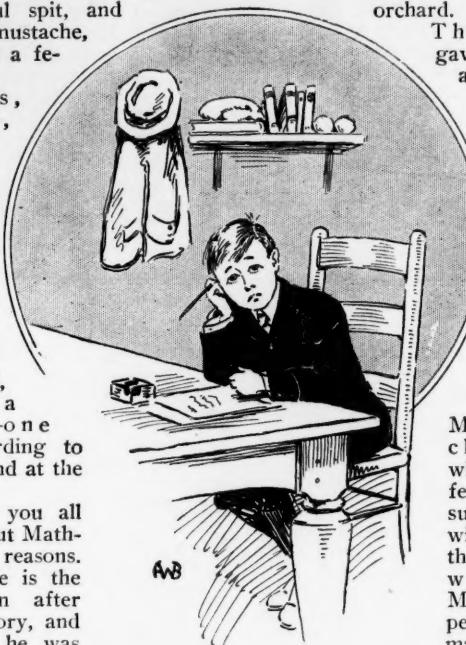
My name is Blount, well known at Dunstan's as having had diphtheria and two doctors in my first term, and recovering. What I saw in Mathers I never could tell, but there was something about the piffing duffer that I liked. His good nature was very marked, and he was peculiarly generous of dried fruits, which drew me to him as much as anything. His father was a merchant, and traded with vari-

ous foreign places especially celebrated for dried fruits; and so grand grub that ordinary people have to pay pretty stiffly for, such as candied melons and crystallized pineapples, and other amazing food, very seldom seen in a general way, came to Bunny Mathers as a matter of course from time to time; and he thought no more of opening a hamper and finding the richest and rarest things in it than I should of getting a windfall from our apple-orchard.

This provender he gave to his friends, and to those he wanted to be his friends; and some became his friends in consequence; but their friendship, as Mathers rather bitterly pointed out to me, sank to nothing between the hampers. Whereas I made Mathers a real chum, and once, when owing to some fearful crisis in the sugared violet trade with France, his father forgot for six weeks to send Mathers any hamper at all, I remained unchanged.

Then the parrot died, and, naturally, the first question was "Why?"

We had a debate on it. Our public debates are listened to by the doctor and the masters, and the subjects are chosen by them; but sometimes we have private debates, and we had one on Joe, and the one party, led by Fairfield, our champion debater, held that Joe had died a natural death, and the other party, led by me, thought he had



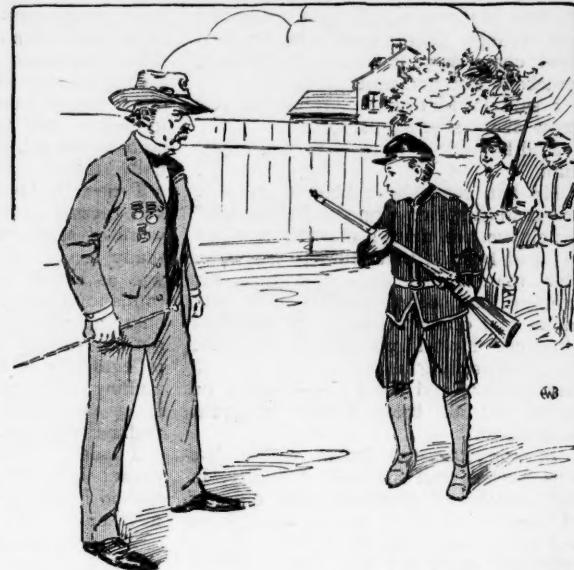
He always writes home letters of dreadful anguish at the beginning of the term.

died by treachery. On a division, the "natural deaths" were defeated by two votes, and Steggles said there ought to be an inquest and a post mortem. The mystery was, Who could have done it? because Joe had not an enemy in the world, unless it was Mrs. Dunstan's cat, which he mimicked to its face, and then barked suddenly, and made the cat think there was a dog after her.

But this cat could not have done it. The parrot was found dead in its cage on the morning of a day in February. It was quite stiff and dignified. No cat had touched him. Mathers said it cut him to the heart to think of poor Joe falling off his perch in the dead of night, and lying helpless there, and perhaps calling for help. He said if there had been loving hands to give it a drop of brandy, and put its claws in mustard and water, it might be among us yet. And he went on in such a harrowing way, and thought such sad ideas, that at last I had to smack his head and make him shut up.

There was no inquest and no post mortem, for the doctor refused to have Joe examined. The corpse disappeared, and the doctor was slightly changed, we thought, for several days. He had got very fond of the bird, and I think he missed hearing it say, "Dear Minnie Dunstan; dear Minnie Dunstan," which it did hundreds of times in the day when it was feeling well and happy.

Then, a week after Joe was buried, came the marvelous determination of Mathers. For the first time in his life I felt a sort of pride in Mathers, and was glad to be his chum. At the same



"Is it loaded, sergeant?"

time the danger was frightful, and I had no idea what the end might be. Only two people knew it: Minnie Dunstan and myself. I rather advised him against it, but she was hot and strong for it, so Mathers went ahead into a regular sea of danger. Not that he did it for Minnie—far from it; he did it for himself and to advance his prosperity with the doctor. His prosperity with the doctor was extremely low, and he had made one mistake already by offering the doctor half a box of dates in a rather patronizing way; and so now it was neck or nothing, and Mathers well knew the frightful risks he ran in the thing he was going to do.

He said: "I always make a success or an utter failure—at games, in class, and everything. Either this will make me the doctor's friend for life or make him my bitter enemy for life."

The idea in the strange mind of Bunny Mathers was to bring Joe back again to Merivale. He could not raise him from the dead, but he meant to dig him up and secretly stuff him.

Only Mathers could have imagined this, though there were one or two other chaps equal to doing the thing if somebody else had thought of it.

I said to Mathers: "What do you know about stuffing parrots?"

And he said: "More than you might think."

He had read the article on stuffing beasts in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which we are always allowed to refer to; and he said that stuffing was simpler than embalming, and that his brother had often stuffed bats and moles and other things in the holidays at home. He told me that all you want for bird-stuffing is wire, cotton-wool, and pepper; and for a small outlay he could get all these things in great abundance.

Minnie Dunstan knew where Joe was buried, and the only difficulty, in the opinion of Mathers, was digging him up. For some reason, though he did not shrink from the horrors of getting Joe ready for the stuffing treatment, he hated the digging up; so I undertook to do this. There was little danger, as Joe had been buried in a secluded rockery under a large fern, where nobody ever went. Minnie showed me the spot on a half-holiday, when I was supposed to be stopping in owing to a cold on the vocal cords; and I popped out, got a trowel from the gardener's potting-shed, and not only dug up Joe, who had been very nicely buried in a large, empty tobacco tin of Brown's, but also made the grave look all right again, and put back the wooden gravestone that Minnie had put up, and on which West had carved for her the words:

To darling Joe, died 7th February, 1907.
Age unknown. Regretted by all.

Owing to the weather being frosty, and the ground simply full of splinters of ice, Joe had fortunately kept perfectly. This comforted Mathers a good deal, and when I told him the poor old chap was not even gamy, he was much pleased. He worked in fearful secrecy at night, and kept Joe in his play-box by day. Most of the actual work was

done at the passage-window by moonlight; and when the moon was no good, which happened in two days, we used a candle-end. Once the pepper got up our noses, and we both sneezed in a way to waken half the dormitory; but nobody suspected, and the work was gradually done.

I merely held things and advised. The actual stuffing was entirely the work of Mathers. When Joe was once ready for the cotton-wool, the stuffing was as simple as possible; and, owing to his toughness, we easily sewed up his chest afterward; but the thing was to get him to look as if he was alive. This is evidently the great difficulty with stuffing, and Mathers had not mastered it by any means from the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

I said: "For a first attempt it is great; but, all the same, Joe never looked like that in life or death. He is now, as it were, neither dead or alive."

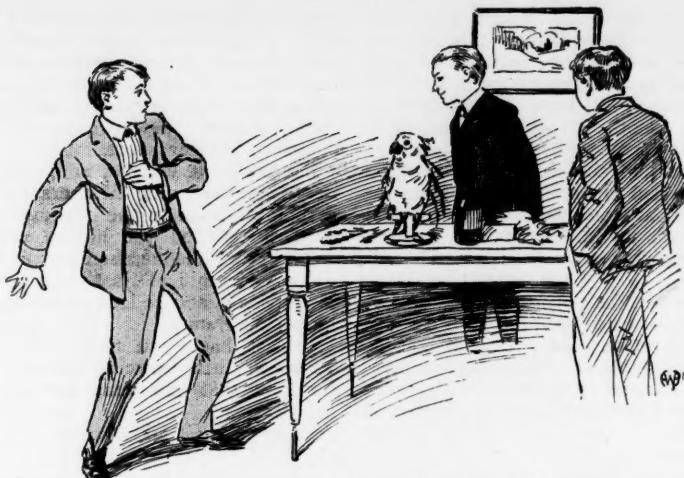
Mathers admitted this. He said he thought it was the want of the eyes, and that all would come right when they were in.

I asked him where he was going to get the eyes, and he said he was going to write to the city for them. This he actually did do, and they sent a pair of most lifelike eyes.

The eyes did a great deal for Joe, and certainly made him look alive. But it was a strange sort of unearthly life, I thought. They made him look creepy, as if he was a ghost risen from the tomb to haunt somebody who had killed him.

Also about this time we had to get some Condy's fluid to steady poor old Joe down a bit. I thought this was serious, but Mathers said not. He assured me that Condy's fluid is an everyday thing in stuffing parrots and such-like; and then I had an idea, and got my anti-something tooth-powder; which also helped.

We varnished the claws and tried to stick back a lot of feathers that unfortunately came out in the process of stuffing. Then I got a bit of wood and a stick for a perch, and we wired Joe on, and put a walnut at his feet; which



He struck an attitude of horror, fear and terror, and said: "Great snakes! Is it loaded, sergeant?"

was a good thought of Bunny's, because walnuts were always his favorite food.

Then, from being very confident and hopeful, and full of the doctor's joy and gladness when he should see the parrot, Mathers sank suddenly into a sort of lethargic state of despair. He couldn't get the wings right, and he said the thought of them tortured him day and night, and sent him down three places in his class.

At each attempt more feathers fell out, and finally I got impatient with Mathers, and told him that if he messed about with the parrot any more, the thing would fall to pieces, and fail utterly. I also reminded him that the matron, when passing by the play-boxes the day before, had said there must be a dead mouse behind the wainscot.

Things were, in fact, coming to a climax, and I said that, as he'd had the pluck to stuff Joe, I hoped after all the fearful danger and swot we'd had that he would keep on to the end, and give him to the doctor, and hope for the best.

Then he lost all heart about it, and said that Minnie should decide; but he was not fair to her, and only showed

her the head. The rest he hid from her in a bath-towel. Of course the head was the champion part, owing to the eyes from the city.

She cried first, but in a general way she was delighted. She praised Mathers; and she also said that it would be well to present it quickly to the doctor, so that he could get some proper professional stuffer to finish it, and put a glass case over it as soon as possible. Of course a glass case was beyond our power.

Still Mathers hesitated; then, urged by me, he decided to have a second opinion. He said:

"I don't like Steggles; but he is the oldest, and therefore the wisest, boy in the school. I will show him the work, and put myself entirely into his hands."

"There's a fearful risk," I replied. "Because Steggles doesn't care for man or beast, and if he sees a chance to have some frightful score off you, he will."

"No, he won't," answered Bunny. "I shall throw myself on his sportsmanlike feeling."

"He hasn't got any," I said.

But he risked it; and, for once, Steggles behaved less like a common or gar-

den cad than usual. We showed him the parrot after making him take an oath of secrecy. The oath would have been merely a matter of form with him generally, for I have known him to break a blood oath as if it was nothing; but somehow the excited state of Mathers, and the extraordinary thing that he had done, took the fancy of Steggles, and he showed a great deal of interest in the parrot, and gave us some mighty good advice into the bargain.

Of course he poked a lot of fun at Mathers when he'd got over the shock of the surprise. He struck an attitude of horror and fear and terror, and said: "Great snakes! is it loaded, sergeant?" Then he pretended it was a ghost, and finally held his nose, and fainted. After all this folly, Mathers asked him for his candid opinion, and Steggles very kindly gave it.

He said: "If you take my advice, you'll instantly bury it again, for two reasons. Firstly, because, if the doctor sees it, he'll probably expel you; and secondly, because if you don't, the whole school will soon be down with a fell disease."

To show you what Mathers is, after hearing this, nothing in the world would make him bury the parrot again. He said that it was a cruel thing, after all the danger and trouble and expense of stuffing Joe, that Steggles should advise him just to bury it again; he also said that the slight scent was purely medicinal; and that, as for expelling, if the doctor could really and truly go so far as to expel a boy who had done nothing but try with all his might to give him a moment of great and sudden happiness—then the sooner he was expelled and sent to another sort of school the better.

In fact, he was so worked up by the idea of reburying the parrot, that he decided he would carry Joe before the doctor the very next day—either immediately before or after prayers.

Steggles merely said that Mathers was young and headstrong, and he hoped that he should be there to see. Then he went, and Bunny and I had a

long talk as to whether before or after prayers would be best. I said after prayers on a Litany morning, because the Litany always leaves the doctor weak but in a very kind and gentle state; whereas before prayers he is sometimes rather short.

Therefore it was so, and, after the next Litany morning, Mathers went up, as bold as brass to the eye, and in his hand he carried Joe hidden under a clean pocket-handkerchief lent by me.

The doctor had just shut his big prayer-book, and he looked down pretty kindly at Bunny.

"What have you there, Mathers?" he asked, little knowing the nature of the thing that was going to burst upon his gaze.

"Please, sir," said Bunny, "it's poor old Joe."

Doctor Dunstan didn't seem to remember.

"Poor old Joe!" What do you mean, boy?" he asked, rather sharply.

"The parrot, sir. I thought—I thought it was a pity he should be lost to you, being a beautiful object, and I—in fact, here he is, sir—stuffed by me; and the slight smell is medicinal," said Mathers.

Then he drew off the handkerchief and held the parrot up to the doctor.

Certainly it was a great effect, and at first the doctor was evidently far too astonished to be much obliged to Mathers. He didn't take the parrot—on the contrary, he fell back a pace or two, and his astonishment seemed slowly to change to a sort of horror. First he looked at the parrot, then he looked at Mathers; then he regularly glared at the parrot again. Seen from a distance, the effect of the parrot was not good. Evidently we had lost more feathers than we thought, and its back had got a lump between the shoulders, more really like a vulture than a parrot. Still, of course, one could recognize it.

Mathers held it up; then, getting frightened, he put it down on a desk, and I knew, from the trembling way he began to handle my handkerchief, that if the doctor didn't speak pretty soon, Mathers would blub in public.

These silences of the doctor's are well known as awful. You can hear a pin drop in them; and during them his eyes roll round and round in the sockets, like Catherine wheels, but much slower.

At last he spoke.

"Am I to understand, boy Mathers, that, unaided, you—you dug up, or disinterred, this unfortunate fowl, and then sought to impart to it this bizarre, this grotesque, this indelicate resemblance of life?"

Mathers said he was to understand that. He added with a shaming voice:

"I did it to give you pleasure, sir—on my honor."

The doctor looked at Mathers, much puzzled.

"It is hard to conceive that even an immature mind, such as you possess, could suppose that pleasure would result to any intelligent being from so pitiful and indecent an achievement," he said. "The boy who tore this poor bird from its last resting-place and set it up to caricature the entire race of *Psittacus erithacus*—however, this is no time to investigate your conduct, Mathers. You will join me after evening school in the study."

Then he looked at the parrot again, and cleared his throat. Mathers slunk away to his seat, and, as he did so, suddenly the doctor started, and seemed to "point," like a sporting dog. I think he had discovered there was more about the parrot than met the eye. He called up Shortland, who happened to catch his gaze, and told him to take Joe to the gardener.

"Direct Smith to place these remains in the spot I originally selected," he said, "and if anybody *dares* to disturb them again, the consequences will be exceedingly serious. Now go to your classes."

He waved his hand, and Shortland took the parrot, and nobody ever saw it again. But to this day Mathers swears that Smith never buried him. He believes that in some secret place in his house the gardener has Joe in a glass case; because very truly he says that no ordinary gardener would be likely

to resist the temptation of having a rare and beautiful bird to decorate his house. Besides, it is well known that Doctor Dunstan never goes into the gardener's house; which is really the entrance lodg[e] to Merville, and is full of Smith's wife and children. So I dare say Bunny is right there.

He told me afterward that

Dunstan was very cold, but not actively angry in the evening. Mathers said that the doctor didn't seem to attach any importance to the fact that he'd done it to give him a great and sudden pleasure.

Instead, he evidently thought that Bunny had done a very daring thing to please himself, and been rather unseemly.

"'Unseemly' was the word he used," said Mathers to me. "He seemed to think it was not a case for much punishment; but, all the same, he has told me to write out the article on the stuffer's art from the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' which is utter rot, because I shall certainly never want to stuff



"Am I to understand that you—you dug up this unfortunate fowl, and then sought to impart to it this bizarre, this grotesque, this indelicate resemblance of life?"

anything again in this world. I couldn't tell him all I'd been through to do it, because he'd got a sort of beastly idea that I *liked* doing it; though, you know, that it was nothing of the sort. On the whole, it has left him against me, and he seems to take a good deal of credit to himself for not making a lot more row about it. But whether he's going to let it rankle in his mind, so that I may suffer for it, more or less, till I leave, or whether, when I've done the copying, he'll feel as usual—neither for me nor against me—I can't say yet."

"He might have looked at it from your point of view. Still, you could hardly expect him to do that," I said.

"It's all the worse for him, anyway," answered Mathers. "To rebury the parrot was a slight to me in a way; because, whether he liked it or not, he could have seen at a glance the awful trouble it must have been. The eyes alone cost two dollars; and nobody in this world ever threw away valuable money in such a cruel manner. Besides, if it had gone off well, and he'd taken it as I meant it, I fully intended other good surprises for him."

"You'd better not surprise him again for a jolly long time," I said. "He doesn't much like surprises—people don't when they grow up. They have

a silly way of preferring everything to drag on in a tame and dull manner. My father hates telegrams, for instance."

"I had fully meant to ask Johnson to get him another and a better parrot," said Mathers. "Even a pair of parrots might have been arranged; and they would have made a nest about April and laid eggs, and there would gradually have been parrots for all his daughters; and he could have taught them what he liked, even to the extent of Latin, for it is well known that a parrot will learn anything. But it's all over now. Never again will I try to give him pleasure—or anybody else, either. Why, even Minnie hasn't pitied me much—just because it's all a failure; whereas if he'd taken it in a manly way, and thanked me before the school, and, perhaps, given us a half-holiday, or something, and sent the parrot off at once to be measured for a glass case—how different it all would have been! Nobody would have called me 'body-snatcher' then; whereas now I shall be called that for life."

Which was all true enough in its way, and he was called "body-snatcher" till he got into the "sixth." Whereas, to show what mistakes happen, I'd done that part—simply as a friend.



A Nut to Crack

SOME fitting work waits here, it may be true,
For each;
But how is each to find his work, I do
Beseech.
The parson who knows all there is to kno
Can't preach!
He who has best certificates to show
Can't teach!
The man with fifty novels in his head
Can't write!
Impotent-limbed, the man with will blood-red
Can't fight!
Something's amiss here somewhere, that seems clear.
You're bright!
What plan can you suggest to make this queer
World right?

MARGARET FRASER.

THE ONE-SERVANT PROBLEM FROM THREE POINTS OF VIEW



I.—THE HARASSED MISTRESS*

By Anne O'Hagan

THE other morning I met my friend Mrs. Walsingham Bennet scurrying hastily through a side street, her brows knit with anxiety, her lips severely set. By the hand she led her six-year-old son Walsingham, Jr., and there was something so unkindergartenly—if the expression may be permitted—about her way of dragging his arm from its socket, that the least discerning could declare her in an abnormal state of mind.

"Whither are you hurrying in such a brown study?" I demanded, impeding Mrs. Bennet's progress. Blocked, she raised her harassed blue eyes.

"Oh, it's you!" she cried in relief. "Where am I going? Where have I been going every week for the past three months? Where do I ever go? I am going to the intelligence-office. The *intelligence-office!*" Mrs. Bennet is seldom stirred to satire, and when she is it is safe to infer that she has been severely goaded. The ironic accent she bestowed upon the word "intelligence" was a history in itself.

"Have you been having trouble with help?" I asked, in the easy manner of one who dwells in an apartment hotel.

"Trouble!" She was beyond all words but ejaculations, but those were enough. "Trouble! My dear woman, I could never tell you what I have been through in the last three months."

Then, logically, she began to tell me, dragging me, meantime, in the direction of one of the institutions of which she was so contemptuous and upon which she seemed so dependent.

"You know there are only the three of us," she reminded me, as we walked along. "And in a steam-heated apartment, with hot water supplied, the work certainly ought to be light enough for one girl, oughtn't it?" I nodded. "And you know that I'm not a hard task-mistress, don't you?" I nodded again. "Well, then, why on earth do you suppose I cannot find any one willing to stay with me more than five days? It's awful. It's ruinous. I don't see what family life in this country is coming to. You would never believe me if I told you the experiences I have had, the incompetents that have invaded my house, the impertinents that have ruled it, the insolents that have sailed out of it without notice— Oh, my dear, it has been awful!"

Stripped of exclamation and hysteria, Mrs. Bennet's story was to this effect: Three months before the day when I met her the cook and general house-worker, whom she had had since her marriage, seven years before, had left her; to-day I think Mrs. Bennet would regard it as no crime to murder the man who won her faithful, soft-hearted Nora from her, and she is ready to de-

nounce the holy sacrament of marriage itself, which deprived her of the services to which she had grown comfortably accustomed. Nora having departed from the Bennet household in a friendly shower of rice, Mrs. Bennet set light-heartedly out to replace her. She applied at a very well-established office for a successor, and Walsingham had advised her to go to a good place; "might as well start right," he had fatuously remarked. "What if the fee is large? You'll have the pick of a better class of girls." Which showed how much Walsingham knew about it! The manageress of the place, very imposing in tailored black silk, shook her head half-pityingly, half-contemptuously, when she heard Mrs. Walsingham's modest request.

"I am afraid we can do nothing for you," she said blandly. "Most of our applicants want to go to houses where a staff of servants is maintained. They imagine—" she shrugged her shoulders as one who declines to attempt the fathoming of the reasons for human choice, even while recognizing them—"they imagine that they will not have to work so hard in households where the work is—er—specialized. Besides, they're not so lonely."

Mrs. Bennet tried in vain to think of a crushing reply as she turned from the desk, but she couldn't. She went to the next "first-class" agency. This time the shake of the head was not pitying, but it was no less decisive.

"You simply can't get any but green girls to go as general houseworkers," said the proprietress briskly. "It's an age of specialization, you know, and, really, you can't blame them. You know your husband's bookkeeper isn't going to act as porter and office-boy and stenographer. Why should the cook be laundress, chambermaid, waitress, and nurse, then? As soon as a servant girl learns anything, she is going to want to do just one thing, that you may depend on. You see, they are in the position to dictate. Every one wants servants. Good servants are as scarce as hens' teeth. You've got to accept their terms or go without."

"Well, I can't introduce a butler and a footman into a seven-roomed apartment to oblige even the paragon of servant girls," retorted Mrs. Bennet spiritedly.

The manager of the agency agreed cordially. "You'll have to come to an



Only green girls go out as general house-workers.

apartment hotel," she told her would-be client. But Mrs. Bennet shook her head and made a determined way to an agency recommended dubiously as "a place where you may possibly pick up something; a green girl, perhaps."

Here green girl after green girl was marched before her. Most of them spurned her utterly. Her offer of sixteen dollars a month was scorned; all of them had relatives already here who had told them that eighteen and twenty were to be had by the greenest. Walsingham, Jr., was a stumbling-block to several, despite his mother's assertions that she herself took entire charge of him. Mrs. Bennet soon began to see that children were a hopeless indiscretion to any woman wishing a smooth domestic department. Finally one—a slatternly looking young person—promised to come after she had bound the prospective mistress, in the presence of witnesses, to pay her eighteen dollars a month if she proved satisfactory, the

sixteen being merely during two weeks' test.

However, she never came.

Three days in succession did Mrs. Bennet wring reluctant assent from candidates to come and try the position she offered. Not one of them came or sent any message of regret or warning. The fourth day, driven desperate, she bore off with her a tall, raw-boned female in a green plush waist, who had insisted upon twenty dollars a month because she was an experienced though "plain" cook. Green Plush was to send to her lodgings for her clothes. Elated by even this doubtful victory over her malignant fate, Mrs. Bennet sped to the telephone, after she inducted Green Plush to her room, and ordered from the provision merchant Walsingham's favorite foods for dinner. "Porterhouse steak, mushrooms, romaine—" The viands seemed simple and unpretentious as she called them off. But when she finished, Green Plush stood beside her.

"Excuse me, miss—ma'am, I mean, but you seem a young lady to me, sort of—excuse me, but I hear what you're a-orderin'. You tell me back there, miss—ma'am—that it's plain cookin' only—no fancy dishes, an' I hear you orderin' of musheroons. No, ma'am, I can't stay; musheroons may be all right for them as likes to eat them, though how you can tell 'em from pizen toadstools is more than I can see, an' I had an uncle die of the mistake; but, anyway, the bargain was 'plain' an' not French cookin', an' I can't stay, an' I'll thank you for car fare."

And Green Plush was inexorable. Not even complete surrender on the "musheroon" question could alter her determination. Go she would, and go she did.

The next one who came stayed two days, and disappeared at the end of that time. Mrs. Bennet had weakly suggested to her at the close of the second day that perhaps she would like a little air, or the chance to visit her friends and to send for her bag. When she did not return by morning the mistress' heart was torn by fears of foul play and the like.

"No, she's all right," said the manager of the intelligence-office through whom Hilda had been obtained, and to whom Mrs. Bennet confided her fears. "She's been in this morning to register again. She—she's a little odd."

"What did she dislike about us?" asked Hilda's recent mistress woodenly.

"She—she"—the manager finally broke into a laugh—"she didn't like your dinner-table candles; said gas was good enough for people who couldn't keep but one girl."

"But I always attend to the candles myself!" protested Mrs. Bennet.

"It seems to have been the principle of the thing with Hilda," conjectured the employment agency's head. "Oh, they're very notional—they can be, you see! But I have a little French girl I think might suit you. Do you—speak French?"

Mrs. Bennet shook a despairing head.

The manager sighed. "She speaks no English at all, which is why she is willing to go to work for smaller wages. She would charge only sixteen dollars a



A satisfactory, middle-aged Swedish woman.

month at first—and the washing done out, of course; as I remember yours is."

"It's no use," sighed the miserable housewife. "I can't learn French overnight."

That day she went away with the promise of a cheerful, neat, efficient-seeming Irish girl to come to her, bag and baggage, by four in the afternoon. At four, sure enough, Bridgie, rosy and smiling, appeared, a big, shiny, black bag in her hand. She nodded acquiescently as the kitchen conveniences were pointed out to her, conceded that her own room, though small, was light and airy, put on a big apron and went reassuringly to work. Walsingham and his wife celebrated their deliverance that night by going to the theater. The next morning Mrs. Bennet heard the clock striking six, and, as she turned over for another nap with the delicious consciousness that she did not have to scurry, in bathrobe and slippers, to the coffee-machine and the cereal-steamer, she became conscious of a fully dressed figure by her bedside. It was Bridgie, booted and spurred, so to speak, and ready for the highway.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I'm leavin,'" announced Bridgie, in a sepulchral whisper.

"Bridgie! Why?" cried the fully awakened but dazed Mrs. Bennet.

"It's too lonesome," hissed Bridget. "It was awful lonesome last night when you an' the mister had gone out. It's too lonesomelike. I couldn't stay."

So Bridgie, on the score of its solitude, left a five-story apartment building with two apartments on every floor. "Though I almost promised that Walsingham and I would take only one evening a week out," confessed Mrs. Bennet.

Next came a young Finn, who decided, at the end of a few days, that she would like a place "where there was a little baby to take out in its carriage."



Put on a big apron and went reassuringly to work.

She was followed by Grace, middle-aged, plain, over-talkative, not too alert, but diligent. At the end of a week of comparative peace, Grace stayed out all night and the better part of the next day, to the distraction of Mrs. Bennet. When her husband came home the second evening he found his wife ministering to a drunken cook with cups of black coffee and kind words. Grace was

maudlingly remorseful, and Mrs. Bennet was entreating her not to commit suicide, but to reform. Exit Grace.

Mrs. Bennet and Walsingham, Jr., went home to visit grandma, in Taunton, for a week, while Mr. Bennet put up at a hotel. Refreshed by this holiday, the unfortunate household reconvened for a new attack upon the problem.

Then followed, first, a satisfactory, middle-aged Swedish woman, neat, well trained, and expeditious, whom the lessor of the front apartment on the floor below the Bennets lured from them at the end of a fortnight by the promise of twenty-two dollars a month in place of twenty; second, an Irish girl, good-natured, untidy, devoted to Walsingham, Jr., and very wasteful, who remained until the Croton bugs near the sinks and tubs attained such numbers and such individual magnitude that Mrs. Bennet was afraid to enter her kitchen after dark; third, a colored girl, who supplied the larder of her own family from the Bennet's modest stores; fourth, a "cracker" woman, from the South, who was discovered taking snuff while she prepared the soup, and was immediately suspected of having flavored previous queer-tasting dishes in the same way; a middle-aged, lachrymose widow, who stood rapt in tearful

admiration of the Bennets' matrimonial peace and unity when she should have been putting down the eggs or taking them up, or rescuing the tea-kettle from the evil effects of no water and great heat; Mrs. Bennet endured the sighs and the tears with the stoicism of a much-enduring soul; but when the melancholy one knocked from the china cabinet her most cherished Spode bowl and excused the breakage on the ground that she "was lookin' to see Mr. Bennet kiss you when he come in, ma'am; my own pore husband always done the same when returnin' from work, an' so my sleeve knocked the bowl accidental-like, as you might say"—then Mrs. Bennet's patience snapped, and she "gave notice" with a magnificent indifference to the future.

These were the adventures of two months. After she had recklessly dismissed the grief-stricken one, Mrs. Bennet confesses that she registered a solemn oath never again to discharge any one who would consent to stay with her on any terms, so trying were her experiences in attempting to replace the widow. For a week the family took its meals at a boarding-house around the corner, where the manners of the youthful heir were held by his mother to have been immediately corrupted by youthful example, and where his stomach was promptly and unmistakably disordered by adult food. Then the dreary, the maddening, search began again.

For a fortnight as large a measure of peace as ever seems to be allotted to the family of small means attended the Bennets. They acquired an unpretentious, sloppy-looking girl who cooked indifferently, washed dishes grimily, slapped beds together in such a way that the midnight breezes always assailed the toes of the sleepers, ironed sketchily, and did things in a generally hopeless style. But still she did do things! Mrs. Bennet liked her house to be neat, crisp, dainty, and fresh. With despairing eyes she saw it daily growing less and less like her ideal of a home. No instructions, no frequency of example, could induce Annie to pamper her employer's preferences for

china and glass that had been rinsed in hot water, for silver which had known the brightening touch of ammonia, for corners that had been swept, for coffee of strength, unscorched soup, or well-cooked potatoes. Yet because Annie was honest, moderately respectful, and apparently willing to remain for a sum not hopelessly beyond what the Bennets could pay, Mrs. Bennet endured with her.

Endured with her until the inevitable happened. Annie had a cousin who worked in a big house on Riverside Drive. The laundress of that establishment decided to spend the summer in the "old country"—oh, yes, the laundresses and the cooks and the waitresses can afford these little luxuries if they are passably thrifty and do not mind the eastward steerage!—and Annie's cousin tempted Annie. There were such good times, she said, in the house on the Drive—there was a butler and a footman and no lack of liveliness in the basement. Annie, her face aglow as though she were a girl of a more favored class announcing her débutante party, came to Mrs. Bennet and gave notice, at the same time confidently requesting a recommendation. And Mrs. Bennet testified to Annie's honesty and industry, and, after the fashion of kind women, suppressed all mention of Annie's ineptness and indifference to her work.

She had one glimmer of hope in the whole matter. Nora—her own old Nora who had made life so easy and pleasant to her for seven years, Nora whom she had never appreciated until she had lost her—Nora had a niece "coming out." Mrs. Bennet's heart leaped high with expectation. Nora knew how kind and liberal she was! Nora knew how comparatively light the work was, how prompt and sure the wage, how excellent the training. Nora would doubtless be only too glad to see her young niece installed in such a good place. To Nora accordingly she hastened. And there fell the blow that destroyed her last glimmer of hope for herself or for the American Family of Small Means. Nora, admitting all that

could be said in favor of Mrs. Bennet's ménage from a servant's point of view, concluded sheepishly, half-articulately, but obstinately: "But I ain't goin' to let Lizzy go in service, ma'am, she'll get a place in the lace shop around the corner—sure it's grand they're havin' them shops where the women can be makin' lace just like in the old country, exceptin' that they get more for it—an' she'll live with us. No'm, Lizzy won't be a livin'-out girl."

And it was the next day that I met the crushed and desperate young housewife.

Now, if Mrs. Bennet's experience during the dreadful three months was unique, it would be sad enough. But when one realizes that in any large city it may be multiplied indefinitely until the imagination is completely filled with a vision of servantless households, households under the rule of incompetent servants, households absolutely at the mercy of the incoming immigrant steamers, so to speak, it is a sadder, more appalling prospect. The problem of service for American families of small means and good standards of living becomes daily a more and more difficult one. As soon as a woman is able to employ two girls the matter is much simplified for her; her work is regarded as lighter—though this is often a delusion, for the two girls will generally have to "do for" a much larger family and a much larger house than the single maid—and the stigma of "loneliness" is removed from the position she offers. The more servants she is able to keep, the easier her problem becomes, in a sense. But of the class which is able to hire any assistance at all with its housework, the one-servant part is greatly larger than the two and more servants part. The American woman whose husband is able to afford one servant is usually of that part of society whose women are themselves unequal to the demands of housework. They have been educated; they have tastes, accomplishments; they are bred to the idea that a wife should be a companion to her husband and her children rather than the household drudge

for those dear to her. They generally have enough well-off friends to be thoroughly imbued with the standards of living which belong to the possession of more or less wealth. They want a neat and deft waitress—how else can the dinner-table conversation be uninterrupted and pleasant? They want a smiling, tidy maid to open the door to their friends—how else shall the impression of hospitality be conveyed? They want a quick, careful nurse to walk with the children—how else can they feel any sense of security when their young people are out of doors? They want their brasses polished, their silver bright, their plants fresh and watered. They want their own leisure for their piano, their clubs, their bridge, their golf, their embroidery, their committee meetings. The American woman whose husband is able to afford her the assistance of one servant, in short, desires to lead, in a certain simplified form, the life of the woman whose husband is able to afford her three servants.

And that paragon of maids who can help the one-servant mistress to the realization of her hopes is a very rare personage indeed. She is not entirely a myth. We all know houses in which she may be found—an efficient, tranquil woman, who has been trained to service, who never pauses to consider it "degrading," who doesn't yearn for change, and who knows, in a general way, "when she is well-off." The households in which these blessings reside are apt to be a little skeptical of the existence of a real servant-problem, until the day when some chance—death, marriage, old age—removes their prop from them. Then they are swiftly made to realize that luck—blind, bull luck—has been the chief ingredient in their peace. Then they enter upon a series of disastrous experiments like Mrs. Bennet's.

Native American girls do not go into service. That is probably one of the results of the Declaration of Independence. If all men are free and equal, some women are not going to cook and wash for other women, no matter what they are paid for the labor! So that

the native domestic help constitutes a practically negligible factor in the problem. The foreigners who come here are early imbued with the same notion of independence that the natives have; and before they started they were imbued with an idea of wealth which the natives have not. America is a rich country, cry the aliens; the streets are paved with gold. Let us then charge good, round sums for our services! Which, instructed by their friends already here, they proceed to do. They come, often, from the poorest peasant class; they lack experience not only in American methods, but in any orderly methods of living at all; they are as totally untrained for the graceful house-keeping which the average American woman who can afford a servant wants, as they are to teach differential calculus. But they expect as high wages for what is practically a course in domestic science for themselves as if they were trained workers. And the American woman of the one-servant class, determined not to do her own housework because of the time and strength it would take from her more congenial labors or amusements, has to pay what they demand and has to endure their thorough incompetency until she has trained them into a presentable condition, when they will be able to leave her and fare forth to seek higher wages elsewhere.

The solution? Many have been suggested. Some good people think that by elevating the social standing of the domestic servant a more desirable class of girls can be drawn into it; these theorists have sometimes established training-schools for housework, have used pretty words like "domestic science," and have sought to sugar-coat the pill of hard work—and loneliness, in a va-

riety of ways. Others, more clear-sighted, perhaps, and certainly more radical, have declared that the "private family" was doomed, that home cooking must follow home weaving, house spinning, stocking-making, soap-making, candle-dipping, and the like into the realm of forgotten domestic arts. These dream of cooperative communities, and now and then establish their Helicon Halls or what-not. But the former group of theorists do not touch the problem as the woman of small means finds it, for the graduates of training-schools are too expensive for her, to say nothing of being far too specialized to care for a "general house-work" job; while the latter group, invincible as their logic sounds and strongly as it is reinforced by the dire scarcity of good help, do not take into sufficient consideration the indubitable fact that people still want their own firesides, their own flavorings in their own soups, and still prefer to do their own spanking of their own children; in short, that we are not yet in any appreciable numbers "socialized" up to the point of communal life.

Meantime, the apartment hotel offers some sort of a compromise between necessity and desire; but the apartment hotel remains yet too dear for the average family of the one-servant standard.

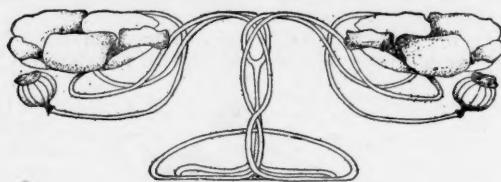
Some day it may occur to some social reformer to remind us that our grandmothers could cook and weave, wash and iron, dye wool and flax, bring up appallingly large families, plant their gardens, weed their vegetable-plots, melt up their pewter for bullets when occasion required, read their Bibles, convert their Indians, or instruct their slaves, put up their fruit, and salt down



A lacrymose widow, who stood rapt in tearful admiration.

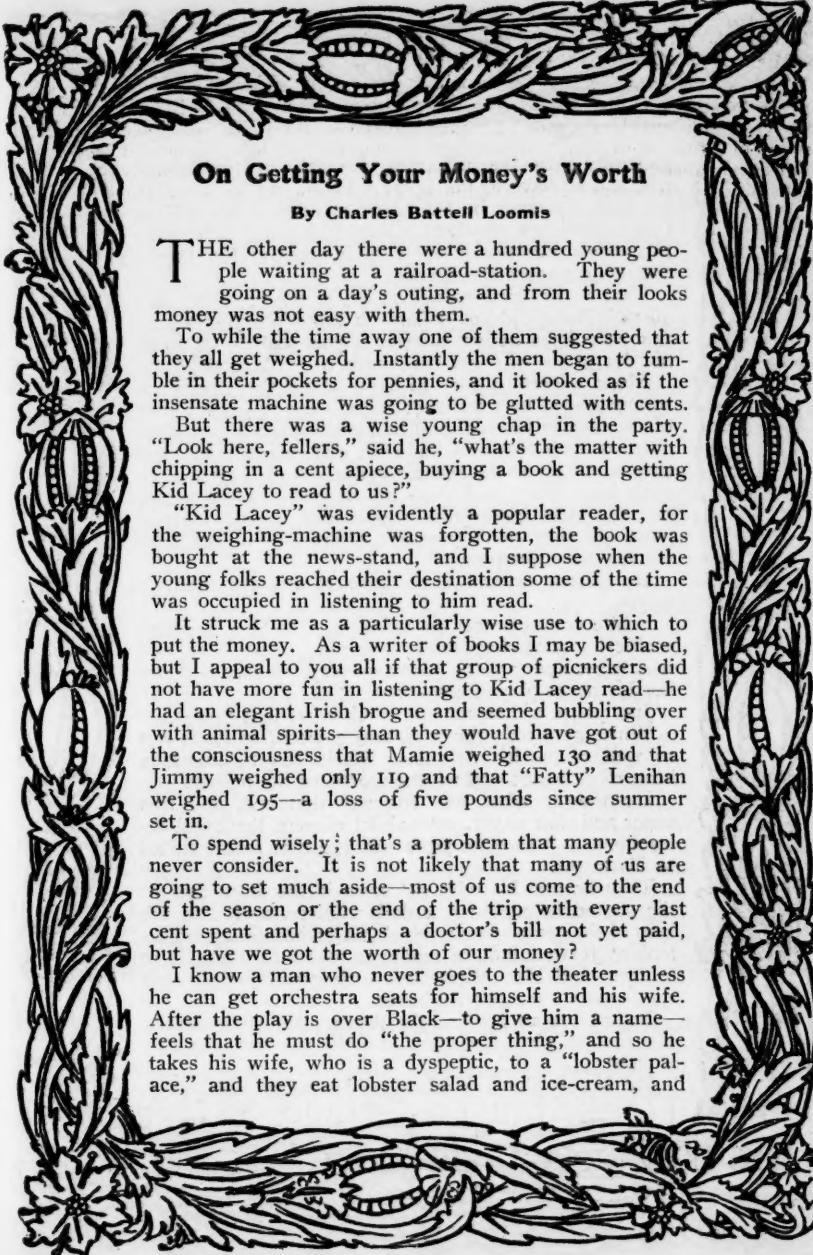
their pork. Then, perhaps—but only “perhaps”—some of us may begin to wonder if in this day of labor-saving devices, of manufactures, of steam heat, hot water, gas, electricity, sewing-machines, running water, and telephone communication with our butcher and baker, our ancestresses' daughters have not still another weapon to aim against

our natural enemies, the incompetent, unwilling, lazy, slovenly, untrained horde which brazenly demands what it pleases for its alleged services. For the experiences of Mrs. Bennet are duplicated in thousands of households; and from the employers' point of view there is nothing too pessimistic to allege concerning the domestic situation.



One day I sailed to Marken,
And I could plainly see
That I looked just as strange to them
As they looked odd to me!

Estelle M. Kerr.



On Getting Your Money's Worth

By Charles Battell Loomis

THE other day there were a hundred young people waiting at a railroad-station. They were going on a day's outing, and from their looks money was not easy with them.

To while the time away one of them suggested that they all get weighed. Instantly the men began to fumble in their pockets for pennies, and it looked as if the insensate machine was going to be glutted with cents.

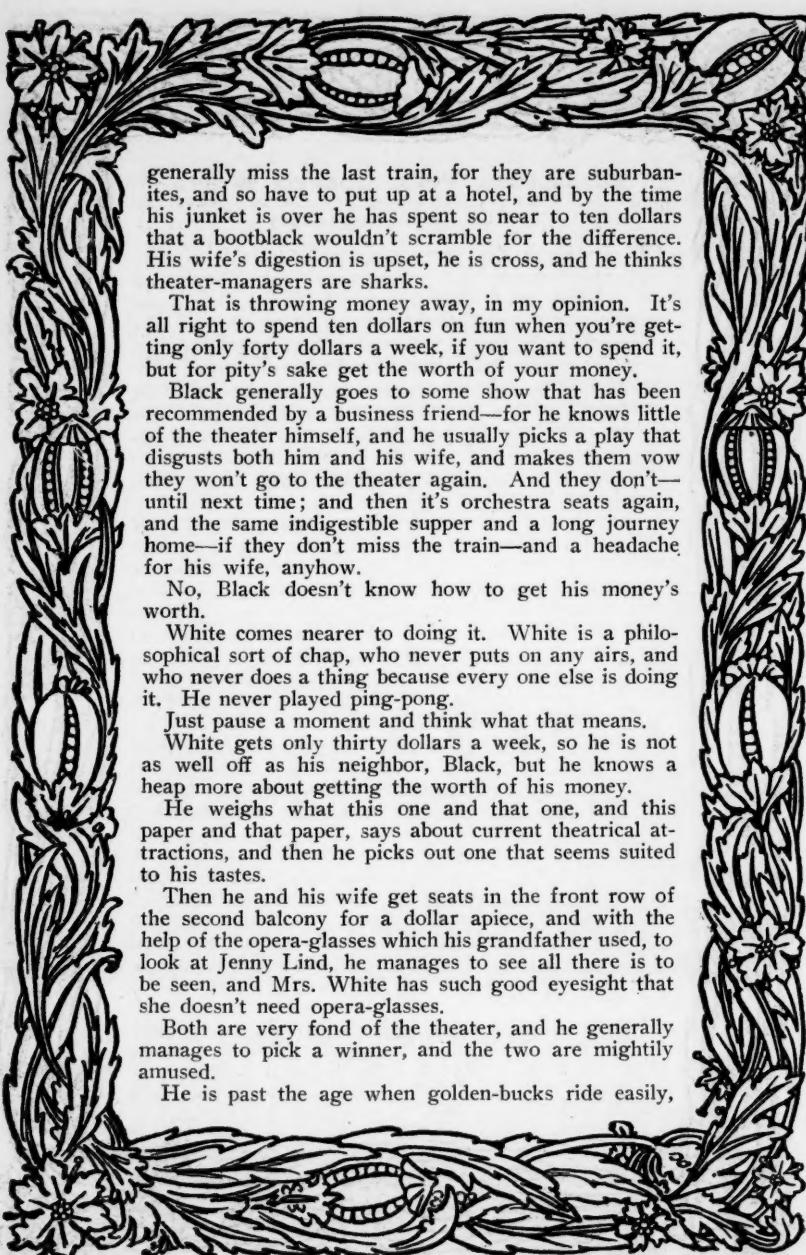
But there was a wise young chap in the party. "Look here, fellers," said he, "what's the matter with chipping in a cent apiece, buying a book and getting Kid Lacey to read to us?"

"Kid Lacey" was evidently a popular reader, for the weighing-machine was forgotten, the book was bought at the news-stand, and I suppose when the young folks reached their destination some of the time was occupied in listening to him read.

It struck me as a particularly wise use to which to put the money. As a writer of books I may be biased, but I appeal to you all if that group of picnickers did not have more fun in listening to Kid Lacey read—he had an elegant Irish brogue and seemed bubbling over with animal spirits—that they would have got out of the consciousness that Mamie weighed 130 and that Jimmy weighed only 119 and that "Fatty" Lenihan weighed 195—a loss of five pounds since summer set in.

To spend wisely; that's a problem that many people never consider. It is not likely that many of us are going to set much aside—most of us come to the end of the season or the end of the trip with every last cent spent and perhaps a doctor's bill not yet paid, but have we got the worth of our money?

I know a man who never goes to the theater unless he can get orchestra seats for himself and his wife. After the play is over Black—to give him a name—feels that he must do "the proper thing," and so he takes his wife, who is a dyspeptic, to a "lobster palace," and they eat lobster salad and ice-cream, and



generally miss the last train, for they are suburbanites, and so have to put up at a hotel, and by the time his junket is over he has spent so near to ten dollars that a bootblack wouldn't scramble for the difference. His wife's digestion is upset, he is cross, and he thinks theater-managers are sharks.

That is throwing money away, in my opinion. It's all right to spend ten dollars on fun when you're getting only forty dollars a week, if you want to spend it, but for pity's sake get the worth of your money.

Black generally goes to some show that has been recommended by a business friend—for he knows little of the theater himself, and he usually picks a play that disgusts both him and his wife, and makes them vow they won't go to the theater again. And they don't—until next time; and then it's orchestra seats again, and the same indigestible supper and a long journey home—if they don't miss the train—and a headache for his wife, anyhow.

No, Black doesn't know how to get his money's worth.

White comes nearer to doing it. White is a philosophical sort of chap, who never puts on any airs, and who never does a thing because every one else is doing it. He never played ping-pong.

Just pause a moment and think what that means.

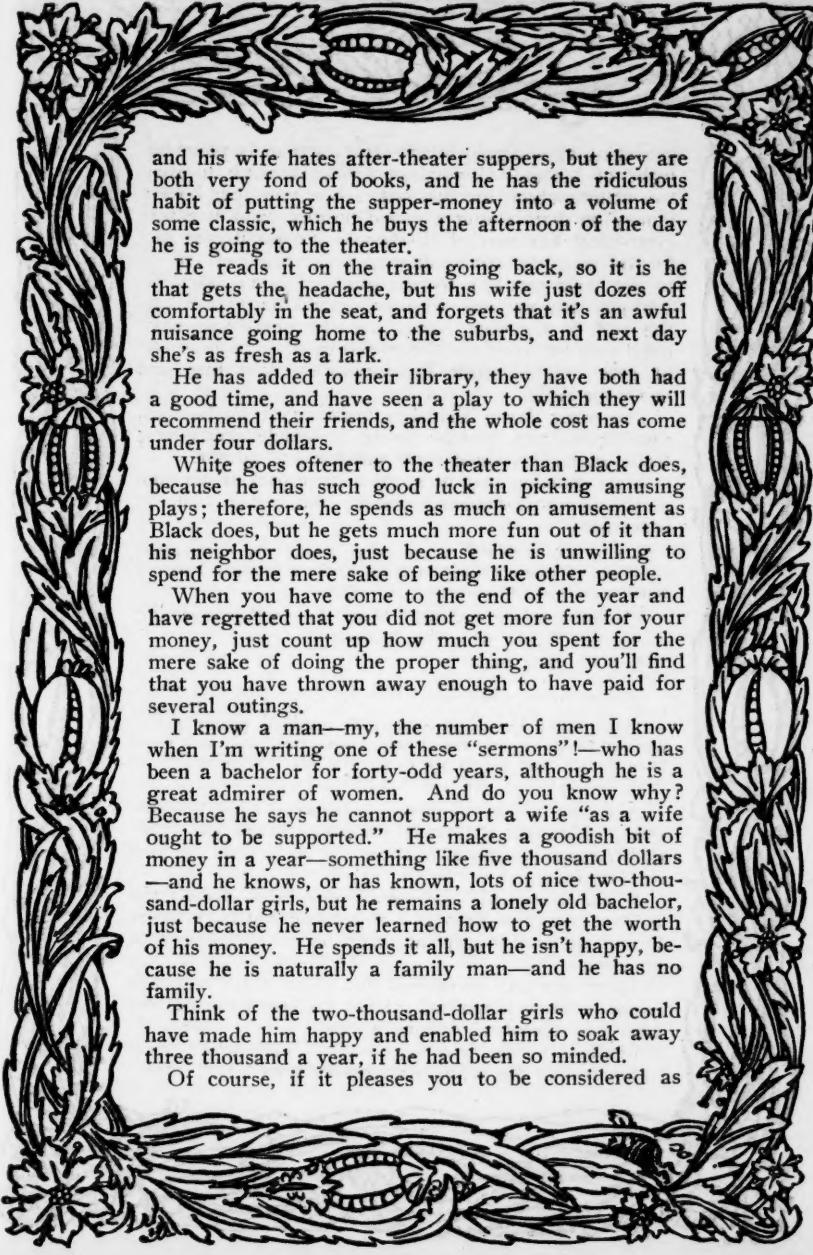
White gets only thirty dollars a week, so he is not as well off as his neighbor, Black, but he knows a heap more about getting the worth of his money.

He weighs what this one and that one, and this paper and that paper, says about current theatrical attractions, and then he picks out one that seems suited to his tastes.

Then he and his wife get seats in the front row of the second balcony for a dollar apiece, and with the help of the opera-glasses which his grandfather used, to look at Jenny Lind, he manages to see all there is to be seen, and Mrs. White has such good eyesight that she doesn't need opera-glasses.

Both are very fond of the theater, and he generally manages to pick a winner, and the two are mightily amused.

He is past the age when golden-bucks ride easily,



and his wife hates after-theater suppers, but they are both very fond of books, and he has the ridiculous habit of putting the supper-money into a volume of some classic, which he buys the afternoon of the day he is going to the theater.

He reads it on the train going back, so it is he that gets the headache, but his wife just dozes off comfortably in the seat, and forgets that it's an awful nuisance going home to the suburbs, and next day she's as fresh as a lark.

He has added to their library, they have both had a good time, and have seen a play to which they will recommend their friends, and the whole cost has come under four dollars.

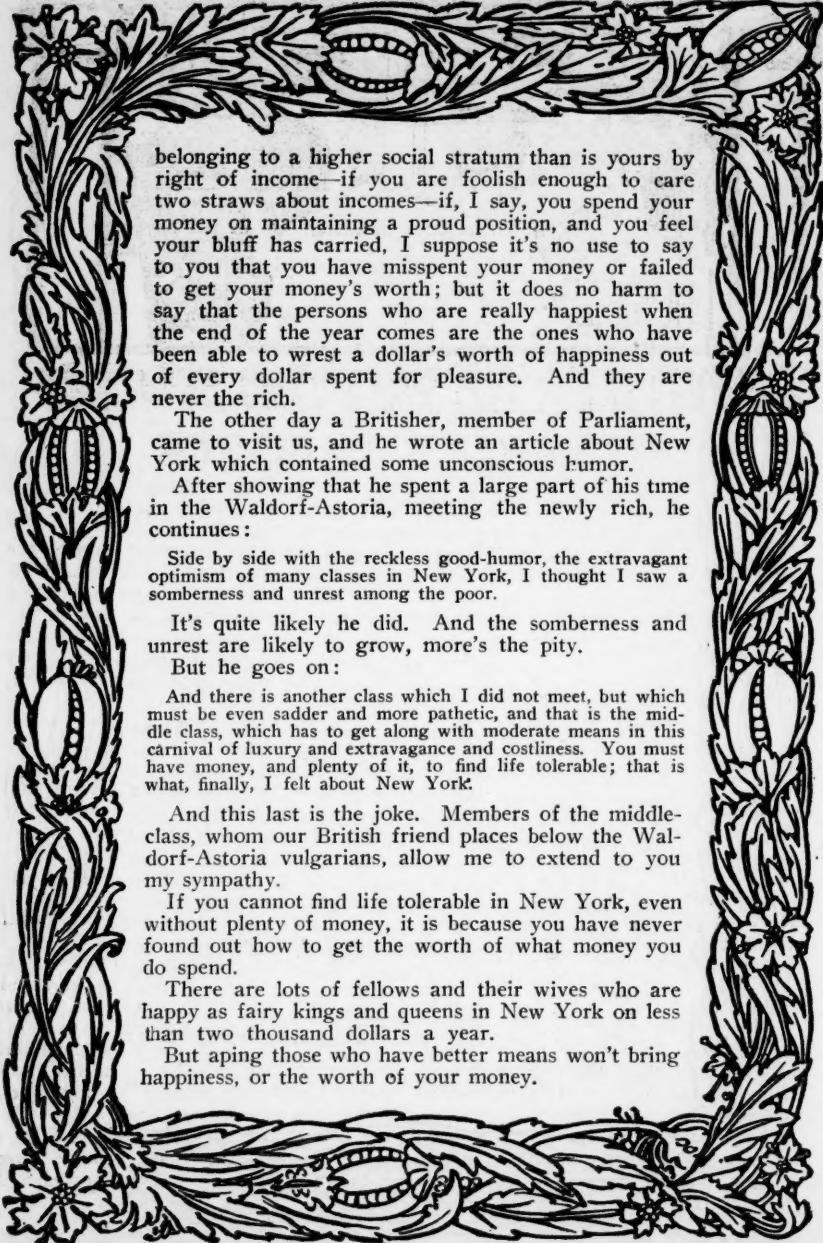
White goes oftener to the theater than Black does, because he has such good luck in picking amusing plays; therefore, he spends as much on amusement as Black does, but he gets much more fun out of it than his neighbor does, just because he is unwilling to spend for the mere sake of being like other people.

When you have come to the end of the year and have regretted that you did not get more fun for your money, just count up how much you spent for the mere sake of doing the proper thing, and you'll find that you have thrown away enough to have paid for several outings.

I know a man—my, the number of men I know when I'm writing one of these "sermons"!—who has been a bachelor for forty-odd years, although he is a great admirer of women. And do you know why? Because he says he cannot support a wife "as a wife ought to be supported." He makes a goodish bit of money in a year—something like five thousand dollars—and he knows, or has known, lots of nice two-thousand-dollar girls, but he remains a lonely old bachelor, just because he never learned how to get the worth of his money. He spends it all, but he isn't happy, because he is naturally a family man—and he has no family.

Think of the two-thousand-dollar girls who could have made him happy and enabled him to soak away three thousand a year, if he had been so minded.

Of course, if it pleases you to be considered as



belonging to a higher social stratum than is yours by right of income—if you are foolish enough to care two straws about incomes—if, I say, you spend your money on maintaining a proud position, and you feel your bluff has carried, I suppose it's no use to say to you that you have misspent your money or failed to get your money's worth; but it does no harm to say that the persons who are really happiest when the end of the year comes are the ones who have been able to wrest a dollar's worth of happiness out of every dollar spent for pleasure. And they are never the rich.

The other day a Britisher, member of Parliament, came to visit us, and he wrote an article about New York which contained some unconscious humor.

After showing that he spent a large part of his time in the Waldorf-Astoria, meeting the newly rich, he continues :

Side by side with the reckless good-humor, the extravagant optimism of many classes in New York, I thought I saw a somberness and unrest among the poor.

It's quite likely he did. And the somberness and unrest are likely to grow, more's the pity.

But he goes on:

And there is another class which I did not meet, but which must be even sadder and more pathetic, and that is the middle class, which has to get along with moderate means in this carnival of luxury and extravagance and costliness. You must have money, and plenty of it, to find life tolerable; that is what, finally, I felt about New York.

And this last is the joke. Members of the middle-class, whom our British friend places below the Waldorf-Astoria vulgarians, allow me to extend to you my sympathy.

If you cannot find life tolerable in New York, even without plenty of money, it is because you have never found out how to get the worth of what money you do spend.

There are lots of fellows and their wives who are happy as fairy kings and queens in New York on less than two thousand dollars a year.

But aping those who have better means won't bring happiness, or the worth of your money.



CUPID AT THE POTTED SHRIMP

BY CHARLES GARVIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

IT is not every man who can lay his hand upon his heart and declare that his landlady's only complaint against him is that he is irregular at his meals. That is my modest vaunt. And be it noted that this irregularity is my misfortune rather than my fault. I am an author and, for my sins, a novelist; and I do not do my work when I like, but when the work likes: that is one of the trials and troubles of the fictionist. Your essayist, editorial-writer, and verse-singer can, as a rule, sit down at any time and get through his tale of bricks, with or without straw; but the novelist is a slave to moods.

For instance, I may come down in the morning, eager for work; I eat my frugal breakfast with the thing humming in my brain; I want to get at it at once; but unfortunately I mechanically take up the paper, I read something that affects me strongly—and no newspaper is nowadays worth type and ink that does not thrill you strongly—and lo! not only the desire for work, but the capacity, has gone. I think it will come back with a pipe; but it doesn't.

I go out and push my way down

Fleet Street, or saunter about the Temple, to which my chambers are adjacent, or take a bus and go to the Zoo, where I can generally find my muse; but she evades me, and I return to my chambers disconsolate and devoured by remorse, to find her perched on my table and smiling blandly at me.

It is now, say, four o'clock. I set to work and toil and moil till half-past eight. Mrs. Toplady has prepared dinner for seven; I cannot go home and face her. I must dine at what she calls "one of them nasty and unwholesome restyerwrongs." The one I favor is a modest little French place behind the Empire. Wild horses shall not drag its real name from me, so we will call it "The Potted Shrimp."

"The Potted Shrimp" is unique. It is a long, narrow room, with distempered walls and a floor of much-worn linoleum; the appointments are of the simplest kind, the table linen is clean but coarse, the menu is by no means elaborate, but the attendance is good, alert, dexterous, respectful—more, friendly. And the chef! He is an angel in a white frock and flat cap. The cooking is as near perfection as it can be, and

the prices are ridiculously low: a choice of *hors d'œuvres*, twopence; fish, sixpence; *rôti*, sixpence; *poulet* and salad, eightpence; omelette, sixpence. Think of it, ye diners at the Carlton and the Savoy.

The frequenters of "The Potted Shrimp" are all regular customers; you see the same faces every night. The *propriétaire*, Monsieur Pelat, fat, bland, Napoleonic, presides at our Olympian feast like a silent and capable Jove. He takes a personal interest in all his guests, knows their favorite dishes, humors their little whims and fancies. He is all over the place at once, and yet he is noiseless, unobtrusive, and paternal.

I always arrive late at "The Potted Shrimp," but though I am breaking his rule, he receives me kindly, and benignly picks out for me some of the dishes which are still unscratched on the menu; and sometimes, the press of business having passed, he will, to reassure me and make me comfortable, sit down beside me and even order a *plat* for himself to keep me in countenance.

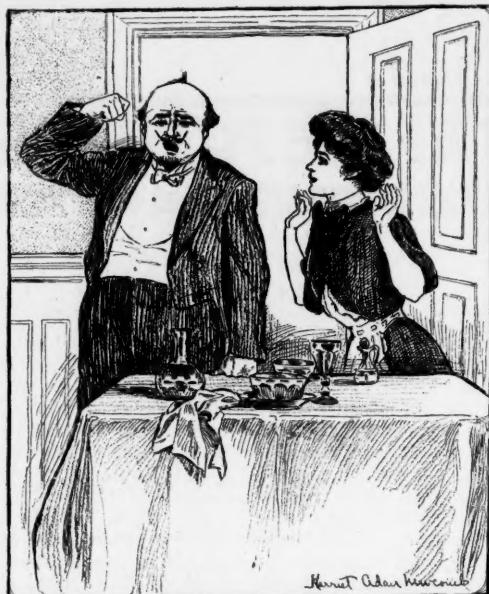
Judging by his placid face, one would consider Monsieur Pelat to be the mildest of men; but behind that calm exterior there smolders a fire which can be made to burn fiercely by any one

indiscreet enough to mention the word "aristocrat"; for Monsieur Pelat is a republican of the reddest and most sanguinary type. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than to dance the Carmagnole about a tumbrel, and speed its occupants to the guillotine with yells of savage derision and scorn. It is only to a few customers he has revealed this idiosyncrasy of his, and I am one of the favored. When he is speaking of the aristocrats and the doom they deserve, his fat, good-natured face is distorted by a hideous grin, grows red, and actually seems to swell; his brows work like those of a villain in a melodrama, and his eyes flash ferociously.

At such times a slim and graceful girl, a really beautiful girl with tender eyes and a sweet, innocent smile,

glides from a little room behind the *salle à manger*, and lays a soothing and restraining hand on Monsieur Pelat's shoulder. He fondles the hand, his fury vanishes, and he becomes once more the bland, the suave, the good-tempered *propriétaire*.

It is Virginie, Monsieur Pelat's daughter. She keeps the accounts in the room at the back, and is rarely seen by the frequenters of the restaurant. I have had the honor of exchanging speech with her; but then I always



"A BAS LES ARISTOCRATS!—I would see one of them starve in the gutter before I would confer on him one piece of bread."

come late and am nearly always almost alone; not quite, because at a quarter to nine every evening a young man enters, raises his hat to Monsieur Pelat, and goes to a table at the end of the room, a table next mine.

He is a remarkably good-looking young fellow, with one of those faces which prepossess the most casual observer. He selects a few of the cheapest dishes from the menu. Carl pays him particular attention, though the young fellow's tips never exceed two-pence, and Monsieur Pelat evidently regards him with favor, for he makes it a rule to sit opposite the young fellow and talk with him.

By a singular coincidence, Mademoiselle Virginie comes out from her den—oh, let us call it shrine!—to ask her father some question about the accounts, about the time the young man has got half through his dinner. She will linger at his table to ask him, no doubt, whether the *plats* are to his liking. She stands timidly by the table with downcast eyes, and he rises to his feet and stands, with a beautiful blush on his face, regarding her with eyes which—which send mine down to my plate again.

She stays only for a minute or two; but after she has gone the young man sighs and gazes before him, as if the walls of "The Potted Shrimp" had faded away and revealed—what visions, who shall say?

I am, of course, a slave to romance, and quick at scenting it—it is my trade—and I have struck up an acquaintance with my interesting visitor to "The Potted Shrimp." With the courtesy of his nation he permits me to speak French, though his knowledge of the English language is doubtless as good as mine, probably better. We talk of the weather, the goodness of the cooking, the privilege of being a welcome guest at "The Potted Shrimp." Once or twice I have ventured on Virginie, but it is a failure; the young man immediately becomes courteously reserved, as one who should say: "My friend, that subject is sacred."

One evening the youth came in with

a clouded countenance, greeted Monsieur Pelat without his usual smile, and selected only a soup and an omelette from the menu, paid his modest account, and departed without his usual cigarette or a sight of, and word with, Virginie. Monsieur Pelat looked after him with a shrug of the shoulders and a sigh.

The next evening the young fellow gave the same order; but as Carl removed the empty soup-plate, he put in its place a *côtelette* with suitable vegetables. The youth made a gesture of refusal, and said:

"There is some mistake, Carl; I did not order these."

Carl shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, and looked at Monsieur Pelat. Monsieur Pelat waddled to the young fellow, there was a short conversation, the dishes were allowed to remain, were consumed, a cigarette was lighted, Virginie appeared as usual, and when the young man left, he bowed with a heightened color to Monsieur Pelat, who returned the salutation with even more than his ordinary courtesy.

Perhaps Monsieur Pelat saw that I was interested and curious; for he came and sat down beside me and explained.

"The young man who has just departed," he said, "is a worthy young fellow. I have known him some time. His name is Hector Dubourg; he is a compatriot of mine, as monsieur is aware; and I take an interest in him. He is working as a clerk at a merchant's near-by from whom I obtain my wines. Monsieur approves of the Médoc? Good! Monsieur honors me. He is a steady, hard-working boy—I have made inquiries—and he supports an invalid sister. I do not know more than that. But it is enough. I like him; therefore, when I see that he takes only soup and omelette, I know that he is—what you call it?—ah, yes, hard up." Monsieur Pelat pronounced it as one word. "Now, monsieur, it is evident that soup and an omelette are not sufficient for a hard-working youth; so I beg permission to add to the menu."

I applauded Monsieur Pelat's goodness of heart. Monsieur Pelat raised

his skull-cap which covered his bald head, bowed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is nothing," he said, with a wave of the hand; "he is a compatriot, poor, one of the People. I respect, I sympathize. I desire to encourage, to assist him. One should assist the People. Had he been an aristocrat—*A bas les aristocrates!*—I would see one of them starve in the gutter before I would confer on him one piece of bread, unless I was sure that it would choke him; then he should have a complete loaf." Monsieur Pelat's face became distorted. "I would consign them all to the guillotine; they are worthless, the scum of creation, the tyrants, the scourge—"

As his voice rose Virginie glided from her shrine and laid her soothing little hand on her father's shoulder. He subsided at once, like a pacified volcano, fondled the shapely hand lovingly, and murmured:

"Pardon, monsieur! My feelings, they get the better of me. Go, Virginie, my child; I am myself again. Monsieur approves of what I have done?"

I assured him on that point, but with a reservation which Monsieur Pelat was quick to notice.

"Monsieur doubts?" he said invitingly.

"Well, I'm afraid our young friend won't come again," I said candidly. "He is a Frenchman, and, therefore, proud." Monsieur Pelat bowed. "Yes; I'm afraid we shall not see him at 'The Potted Shrimp' again."

Monsieur Pelat smiled until his eyes disappeared, and delicately touched his nose with the extreme tip of his fat forefinger.

"But yes," he said. "Ah, yes; he will come again. Have no fear, monsieur. He would like not to, because he is proud, as you say, and would not like to run up a score; but his heart will fight with his pride and win the day. For there is Virginie."

I was startled by his candor, for I had been simple enough to think that he had not noticed the coincidence of Vir-

ginie's emergence from her shrine when Hector was present. Monsieur Pelat smiled again.

"Oh, I am not blind! I have eyes all round my head. I see. I observe. And I do not object. Virginie is the life of my soul; but I know that I must lose her some day. To whom better could I give her than to a good, steady, hard-working young man of the People? Of the People, mark you! My daughter marries no aristocrat. You do not smile, monsieur, but you think it not likely that I have the chance. I assure you, you are wrong. There are many—what you call it?—out-of-elbow aristocrats here all round us who would be glad to marry Virginie for her youth and beauty—pardon, monsieur, it is not I who should say it, her father—and for the money which has been made at the little 'Potted Shrimp.' Such cases have been. The *propriétaire* of 'The Haricot Vert' married his daughter to a count."

Monsieur Pelat's face began to crimson, but he glanced toward the shrine and restrained himself.

"That may be good enough for 'The Haricot Vert,' but not for 'The Potted Shrimp.' No, no; Virginie will marry one like her father, one of the People, a good republican; no aristocrat accursed for the daughter of Jules Pelat. I have been successful, monsieur."

He looked round the walls, at the empty tables which had been crowded a little while previously, and there was a Napoleonic pride in his face; and why should there not have been? Success is success, whether one obtains it in running a cheap restaurant or in conquering a province; probably both achievements require the same qualities.

"I have been successful, and I have only one desire left—the desire of my heart, monsieur—to see my child happy. When I pass away—we must all go, monsieur—I shall be consoled by the reflection that I leave a good man behind me to husband my Virginie, and to carry on 'The Potted Shrimp' on the lines which I have maintained and established for so many years. I have

wearied monsieur. No? Monsieur has the goodness of heart which gives him interest in the affairs of others. Monsieur is a litterateur, an artist. It explains all. Carl, monsieur's coat and hat. *Merci*, monsieur, a thousand thanks!"

On my next visit, about a week later, I found Virginie and Hector seated at the same table; they both blushed furiously and prettily as they returned my greeting; and presently Hector seized an opportunity, when his sweetheart had left him, to tell me that they were formally engaged, and to thank me warmly for my good offices; receiving my assurance that they had been strictly confined to sympathy with a deprecatory shake of the head.

"Monsieur Pelat esteems monsieur's opinion most highly; and monsieur's sympathy has been of the most serviceable," the young man was good enough to say. "I am happier, monsieur, than I can describe. My Virginie is an angel."

I listened to the lover's rhapsody with the sympathy which is universal, for all the world loves a lover; and the story of "The Man and the Woman" will never grow wearisome while samples of the two sexes continue to exist. Monsieur Pelat stopped me, as I was departing, and whispered blandly:

"*Voilà!* Did I not tell monsieur? He has returned; it is all right. Behold a happy pair and a happy father!"

Your fictionist is a perverse animal. Must I confess that I left "The Potted Shrimp" on that occasion with a feeling of disappointment of which I was heartily ashamed? For fictional purposes this course of true love had run too smoothly, and had, therefore, become somewhat uninteresting. Not that I begrimed the young couple their easy path to happiness; but, still, a lit-



He swept a beautiful bow to the girl.

tle difficulty, a trifling obstacle, would have given the affair a piquancy which it certainly lacked. This view was, of course, not that of the ordinary sane human being, but of the novelist, who is always more or less mad.

I rejoiced Mrs. Toplady's heart by being regular at my meals for the next week or two; but one night, after a trying chase of the muse, I found myself again at "The Potted Shrimp." I was criminally late, but my reception was as gracious as usual; Monsieur Pelat smiled at me paternally, and Virginie, with a blush and charming timidity, actually beckoned me to a seat at the table with the lovers. They were good enough to deplore my long absence, and took me into the conversation with an unselfishness and self-sacrifice which touched me.

We were talking of their future—they were to be married shortly—and Hector was paying me the great com-

pliment of asking me to be his best man, when the door swung open, and a tall, elderly gentleman entered and looked round. He was a distinguished-looking man, with thick white hair, and a dark mustache which waved to his chin; he was precisely, indeed beautifully dressed, and, as he stood hat in hand, held himself erect with a military air.

Monsieur Pelat rose from his seat, where he was reading *Le Petit Journal*, and advanced to the newcomer. He saw at a glance that the visitor was a Frenchman, and, addressing him in French, said, with his usual courtesy:

"Good evening, monsieur. Monsieur is rather late; but some dishes shall be prepared for him. Pray be seated."

The gentleman bowed his acknowledgments. "Merci, monsieur," he said, in a pleasant voice, "but I have not come to avail myself of your excellent' cuisine. I have come in search—"

At that moment, as he advanced slightly, he caught sight of the young couple at the table near the end of the room, and with a cry of "Hector!" he strode toward them. Hector rose with an answering cry, the gentleman folded him in his embrace, and kissed him affectionately on either cheek, after the manner of their warm-hearted nation, and turning to Monsieur Pelat, exclaimed:

"It is my son, monsieur!"

Monsieur Pelat stood for a moment transfixed by astonishment; then he bowed, smiled, and stretched out his hands in a pantomime expressive of his sympathy and pleasure.

"My son," said the gentleman. "We have been parted for some time. He came to London to seek his fortune; I have been detained in Paris. But I set forth the moment I was free to find him. And behold, he is here. Come to my arms, Hector. My brave!"

Another embrace. Then Hector, blushing like a girl, waved his hand toward Virginie, who had stood, with her hand pressed to her bosom, looking from father to son. She was pale and

rosy red by turns, and her breath came quickly through her half-parted lips.

"Father, behold my future wife!" said Hector. "Virginie, our father!"

The distinguished-looking gentleman may have been surprised, probably was, but no sign of astonishment was visible as he swept a beautiful bow to the girl, and, bending over her hand, raised it to his lips. Monsieur Pelat advanced, with his skull-cap in his hand.

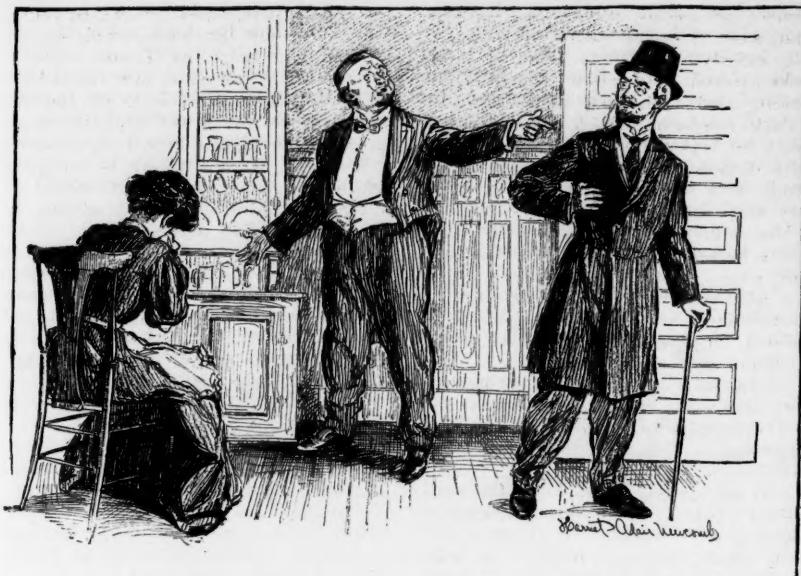
"My daughter, monsieur," he said, "my daughter Virginie, my only child. It is truly as Hector says; these infants are affianced. It meets with monsieur's approval?"

"But yes, certainly," responded the other father promptly. "This charming girl is doubtless as good as she is beautiful. Accept my compliments, monsieur. This has increased my joy. You will permit me to order a bottle of your best wine that we may drink to the happiness of the young couple."

He seated himself beside Virginie, kissed her hand and patted it. Carl brought a bottle of Pommery, 1893; and Monsieur Pelat was good enough to wave me an invitation to the libation and introduce me as an old and tried friend of himself and the children. Universal happiness. We sipped our wine and talked all at once, as people do when they are happy. All the waiters but Carl, who stood in proud and beaming attendance, departed; the shutters were lowered, the doors bolted, but still we stayed on. Presently, however, Hector's father glanced at his watch and rose.

"The most happy of meetings must have an end," he said regretfully. "I, alas! must go. You, Hector, will like to remain a little while; yes? Monsieur Pelat, we shall meet again, frequently, it is my hope. We have much to talk about. Pray accept my card and do me the honor of a visit."

He scribbled his name and his London address on the card with a gold pencil and, with a proper little wave and bow, extended it to Monsieur Pelat. He accepted it with a responsive bow and smile, put on his glasses, and looked at it; then he sprang to his feet,



"Choose, Virginie, between the son of that viper and your father the most fond!"

his face grew crimson, the red, sanguinary Republican expression twisted his features and inflamed his eyes, and, with a snarl, he flung the card back, hissing:

"Count De Dubourg! Count—De—Dubourg! An aristocrat! Hector's father an aristocrat—son of a viper, a traitor to his country, a thing unspeakable! My daughter, the child of Jules Pelat, marry a son of that class most hateful and contemptible! Ne-vaire! Ne-vaire!"

His voice rose to a shout, apoplexy seemed to threaten. We were all on our feet; the count, with flushed face, staring at him in surprise and indignation; Hector pale and agitated; Virginie all of a tremble with terror.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the count at last, with a cold courtesy. "I do not comprehend."

"And yet it is easy," said Monsieur Pelat, with suppressed passion. "I denounce all aristocrats. It is my misfortune that Monsieur le Comte be-

longs to it. They are my sworn foes. I am one of the People!" He drew himself up and raised his skull-cap in salute. "My child is a daughter of the People. I have fought at the barricade, I, who speak. I have seen the blood of the People flow!"

The count opened his lips as if to speak; he was much agitated, and his hand went to his side, as if he were in pain; but Monsieur Pelat would not permit him to get in a word. He stormed on.

"All is over between these infants. My Virginie will not, *shall* not, marry an aristocrat! I have spoken. I decline the honor," he laughed sardonically, "of an alliance with Monsieur Le Comte De Dubourg. Virginie, my child, retire you. Seek your apartment. Monsieur Hector, you will be good enough to leave 'The Potted Shrimp.' You will understand that its doors are closed to you for the future." He waddled to the doors, unbolted them, flung them open, and struck an atti-

tude. "Monsieur Le Comte, I have the honor to wish you 'Good evening.'"

Of course Virginie clung to Hector and sobbed on his breast. They appeared oblivious of the presence of the rest of us. Hector tried to soothe her, murmured assurances of eternal faith in her pretty, shell-like ears, essayed to wipe from her eyes the tears which bedewed his shirt-front. The sight of their emotion and abandonment of love added fuel to Monsieur Pelat's fury.

"Quick, quick, if you please!" he commanded. "Depart! Both aristocrats! Virginie, release that young man!"

Virginie looked over her shoulder at her father. "No, no! I will never give up my Hector!" Then, in the same breath she whispered sobbingly: "Go, Hector! go, dearest!"

At this point Monsieur Pelat nearly drove them to desperation and caused rank insubordination, by drawing himself up, thrusting his hand in his waistcoat; in fact, assuming the well-known Napoleonic attitude and crying sternly:

"Choose, Virginie, between the son of that viper and your father the most fond!"

Virginie clung all the tighter to Hector, whose eyes flashed for a moment; but his good sense and manliness prevailed, and, whispering: "I will go, Virginie; but, fear not! I will return," he followed the count, who had got his hat and was making for the doors and their stern guardian, with a proud and haughty demeanor.

The doors slammed behind them. Virginie, sobbing bitterly, fled to her shrine. Monsieur Pelat, pacing up and down, favored me with a tirade against the baseness, the tyranny, the deceit of aristocrats in general, and the Count De Dubourg and his son in particular. To attempt to pacify him was useless; and I waited patiently until the good Republican had sunk into his seat almost too exhausted to wish me a heart-broken good night.

As a novelist I ought to have been satisfied with this sudden break in the

course of true love; but as a man I was considerably upset; for I had grown fond of Virginie and of Hector, too; and it seemed to me that their love-affair had arrived at an *impasse* which would prove unsurmountable.

I could not work the next day, and I naturally felt drawn to "The Potted Shrimp." I wanted to see what the various parties in the drama would do. Would Monsieur Pelat, who loved his daughter tenderly, relent? It was to be feared not. Would Hector elope with Virginie in a hansom cab? Scarcely; for Virginie loved her father, and Hector was not the sort of young man to descend to a clandestine marriage; but then he was also not the young man to resign his betrothed without showing fight.

The drama had certainly reached a most interesting point. As a novelist it was my bounden duty to witness the dénouement, to say nothing of the anxiety of a man whose landlady has been heard on several occasions to declare that he has a "good heart."

I was late, as usual, the other customers had gone, and Monsieur Pelat was seated at a table, with his big head in his fat hands. He rose to greet me with a shake of his head, which was repeated as I inquired after Virginie.

"My child is ill, monsieur," he said. "It is all those perfidious aristocrats. Monsieur had better try *poulet en casseole*. I will myself make a salad."

I went to my table sadly and with little appetite even for the dish for which "The Potted Shrimp" is famous; and presently Virginie stole out to me. Her little hand was hot and dry, there were shadows under her eyes, which were swollen, her pretty, tender lips were trembling.

"You have not seen him, monsieur, my Hector?" she inquired in a broken voice. "He has not been here, and I am in despair. He said he would return, but he has not come. I fear that he has left me forever."

"Not a bit of it, Virginie," I said. "Hector's not that kind of man. He will come back, without a doubt. He couldn't help himself. Don't cry. If

he doesn't turn up I'll go round to his place—I have the address."

She colored, drew herself up, and shook her head with mournful pride.

"No, no, monsieur! Monsieur is kindness itself, but—but he must not be brought—it is not fitting. Besides, he is right not to return. My father in his madness—for certainly, monsieur, he is mad at these times—insulted Hector and his father. He is of a noble heart, that father of my Hector—I mean Hector—and he treated me as a

Hector looked at him sadly and gravely and went straight for Virginie, and took her in his arms and kissed her, as if her father and I were non-existent.

"I am late, dearest," he said. "I am sorry, my own! But I have been detained. My father, he is ill, very ill, and I could not leave him. You have been weeping, is it not so, my beloved? Weep no more. I am here to dry thy tears. Thy Hector!"

Red with anger, Monsieur Pelat advanced on them.



Monsieur Pelat gasped like one of his admirable codfish; he sank into a chair, collapsed, indeed.

lady, and received me as his daughter; he kissed my hand." The tears welled up in her eyes again. "Oh, he is right not to come!"

"He will come," I assured her; and at that moment the door swung open and Hector entered. He was very pale, as well he might be, and there was an anxious look in his eyes.

Monsieur Pelat rose and stared at him with amazement and indignation.

"Pardon, Monsieur Hector Dubourg," he said sternly. "This is an intrusion. The doors of 'The Potted Shrimp' are closed to you, you understand!"

"Unhand my child!" he commanded. "Release her! You have no right—I have refused the alliance. Monsieur here is witness. Return to your father, Monsieur le Comte; he, it would appear, needs you; there is no one at 'The Potted Shrimp' who does!"

"Pardon, Monsieur Pelat," said Hector firmly but respectfully, "you forget Virginie. I will return to my father as you bid me, when I have comforted Virginie and assured her that no one, not even—with respect, monsieur!—yourself shall come between us."

The lovers clung together; to avert the storm which threatened in Monsieur

Pelat's crimson face, I hastily interposed with a question.

"What is the matter with your father, Hector?" I asked.

"It is his wound," said Hector. "It is neuralgia in it. It comes when he is subjected to agitation, emotion. I saw that it was coming last night, or, perhaps, I would not have gone so soon and without explaining to Monsieur Pelat."

"I desire no explanations," broke in Monsieur Pelat. "It is enough for me that you are the son of an aristocrat!"

I interposed again. "How did the count get his wound, Hector; on the field of battle?"

"No, monsieur," replied Hector, drawing Virginie a little closer and eying her father with grave reproach. "Not exactly on the field of battle, and yet it may so be called; for much was won and lost that day. The honorable wound was gained fighting at the barricade."

"Ah!" yelled Monsieur Pelat. "The aristocrat! He is stained with the blood of the People!"

"Of a certainty not!" said Hector, drawing himself erect and regarding proudly the infuriated man. "My father was on the side of the People. He is a Republican, like yourself, monsieur; and his blood was spent, his fortune lost, in the sacred cause!"

Monsieur Pelat gasped like one of his admirable codfish; he sank into a chair, collapsed, indeed. A more generous color, that of shame and admiration, displaced the fiery red. He could scarcely lift his eyes for a moment;

then, with a gulp and the tears running down his cheeks, he rose and enfolded the young couple in his fat arms, murmuring brokenly:

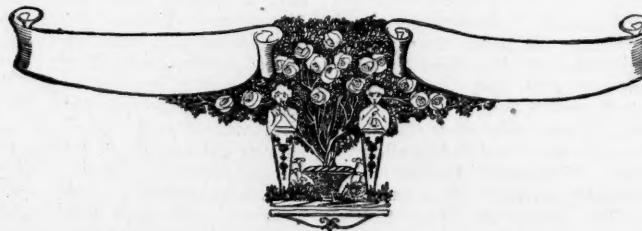
"Forgive me, Hector! Virginie, my child, forgive me! A Republican—fought for the People—bled for the sacred cause!"

He tore himself from their embrace, snatched a coat and hat—they happened to be mine—from a hook, and, crying: "Remain you there, Hector! I go to your brave, your sainted father!" dashed out.

As a rule I eschew weddings; but I am bound to admit that I thoroughly enjoyed this one, even though I was the best man and extremely nervous, much more so than Hector, who appeared to have no room for any other emotion than pride. Monsieur Pelat gave away the bride with Napoleonic *empressement*. The count, still pale, and walking with a stick, looked, notwithstanding the affair at the barricade, every inch an aristocrat. Virginie—but, perhaps, I had better not try to describe her; there are some things which evade even the most practised pens.

We ate our wedding-feast at "The Potted Shrimp;" and the way in which the two old men clinked glasses, and drank to the Republic, was something to be remembered.

I am, alas! more irregular than ever at my meals; in fact, I dine at "The Potted Shrimp" most nights of the week, and go in constant fear of notice from Mrs. Toplady.





NEAR GLOUCESTER, NOVA SCOTIA

Early Etchings by a Notable Architect

VIEWS IN NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK

By Charles de Kay

ABOUT twenty-five years ago a New York lad was cruising about New York bay, the Hudson, and Long Island Sound in search of the picturesque, with a well-defined intention in his breast of capturing "picturesques" and pinning them down in water-colors or black-and-white—just as a boy will catch butterflies and add them to his collection.

At present he is an architect who has to his credit many country houses placed in deftly planned surroundings of formal gardens and natural scenery. He is even guilty of an apartment-house in New York. But so far no skyscraper has been added to the catalogue of his venial sins. A quarter of a century ago he was more his own master, for it was not necessary to consult the prejudices and whims of a client; the world lay before him in which to pick and choose, and no man could come between him and his drawing-board or

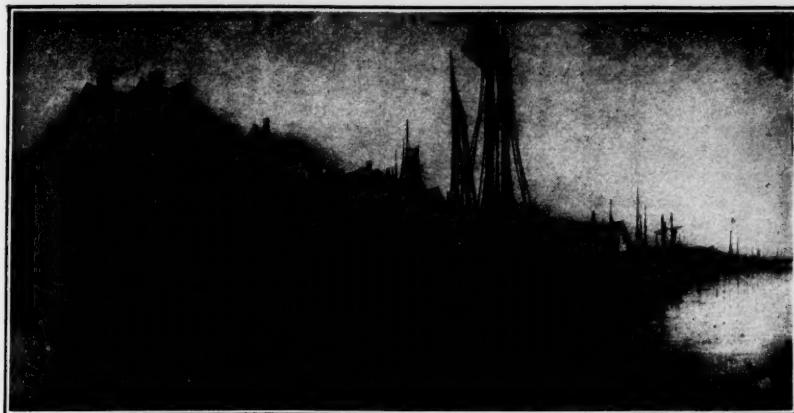
copperplate and tell him that such and such a point was "not art."

Architects have been devotees to the fine arts. In Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke we have one who has become collector and curator of objects of the handicrafts on a large scale for the South Kensington in London and the Metropolitan in New York; but it is comparatively seldom that a painter-etcher takes to architecture. Perhaps the process may not be uninteresting to note.

Mr. Charles A. Platt was born in New York during the first year of the Civil War, and studied drawing in the schools of the Academy and in those of the protest to the Academy, the Art Students' League. In 1882 he went to Paris and worked under Boulenger and Jules Lefebvre, remaining abroad six years, during which he studied the formal landscape of the great French architects of gardens, like Le Nôtre,



OLD HOUSES AT WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA

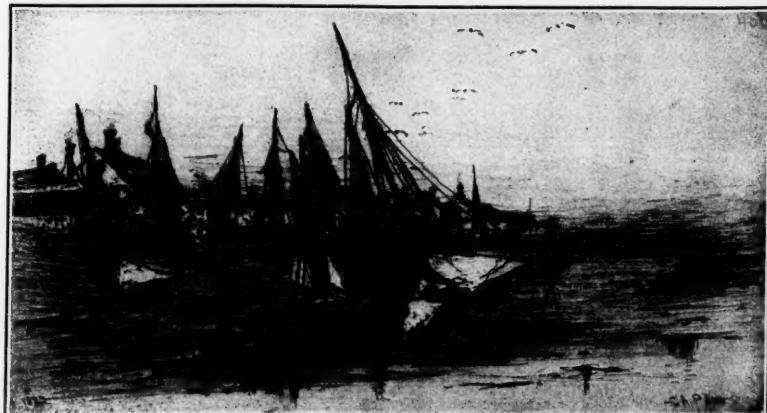


PORTLAND, ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

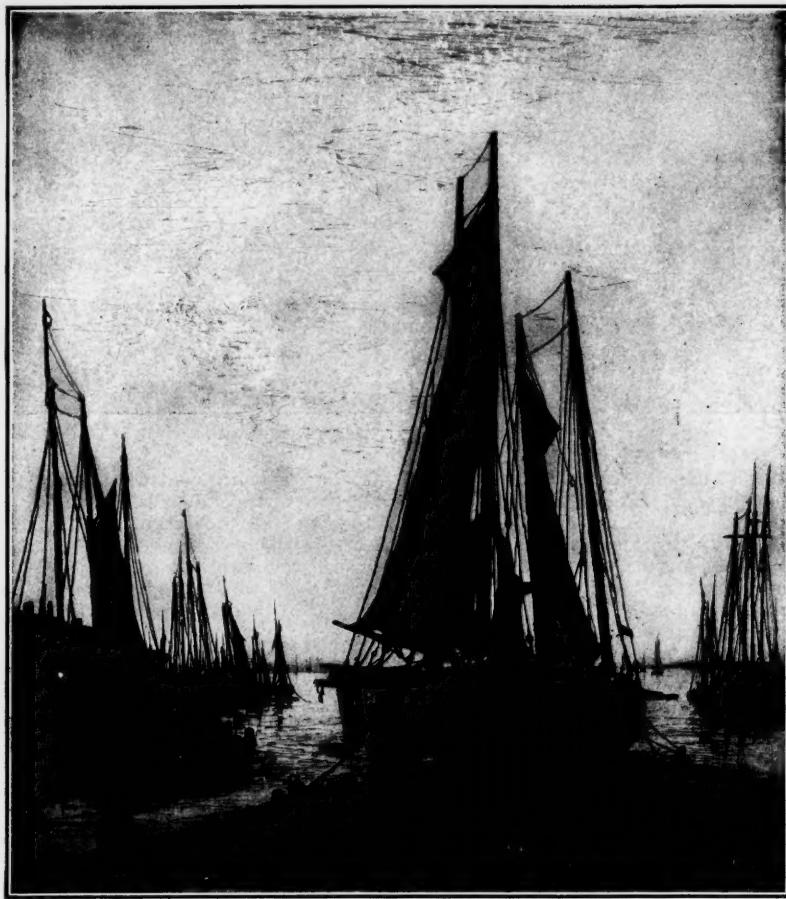
and also the older Italian grounds about the summer homes of the Venetian, Florentine, and Roman nobles. His French instructors in painting were enamored of the classical rather than the impressionistic feeling in art, and travel about Italy confirmed the young American in that reverence for large lines in the treatment of the immediate neighborhood of country houses, for terraces whence views are gained, for walls that allow of cozy walks among

the flowers when cold winds blow, for pleached alleys and pools, fountains and sun-dials; all those broad and spaced effects which charm us in Italian, French, and British gardens.

But here we are getting beyond the dates of the etchings reproduced in this article. Observe that the pictures here shown belong to Mr. Platt's life prior to 1882, when he departed for Europe. They are the early work of the American who has not yet entered on his



PROVINCIAL FISHING VILLAGE



THE MARKET SLIP, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, AT EBB TIDE

wander-jahre, but is looking about him equipped with such instruction as New York could give in the seventies.

Moreover, in selecting examples for illustration from the output, in etching, of this member of the American Water-color Society and Society of American Artists, the New-York scenes have been omitted; not because they are not good to look upon, but because one feels in those he made when going farther afield a greater interest on the part of

the etcher. And the European plates have also been set aside, in order to show American scenes only. Thus we get Mr. Platt's impressions of the Nova Scotian and the New Brunswick shores, together with some bits from the Connecticut River; plates he etched during his summer outings eastward during the seventies and early eighties. They ought to reinforce the contention that by his desertion of this line of artistic endeavor Mr. Platt has grieved all lov-



AN OLD SETTLER

ers of etching, however greatly he may have pleased and satisfied those who have employed him to build and surround a country house with an appropriate setting, or take a house already there and make it the center of a skilful bit of garden architecture.

An associate of the National Academy of Design since 1897, he is also a member of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. These etchings, therefore, when last spring they were shown at the Keppel Gallery, were somewhat of a surprise to the etcher himself, so far back did they lie in the past, so long had his hand refrained from the etching-needle. He had almost forgot their existence.

"Loading Up—Gloucester, N. S." contrasts the long lines of wharf and warehouse with the upright, slender masts and cobweb rigging of the sloops and schooners. These latter sit the water admirably. The curves of bow and stern are told with a minimum of effort, and the dark spots are well distributed, and assist materially the perspective. The sky and a suggestion of nightfall are used in "Near Gloucester, N. S." to give a pensive touch to a

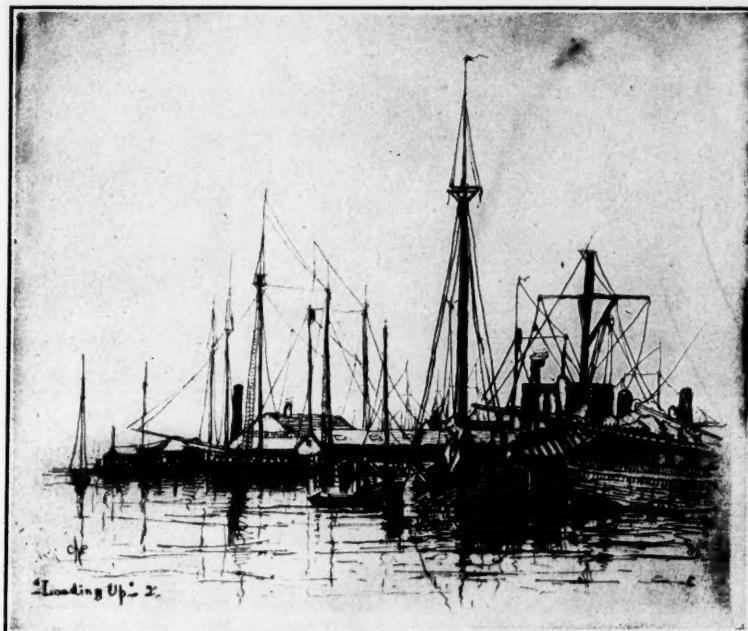
little landscape penetrated by the shining creek where coasters are waiting at anchor.

"Provincial Fishing Village," with the fishing-boats careened at low tide, was premonitory of the Normandy coast views he was soon to see and etch. In this picture the etcher has hung conventional gulls in the sky between the stranded fishing craft in the foreground and the line of houses at the back. "An Old Settler" shows the deep-eaved house of some immigrant of the seventeenth century surrounded by old trees, standing mysterious and forlorn on the edge of a heath. It belongs to the Nova Scotian series.

Mr. Platt's very spontaneous interest in architecture shows prophetically in "Old Houses at Windsor, Nova Scotia," where he has chosen a glimpse of the backs of two rows of eighteenth-century dwellings, with their lines of wash hung out to dry, their sloping cellar doors, their outhouses and kitchen annexes. Above the low, sloping roofs one sees the old poplars and other trees that shade the street fronts beyond. The balance and variety, and the distribution of light and shade, in this plate give



THE LITTLE RIVER, HARTFORD



LOADING UP—GLOUCESTER, N. S.

it a particular charm; it has also that rare quality, style.

Similar, if not so impressive, is the glimpse of "Thames Street in Newport, R. I.," which has been included among these illustrations owing to its picturesque touch. A larger plate with greater scope is "Little River, Hartford." The light on the backs of the town houses along the river is repeated on the cabin to the right. In the distance, the curve of the bridge, surmounted by a distant dome, takes the eye back into the picture; and there are an agreeable contrast and balance between the foliage on the right and the mass of houses across the river on the left. The two men in a boat to right-center silhouette against the broad white mass of the river's reach; and it is only after one catches these prominent figures that the others in the shadow, farther to the right, are descried.

From Portland on the St. John in

New Brunswick, and from St. John town, let us select a couple of attractive plates. As in the Gloucester view, the impression of Portland is that of a sea-side settlement pure and simple. Here again the slender masts of freight and fishing-schooners bind forewater and sky together, dividing the composition into unequal lengths right and left, aiding the perspective by bringing the hulls well forward. Sometimes the etcher has the boldness to abuse one's confidence a trifle, as for example with the sail in the center of the composition beyond the sloping roofs of the river street, a sail which could not well be at that high point unless there were a canal of an uncommonly lofty level at that spot. The effect gained is a greater mass when this sail is considered along with the spars of nearer boats.

"The Market Slip at Ebb Tide, St. John, New Brunswick," is another sort of composition; the two freight-boats



THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

stranded in the center occupy the attention, and by their proximity to docks denote the great rise and fall in tides which is a peculiar feature of harbors on the Bay of Fundy. St. John is a place of great natural beauty, and vies with Quebec in that respect; though, like Quebec, it has been much modernized, especially since the disastrous fire of 1877, which laid most of the city in ashes. The etcher has seized upon the old portions near the river.

It is among these Canadian seaside towns that Mr. Platt found his best inspiration before the long stay abroad damaged his point of view and turned his mind away from nature, scarcely altered by the human hand, to nature controlled and made to adapt itself to the works of the human brain. The transition was not so violent as it seems, and as it has been in some other instances. For to start with, Charles A. Platt was a city boy, and whether he drew in water-colors or etched or painted, did not prefer the romantic side of nature's solitude. He was a painter of water, but he preferred the line that Thaulow and Le Sidaner pursued, painting river scenes, with mills and bridges and houses. Most artists would have brought back from Canada impressions of landscape and marines; but Platt clung to towns and in preference to seaports, instinctively choosing townscapes

like those of Windsor, Portland, and Hartford.

While one may regret that he should have ceased to produce the delightful water-colors of other days, and the etchings of which these few are only an early and slender sample, one can see that architecture was a very natural field into which he was to land. It is not surprising that he should prefer to deal with great masses, and use his imagination to forecast what would be the look of a given piece of land when the house, of a certain kind and one adapted to the land, is built in that spot, when the terrace comes there, and the pergola takes just this position in the view of the whole. Architecture of this sort is worth all a man's effort. It is not the sort usually secured—which is a building alone, and one often planned by a man who has never visited the locality to be built upon.

In Mr. Platt's landscape-architecture one finds again the sense for spaces and the taste that his etchings reveal. He is remarkable for versatility of talent, and yet shows little of the superficiality usual with artists to whom that expression is applied. Indeed, he may be complimented on thoroughness. Very surprising is it to see, before he entered on his European sojourn, how high a quality his etchings exhibit, how sure is his hand, how easy his expression.

THE PASSING HOUR

AN ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE OF THE WORLD'S DOINGS

A Forgotten Favorite.

With the past generation of readers of light fiction, which delighted in stories of mythical army officers who wore corsets, applied Rowland's Macassar to their hair and patchouli to their clothes, and lived in quarters which resembled the boudoirs of duchesses, Ouida was a prime favorite. Her books went through enormously large editions, and she made a great deal of money, but she spent it, after the manner of her heroes, in wild extravagance. It would be difficult to find an author whose work shows such striking variance of quality as does that of this gifted woman. Perhaps she wrote the trash that emanated from her brain in response to the wide demand for it. At any rate, "Wanda," "The Dog of Flanders," and some half dozen of her books, show that she was capable of writing up to a classical standard. But the audience that she secured for these was small compared with the numbers who read

her spicy and carelessly constructed stories.

Just now Ouida is full in the public eye on account of the discussion that has been aroused in England by the granting of a small pension to her by the government.

There is a diversity of opinion as to whether she deserves it, but all admit her urgent need. At the age of sixty-seven she is in extreme poverty, living in the squalor of a milkman's cottage at Massarosa, in her beloved Italy.

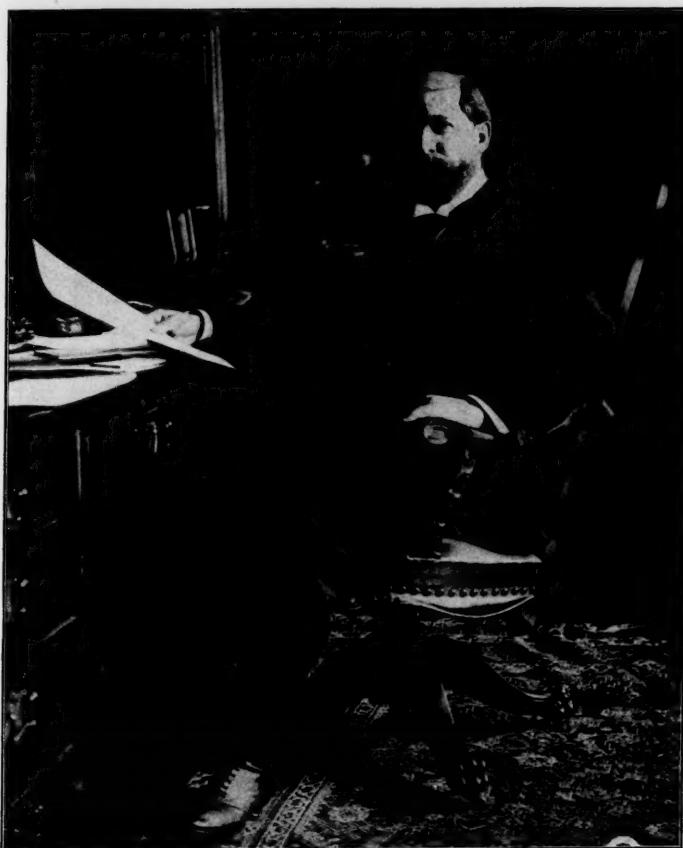
Ouida is, of course, a pen-name, and was suggested by a child's lisping attempt to pronounce "Louisa."

Louise de la Ramee is the actual name of the authoress, who in her time achieved a degree of popularity to which no writer of her sex—with the doubtful exception of Miss Braddon—ever attained. By Tennyson that popularity was accepted as a distinct evidence of the deterioration in literary taste. She is said to have contracted an alliance of a matrimonial character



"OUIDA,"

Whose books have delighted hundreds of thousands, and who has come to want through her extravagance.



Copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

CHARLES E. HUGHES,
Who "has made good" as Governor of New York.

at an early age with a trooper of the Second Life-Guards. From him she may have derived her fanciful pictures of officers and their surroundings, which are as far from the truth as it is possible to diverge. Ouida has always been eccentric to the verge of insanity. She has an affection for dogs that amounts to a mania. Only two years ago she gathered together all the canine quadrupeds of Lucca—most of them pronounced mongrels—and entertained them at a banquet that cost

her all the money she possessed, and when she had no prospect of more. Although reduced to virtual starvation at present, she is quite capable of doing the same thing, or something equally extravagant and absurd, with the first instalment she receives of her annuity of seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Hughes and the Utilities.

America is still the land of splendid opportunities. We are constantly doing big work and needing big men. The



Copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC-UTILITIES COMMISSION FOR NEW YORK CITY, APPOINTED BY GOVERNOR HUGHES.
From left to right: Milo R. Maltbie, William McCarroll; T. H. Whitney, Secretary; President, W. R. Willcox; John E. Eustis,
Edward M. Bassett.

man who has prepared himself to make the most of his chance when it offers, is likely to spring from the middle rungs to the top of the ladder at a single bound. Charles E. Hughes is an illustration in point. Unknown and unheard of three years ago, the great insurance investigation lifted him at once into prominence and a high place in public estimation. To-day we have him occupying a position which is second in importance only to the Presidency of the country, and he is seriously considered in connection with the succession to that office. But the Empire State cannot spare him at this time, and he is too shrewd to allow his claims to be advanced in the present unpromising situation. Four years hence, perhaps—but not even the uncertainties of the race-track are as great as those of the political field.

Few, if any, of New York's former governors—and you need not exclude machine-made governors from consideration—have had so complete a command of the situation as he. The passage of such a radical measure as the Public Utilities Bill is evidence of this. The unanimous vote in the assembly

and the overwhelming majority in the senate were indicative not so much of the spirit of the legislature as of its thorough recognition of the fact that the governor has the people of the State with him, and that they are in no temper to brook opposition.

The bill secures to the people all the advantages of State or municipal ownership without the many objectionable features of that system. It is based on the fundamental principles that, in order to be effective, government must control the corporations of its own creation; that its policy in the treatment of these must be just and uniform; and that the functions involved in the control should be entrusted to an administrative body responsible to the executive. No such comprehensive measure has ever before been enacted by a State, but, since the problems with which it is designed to cope exist in all States, it is probable that the precedent established in New York will be widely followed. The measure provides for two commissions, one of which will have jurisdiction over all common carriers, lighting companies, and every other kind of public-service corporation in

Greater New York; while the other will exercise similar authority in the State outside the city. The opponents of the bill profess to believe that the commissions will usurp the ordinary functions of boards of directors, supersede them, create chaos, and work incalculable harm. But the people at large look for a great measure of improvement from this enactment which, if it does no more than check the reckless watering of stock, will have amply justified its passage.

The efficacy of the Utilities Bill will depend mainly upon the personnel of the commissions. For the Greater New York Commission, the governor has been fortunate in securing a very able membership. The chairman, William R. Willcox, has served with marked credit on the Park Commission, and also as postmaster of New York. William McCarroll is one of the most successful and respected merchants of the city. He is president of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation. Edward M. Bassett was formerly a Democratic representative in Congress. He is a leader in traffic reforms, and an expert in property values in two of our boroughs. Milo R. Maltbie is a student of public utilities and municipal problems, an executive official of experience, and former professor of economics. John E. Eustis is a lawyer of eminence,

a former park commissioner, a school official, and active as a member of the Citizens' Union.

A Woman of Wit and Wisdom.

The days when diplomacy meant intrigue and women were the most adept actors in it have passed away. Still, the salon remains, and always will remain, an important factor in diplomatic dealings. An ambassador frequently owes no small part of his success to the social popularity secured for him by his wife, and occasionally she may be able to exert a more direct influence upon the affairs with which he is charged. During the peace negotiations between Japan and Russia, while our representative at St. Petersburg conveyed President Roosevelt's ideas to the czar, it is said that Mrs. Meyer materially expedited matters by bringing persuasion to bear upon the dowager empress, who is known to rule her son.

Mrs. Meyer comes from the Appletons, of Boston, a family that has been noted for the wit and wisdom of its members



MRS. GEORGE VON L. MEYER,
Wife of the Postmaster-General of the United States,
and a social leader of distinction.

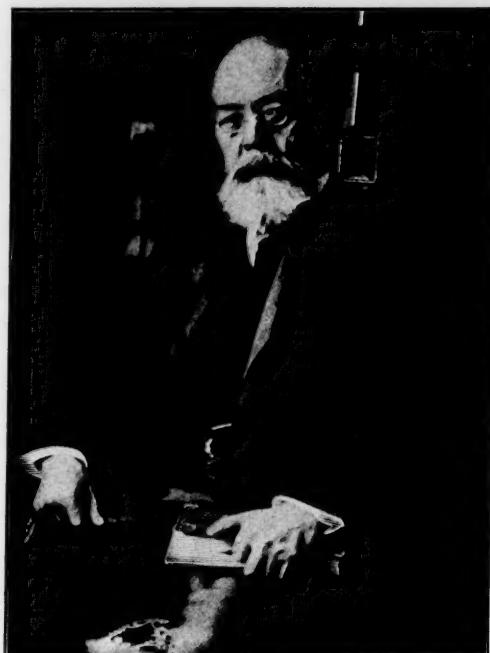
since colonial days. The ambassador's wife combines with brilliant social accomplishments a degree of judgment and tact that makes her an admirable helpmate to her husband. Her drawing-room is one of the most sought in the Russian capital, and the fluency with which she speaks French—the court

language of Russia--is an aid to the very pleasant intercourse that always prevails at her functions.

A Noble of Nipon.

About a year ago Japan established an embassy in the United States, since when there have been in Washington nine ambassadors of foreign countries, a greater number than are present in any other capital of the world. Viscount Siuzo Aoki, who succeeded Mr. Takahira as the representative of the mikado in America, is the leading diplomat of his country. His methods are of the direct businesslike sort that were first introduced by our state department, and are becoming characteristic of diplomacy throughout the civilized world. Viscount Aoki's protest against the treatment of Japanese on the Pacific coast was bluntly unequivocal. His attitude was described as "very unusual" in a diplomat, but it appealed to President Roosevelt by its frankness, and is believed to have influenced him to take the serious view of the matter which he did. The Japanese ambassador has the appearance and something of the manner of a college professor, tinged with the aggressiveness of a pushing business man. He speaks English well and with forcible expression, owing to the fact that his limited vocabulary has been chosen with discrimination, and he knows the exact weight and value of every word in it. He is a thorough master of the German language, having been educated at one of the universities of that country.

The viscount, who is just past his sixtieth year, has had a long and distinguished career. It commenced in 1873 as secretary of legation at Berlin. He was afterward minister to Germany



Copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

VISCOUNT AOKI,
Japanese Ambassador to the United States.

and to England, and minister of foreign affairs in his own country. He is at present a member of the privy council in Japan, and has the highest decoration in the gift of his emperor, that of the first class of the Order of the Rising Sun.

Shortly after his arrival in America, the ambassador created a decided sensation by the advice given in a speech to a number of young Japanese in New York, whom he strongly counseled to seek American wives. The occasion was a semi-private one, and none but Japanese were present, but an enterprising auditor wired the diplomat's remarks to a Yokohama paper, which shot them back to New York, whence they were handed on to London. Neither here nor in England was the idea of the Japanese invading the American



PRINCE KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI,
A Hindu who distinguished himself as a cricketer in England,
and has lately succeeded to his father's title
as raja of Navanagar.

matrimonial market kindly received. However, the advice was good—from the Japanese point of view—and the ambassador had proved his belief in his precept by marrying a German lady.

The Aokis are very much liked in Washington social circles. The viscountess entertains more extensively than the hostess of any other embassy, and her receptions and dinners are among the most brilliant features of the capital season. The daughter of the house is married to Count Hatzfeldt, the head of one of the oldest families among the German nobility, but one neither so ancient nor so proud as the Samurai family to which his wife belongs.

A Popular Princeling.

In England there is no more promising road to popularity than through the cricket-field. The man who achieves superlative excellence in wielding the willow becomes the hero of the country—of all classes and of both sexes. When Prince Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji went to Trinity College, Cambridge, to finish his education after the manner of the Hindu nobility of to-day, he attracted no attention whatever. He was merely the son of the Jam of Navanagar, a petty raja in Kathiawar, which produces good polo-ponies, but has no further distinction. But when the young princeling in his first year of county cricket headed the Sussex batting averages, the country began to take notice of him, and when in the following year he beat all records with a total of 2,780 runs, and an average of practically 60, he became the man of the hour.

The blue-blooded Rajput, descendant of one of the proudest families of the Kattis, received no recognition, but all England opened its arms to "Ranji," the champion cricketer. He was pictured and written about, music-hall bards sang his praises, he was feted, and became a frequent and honored guest in the best houses in the land. Women petted him, and cabinet ministers publicly showed their admiration of his surpassing skill in the national game. But Ranji was not spoiled by the fuss, as most young men would have been. He went on batting superbly and attending to his business, which included the prosecution of a claim to the rajdom of Navanagar. The question of succession was rather an intricate one, as is apt to be the case in polygamous communities, and Ranjitsinhji's title was open to serious question. The matter has been in hand for several years, and meanwhile the claimant's prowess as a cricketer has stood him in good stead. The public prints have constantly urged his cause, and there is no doubt that the authorities have been influenced by the popular sentiment. At any rate, a decision has recently been rendered in fa-

vor of the "wizard of the willow," and England is congratulating him with hearty good-will.

Prince Ranjitsinhji is a thorough gentleman—but we have said that he is a Rajput, which should suffice. He has completely imbibed the western civilization, and will, no doubt, rule his little principality with wisdom. Although thirty-five, he is still single, which is remarkable, for a Hindu of high station is generally married at ten years of age, if not earlier. It is said that the popular raja is inclined to make his home in England and to marry an Englishwoman. Not a few of the daughters of Albion have evinced a willingness to aid him in carrying out this program.

A Professional Politician.

John E. Reyburn has made a life business of politics. As a youth he found himself in possession of the necessary stock in trade—the faculty of "mixing" and of making friends being a chief factor. He is a lover of the *dolce far niente* style of life, and his political success has enabled him to indulge that proclivity. He served in the State legislature for many years, and afterward in Congress until the ebb-tide of reform in Philadelphia floated him peacefully into the mayor's chair.

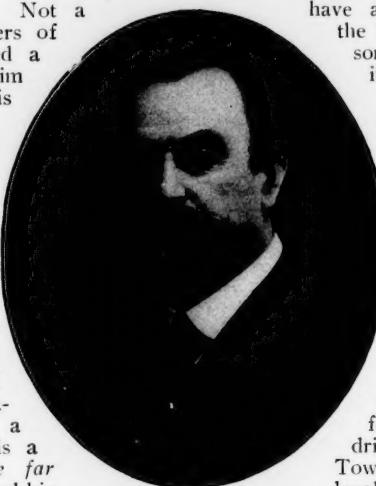
Previous to his exaltation, Reyburn had been a somewhat unassuming character, and outside of political circles was hardly known in the place of his birth. But the rarified atmosphere of the City Hall seems to have affected his head. His installation in the office was immediately followed by a number of speeches in which quite gratuitous

slurs were cast upon the President. It is quite probable that Mr. Roosevelt was not at all disturbed by those attacks, but the mayor's displeasure fell with unquestionable effect upon the city pigeons—a time-honored institution. Now, these birds had always been distinguished for good behavior, but a few days after the advent of the new mayor, one of them so far forgot itself as to muss his honor's slick silk hat. Mayor Reyburn immediately ordered the expulsion of the pigeons, and unsentimental menials with fire-hose drove them from their nesting-places. They have all gone whether to the limbo of potpie or to some less perilous locality than Philadelphia, where the head of the municipality is not covered by such delicate and dignified gear as a "topper," it is impossible to say.

John Reyburn is a "sport," and takes pride in being recognized as such. In his younger days he was a patron of the prize-ring, and now keeps fast horses, which he drives with no little skill. Toward his friends he is loyal and generous to the extent of recklessness. At the time of his election his name is said to have been on more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of accommodation paper; and the fact made the leaders a little chary of putting him up.

Although a creature of the machine, it is not believed that Reyburn will re-establish the reign of graft, but the cynics declare that that is only because there is nothing left in old Philadelphia to steal, unless it be the town clock.

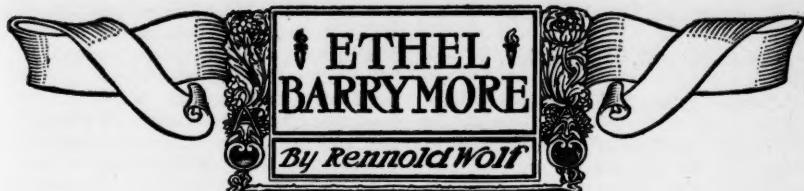
In the meantime Philadelphians are watching him, waiting for new developments in their customary placid state of mind.



JOHN E. REYBURN,
Mayor of Philadelphia. A professional politician.



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE,
From her latest Photograph by Sarony, New York.



NOT so very long ago, while engaged in a combat with journalism to a finish—mine, not journalism's—it fell in the line of my duty to record several telegrams of congratulation received by Joseph Wheelock, Jr., upon his début as one of Charles Frohman's stars. Mr. Wheelock's advent to the firmament of theatrical luminaries was accomplished in a play by George Ade, entitled "Just Out of College." Its best scene represented the pickle department of a pure-food show.

Inspired by what seemed to be reliable information, I reproduced the following message:

JOSEPH WHEELOCK, JR.,
Lyceum Theater, New York City.
Hear you are appearing in a pickle-play.
I wish you fifty-seven varieties of success.
ETHEL BARRYMORE.

A week later I was startled to receive from Los Angeles, California, a lengthy and sarcastic telegram, of which this is the substance:

I have just received a copy of a New York newspaper of recent date, and learn from it that you are now writing my first-night telegrams. The telegram of congratulations to Mr. Wheelock, which you have written in my behalf, may seem exceedingly bright to you, who doubtless are possessed of a key, but hereafter, before you undertake to carry on my correspondence, will you please take the trouble to first explain your jokes to me, so that I in turn may explain them to others seeking enlightenment? By the way, just what is a pickle-play? Please wire answer immediately at my expense.

The reportorial error did not appear to me of sufficient consequence to warrant so verbose a rebuke or a continuation of the controversy by wire. At my leisure I wrote a letter of explanation, which evidently was not satisfactory to Miss Barrymore, since long

afterward, in conversing with a mutual friend, she said of me: "I hope he chokes."

The knowledge that my premature demise by choking would bring genuine comfort to so lovely a creature has sorely tempted me to essay voluntary strangulation.

The incident possesses value only because it illustrates one of the breezy young actress' caprices. Conducting correspondence by telegraph is one of her chief pastimes. Few persons can show a note in Miss Barrymore's handwriting; thousands have received from her lengthy telegrams which, in their style, follow the accepted form of friendly letters.

All business and social correspondence Miss Barrymore carries on by telegraph. To the telegraph companies she must pay a small fortune in the course of each year. Simple and formal notes, as well as the most chatty letters, are by her transferred through the medium of the operators. When abroad she resorts to the cables, a still more costly means of communication. The local messenger staff always anticipates a lively week when her approach is announced on the bill-boards.

Since she has expressed annoyance over the spurious telegram to which reference has been made, she may be pleased to see her message on that occasion correctly quoted. About the time of Mr. Wheelock's début stray gossip appeared in the newspapers, hinting that both he and Miss Barrymore were suffering from an irritating affliction of the throat, which in time might develop into a more serious malady. These unpleasant rumors furnished a basis for this interchange of telegrams:

"Best wishes," telegraphed Miss Barrymore.

"Coughing well," replied Mr. Wheelock.

"Coughing better," came Miss Barrymore's retort.

Another example of her readiness to resort to the telegraph, and of her breeziness even in business correspondence, arose just before the production of "Sunday," in which she scored a noteworthy success. "Sunday" had been announced by Mr. Frohman to succeed "Letty," a play in which William Faversham was appearing at the Hudson Theater. One day the newspapers, in the usual perfunctory style, chronicled a notice, that "on account of Mr. Faversham's great success his engagement would be extended a week, Miss Barrymore having kindly consented to postpone her première." Doubtless Mr. Frohman expected a query from Miss Barrymore, with whom he had not taken the trouble to confer. At any rate, an acknowledgment of the announcement came by wire early the following morning. It read:

Always glad to be of any service to Mr. Faversham.
ETHEL BARRYMORE.

In the same spirit of chaff Mr. Frohman replied:

See by the *Clipper* you are in Cleveland this week. You follow Schumann-Heink.

To which Miss Barrymore queried over the wires:

And who is Schumann-Heink?

The best index to Miss Barrymore's character that I know is her frequent and enthusiastic reference to things as "bully," and her willingness to have that expression attributed to her in published interviews. A young woman possessed of the ebullience that induces her to regard the incidents of life as "bully" must have a refreshing, whole-souled, hopeful nature, which is a joy unto herself as well as everybody about her.

The people of the Rialto—a class that cruelly inventories the good and bad points of every man, woman, and child within the range of its gossip—is

pleased to call Miss Barrymore a "good fellow," and in so nominating her, the Rialto means to convey a tribute of respect as well as of tenderness. In her audiences, this worthy daughter of a long line of players inspires an affection that makes her one of the most popular actresses on the American stage. Matinée girls gush over her, stage-door sycophants adore her, elderly heads of distinguished families long to give her a paternal hug, and white-haired mamas declare that she is sweet and lovely.

All of which is directly due to a fascinating personality, which dominates every rôle in which she appears and makes every character she portrays merely Ethel Barrymore in a different set of gowns. Strangely enough, this very magnetism which has made her one of the most enduring stage idols, Miss Barrymore would deny. In attributing to her a personality with which all the schools of acting and all the experience of veterans cannot endow, one really calls down upon one's head Miss Barrymore's reproof.

She objects vigorously to any suggestion that her winning ways, and not her acting ways, are the basis of her tremendous vogue. There is a tinge of acrimony in her resentment of what would be to others a pleasing indictment. Once an interviewer, who waded in boldly where more experienced seekers for truth would have resorted to tactical soundings, thought to make her happy by remarking of her performance in "Sunday":

"Your own personality shines through the part at every step."

"Personality!" snapped the actress. "There it is again. I wonder what this personality means, anyway. In 'Captain Jinks,' in 'Cousin Kate,' in 'Carrots' they said I just played myself, and they liked me, just as they now say about 'Sunday.' No two of those characters are in the least alike, and they can't all be like me, can they? If I seem real and convincing in each, then I must be doing effective acting somewhere. And if I get those results, and still don't appear to you in the audience to be acting, isn't it a kind of art? The

art that conceals art, I believe it's called."

Already under sentence to strangulation, I hesitate to invite more hideous punishment by disagreeing with Miss Barrymore's estimate of her professional virtues. Truth will prevail, however, even over Ethel Barrymore's misconceptions; and the reality is that Ethel Barrymore *per se*, and not her acting or her play, is the real magnet when she comes to town. It is not difficult to call to mind numerous leading ladies and scores of budding ingénues—and some of them in obscure stock companies—who equal Miss Barrymore in histrionism; but Julia Marlowe and Maude Adams of our actresses are the only ones to rival her in personal charm.

Once A. L. Erlanger, the head of the powerful Theatrical Syndicate, said:

"I like Maude Adams in 'Peter Pan,' Julia Marlowe in 'Twelfth Night,' and Ethel Barrymore no matter what she does."

And to the last sentiment an affectionate public murmurs a tender "Amen."

To be sure, Miss Barrymore has improved in her art, and the very fact that she resents the imputation of an all-conquering charm is proof positive of a determination to attain greatness by artifice rather than through nature's bounty. She knows what it is to struggle, and has felt the stings of privation, for there has been a time in her girlhood when theatrical managers did not recognize the qualities that finally raised her to an international favorite. She learned all the joys and all the sorrows of the penny bus and the cheap coffee-houses while languishing in London, before she attracted Sir Henry Irving's attention and became his leading woman. She does not hesitate to recite the hardships of this probationary period.

With hopes of mitigating the scorn which these comments on her talent are likely to excite, I hasten to add that the grace of Miss Barrymore's manner is far more satisfying and convincing in rôles like *Mme. Trentoni* than all the art of Bernhardt or Duse. And she

was artistically at her best as the middle-aged matron in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," a part which she should never have played, and which required a sacrifice of the refreshing youthfulness we all admire the most.

Miss Barrymore will discuss for hours and hours the art of acting, her own always preferred. She is an inveterate, incorrigible playgoer, and she is not in the least fastidious. Naturally, she prefers the plays in which the best actors are appearing, but in lieu of more edifying entertainment, she will accept the tawdry melodrama or rough-and-tumble vaudeville. While on tour she visits competing theaters on matinée days, and one season, during a long engagement in New York, she inaugurated a series of professional matinées, so that she might be enabled to witness the performance of various plays that otherwise would have been denied her.

She is a student of acting so far as observation permits. It is doubtful if she applies herself rigorously within the confines of her own apartment. A performance by Réjane or Mrs. Fiske affords her a topic of conversation for many days. She discusses their technique, their mannerisms, their touches of light and shade with the feminine eagerness one is accustomed to associate with a recital of the latest Parisian twists in princess "fronts," or the *cloche* hat, which, I am reliably informed, is the *dernier cri* in French millinery.

If there isn't a play to dissect, you may be sure that Miss Barrymore will find some other engaging subject of conversation, for her midnight oil is burned not over books, but to illuminate spirited discussions, which end only when one after another of the debaters is told off to slumber.

The Barrymores are a race of night-hawks. The "early to bed early to rise" maxim has not prevailed in that family; and if a male Barrymore ever collides with a milkman, it is on the Barrymore's incoming trip. Ethel, the flower of the family, is within doors, of course, at seasonable hours, but once inside, she does not retire until there is none left at whom to direct her running fire of

William Gillette Masterton.

Richard Mansfield. Ella Terry =

Elaine Terry. Dick ..

Richard Haily Davis.
Helen Hayes and Fenn

Cissie Sothern. from audience

Francis Wilson

Julia Marlowe.
Asta Khan

repartee and anecdotes. Her friends, realizing the advantages of slumber, sometimes tamper with the clock or feign drowsiness, in order to suggest retiring. Even after withdrawing to her boudoir, she has been known to shout a new story over the transom.

No American actress has swung back and forth, pendulumlike, from fashionable society to the land of untrammelled good-fellowship with the impunity of Miss Barrymore. She permits the elect of the ultrafashionables to lionize her at intervals, and then abruptly seeks contrast and relief by returning to a circle of friends who are not broken to grand opera and Newport.

The late Senator Hanna was among her warmest admirers. During her engagements in Cleveland she is always a guest at the Hanna home. The Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, and other metropolitan social leaders, receive her with open arms whenever she condescends to enter their exclusive embrace.

In England, also, the most select drawing-rooms are open to her. The Duchess of Sutherland is one of her closest friends. She has dined with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—a rare privilege, doubtless, to those who go in for dukes and duchesses—and she has spent a week at Warwick Castle, the guest of that famous beauty, the Countess of Warwick.

Adulation has been heaped upon her head and spread at her feet. Sometimes she has walked on it, for titled society cannot spoil Ethel Barrymore.

"Did you enjoy the afternoon?" a member of her company once asked her, after she had come from a reception in a Fifth Avenue palace.

"Well enough," she drawled, in her peculiarly languid and husky voice; "but I like my own crowd the best."

"Isn't it nice," chirped a tactless *in-génue*, "to be able to go out so much with the 'Four Hundred'?"

"Perhaps," replied the star, "but it is well that my grandmother is not alive. She was very particular about the company I kept."

There never was a Barrymore who

wasn't an able mimic, and Miss Ethel's genius for imitation finds numerous forms of expression. Most amazing of the examples of her mimetic aptness is her skill in counterfeiting signatures. There are at least a hundred signatures of distinguished persons which Miss Barrymore can counterfeit from memory with a precision that would deceive the most careful bank-teller. On the opposite page are reproduced some of these signatures. She dashes them off, one after another, without resorting to the original, and, were not the forgeries exact in their every slant and curve, they would still be remarkable exhibits of a varied style of handwriting.

Catch Miss Barrymore in a jovial mood, and she will present a series of imitations of leading players which would be a brilliant addition to the gallery of "impersonations" now so popular in vaudeville. Her imitation of Edna May is almost uncanny in its vocal inflections. Her representation of Cecilia Loftus' imitation of herself is highly amusing as a caricature, and her rendering of one of Maude Adams' scenes in "Peter Pan" is a treat. Also she takes delight in giving imitations of well-known professional dancers, thereby displaying a terpsichorean versatility of which the public received a hint in "Captain Jinks."

Combined with these multifold talents are an inherited love of music, and an intimate acquaintance with the piano, violin, mandolin, and guitar. This fondness amounts to a passion, and at one time she had almost decided to go to Germany and prepare herself as a concert-stage pianist. Frequently after the theater she seats herself at her favorite instrument and literally plays away the wear and tear of the performance.

Her violin is what might be called a Nebraska Stradivarius. She purchased it in a store in Lincoln, Nebraska, whither she had gone with the expectation of buying a kodak displayed in the window. Once inside, she discovered that the kodak was a violin-box. Not in the least disconcerted, she bought the box and its contents. It has been her traveling companion ever since, and

she has attained on it a considerable degree of proficiency.

For that matter, all the children of the brilliant Maurice and the fascinating Georgie Drew Barrymore are clever. Lionel retired from the stage a year ago, just when Charles Frohman was about to promote him to the coveted position of star, and removed to Paris, where now he is ardently pursuing art studies in the Latin Quarter. Jack, the youngest of the interesting trio, and for a long time considered the harum-scarum member of the family, not only sketches well, but has taken such strides in the congenital calling of acting, that he lately succeeded Arnold Daly in "The Boys of Company B."

Miss Barrymore's devotion to her brothers is a beautiful example of sisterly affection. Her income always has been their income—when they required it—hers has been the encouragement that has aroused in them an ambition to make a name on their individual accounts rather than be contented to reflect ancestral glory. And once, when Charles Frohman was in doubt about assigning Lionel to a character rôle in support of his uncle, John Drew, Miss Ethel came forward with an expression of confidence that won the day. Incidentally, Lionel in that particular rôle shone to greater advantage than did his Uncle John in his.

Miss Barrymore's generosity is not restricted to the calls of her brothers. She possesses the quick sensitiveness of the woman that feels the cry of distress, and she responds with the magnanimity of a whole-souled man. For this reason she is not, and probably never will be, one of the rich actresses, despite the fact that, commercially, there are few stars of equal candle-power. She has no penchant for accumulation.

Without doubt, Ethel Barrymore understands fully the value of her girlishness as a theatrical and social asset. She dresses to accentuate it. One-half of her photographs, used for display purposes, show her in turned-down sailor-collar and fluffy bow-tie. The remainder of her attire is in keeping.

Some there are who think that her

ingenuousness and good-fellowship are in themselves a kind of acting. If that insinuation be true, then, indeed, is she Bernhardt's equal. She is at once democratic and independent, choosing her friends because they have attributes that appeal, and not because they may be of service to her.

Once, in speaking of her social success, she said:

"Although some of the people I dine with are mentioned in the society columns, a lot more I value equally are not. I know more chorus girls than anybody else in town. I know millions of them, and know them well. I mean the kind that get about twelve dollars a week, and manage to live on it. I just love them, and we have the greatest kind of times together. You never saw it announced in any newspaper that I lunched with half a dozen of them, but I have done so often. Well, they are my greatest friends, that's all I can say."

It would be a sad reflection on the taste of twentieth-century gallants if Ethel Barrymore's hand were not frequently sought in marriage. In the newspaper columns her engagement to one hopeful or another has been reported from time to time, but the actress is still heart-free. Once, during her earlier days in London, foreign correspondents told of an engagement to young Laurence Irving.

"Congratulations," cabled her father.

"Nothing in the report," came the dutiful daughter's reply.

"Congratulations," again cabled the elder Barrymore.

Allied to the many charms and graces of girlhood is a ready wit that occasionally stings its victim, but more often is employed for the general entertainment.

Once Miss Barrymore owned a dog. The animal was pompous and arrogant when he trotted by his mistress' side. A friend, meeting them on the street one day, and, noting the dog's majestic manner, asked: "Is that a Boston terrier?"

"Sh-h-h," replied Miss Barrymore, raising her hand in a gesture of warning; "he thinks he is, but he isn't."



THE BOY

BY
GRACE~
MARGARET,
GALLAHER

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. B. BRIDGE

"NOW, look here, sister, I know him a whole heap better'n you do. Ain't we been pardners off and on since we was kids? And here you ain't seen him more'n a dozen times in yer whole life—jest this spring since he come back from Mexico. You listen ter me! There ain't a chap in Liberty Corner kin touch him with a ten-foot pole fur grit and brains and all—"

"Oh, he's brave 'nough, I reckon, and it's more'n likely he can kill some other man the second he claps eyes onto him, but—"

"Come off yer Boston, Massachusetts, sis. Yer hittin' at that Bill Valley mix-up last winter. Why, Johnson oughter died three times over, th' mean, lying horse-thief; he'd a-plumped Cal sure if Cal hadn't got organized quicker'n he could bat his eye. I ain't provin' Cal no Sunday Observance Law; I'll 'low he's kinder slewed off'n th' straight an' narrer lately, but George! sir, there's great stuff in that fellar, an' it'll show up, too, some day if he don't git dropped in some o' these little pleasure jaunts o' his, 'fore it gits a chance."

"He can have you, all right, sure."

"Why shouldn't he? When I was a pup runnin' loose without a soul ter give a damn whether I made it through or

cashed in, Jim Calvert learned me how ter rustle fur myself, an' ter stick ter my bargain, an' hate a liar, an' keep shut o' cards and drink, an'—an'—'bout all the decency I know. Wouldn't I be a hound ter quit up on him now jist fur some folks' dirt throwed at him? He'd never quit up on me, there ain't no yaller in him!"

The girl laughed with sudden pleasure. "There ain't any yellow in *'you'*," she cried irrelevantly.

"Huh!" he pulled her around the end of the gate and hugged her with rough affection. Then he held her off at arms' length, shaking her a little and frowning with the struggle to get words big enough for this accused friendship. While he worried, the girl watched him under sleepy lids. The soul of youth, its unflagging strength and gladness, was fashioned within that tall boy. Courage, spirit, love, innocence, "all things that pretty be," exulted in his vivid color, his joyous eyes. His brown cheeks reddened under her slow look.

"Say, see anythin' kinder new an' strange 'bout me this mornin'?"

"I see you're harder to start off to work every day."

The boy feinted a cuff at her head, then drew her close against his breast. She was a little girl, who did not reach

his shoulder. He stroked her soft hair with a clumsy, loving hand, smiling down on her with overflowing love. She had drooping lids over large gray eyes, intent, mystic, which gave her whole face a look of gentleness and peace; her smile, little and rare, was touchingly sweet.

"Honey, I know Cal seems kinder wild an' scarey ter you, but you try ter like him fur me. He's th' best friend I got, an' th' only brother I ever had."

The girl's voice was maternal as she answered: "All right, old man, I will."

He kissed her hard, twice, set her free from him with a last crushing hug, and, catching up his dinner-pail, swung down the trail, youth—which is fulness of life—leaping within him.

The cabin, built by the now forsaken mine-shaft, by the side of the lonely trail, with its tidy comfort and its desire for prettiness shown in the white curtains at the windows, the flowers in the dooryard, told that the girl was not Rocky Mountain "raised." In her childhood her father, a prosperous farmer in Bound Brook, New York—the "Boston, Massachusetts," of the boy—seized by some vagrom impulse, sold his farm and set out for "the rich West." Years of wandering through such toils and perils, as perhaps no people save the Pilgrims and the early Western settlers ever endured, led him, in some vague chance, five years before, to the isolated mining-settlement of Liberty Corner, in the foot-hills of the Rockies.

Penniless, worn out, his wife and children dead of their wanderings, there he, too, died, leaving one daughter to whatever lot fate might cast her. That lot was to meet the boy, the first man she had ever known, as she was the first girl for him. He was twenty-one, she seventeen. They loved each other at once, were married, and lived happily ever after. That was her complete story up to that June morning.

The girl stepped about the cabin, swift and neat in her housework. Suddenly fierce red stained her cheeks, trembling seized her hands. No sound or shadow had touched the cabin, yet she knew. Therefore, when a step rang

on the door-sill she turned composedly to greet the man who entered. If the boy possessed eternal youth, as surely this man had never known it, and in him were all the subtle charms, the hidden, guessed-at depths, the terrifying, fascinating mysteries, that youth can never claim, because such are the wages of living. The boy played with her as with a dearly loved child; this man, though he spoke only the usual things, greetings, the weather, "the luck," approached her with deference, as to a superior. He seated himself and drew her gently toward him by her hand.

"I ain't ever been in here before—this way," he smiled with meaning.

The girl drew her hand as gently away.

"You've got rid o' th' kid for th' day, ain't you, Mercy?"

"He worships you."

"Does he? Well, I call him a pretty good little kid, too."

"You—you—come here."

Calvert laughed in unembarrassed good humor.

"Oh, it ain't playin' it low on him if he don't have any notion of it; he ain't, has he?"

"He? He's too good—and too dumb!" The scorn was the crueler for her gentle voice. "He says I can go over to Mountain Mills."

"When?"

"Next week, to visit Annie Shill; it's three days by stage."

"What day you going?"

"Tuesday."

"Told him yet?"

"No."

A spark flashed in the man's dark eyes, the girl's drooped to the floor.

"I'm goin' to Mountain Mills on business—Monday." He laughed aloud.

Their eyes met. A strange look was born in each. The man smiled, his eyes bold, alluring. The girl grew white, hers frightened, allured.

"Who is it?" she cried on the instant, for the trail clattered to falling stones, and echoed to a voice.

Mercy leaned against the wall, panting as from a long run. Calvert walked

coolly to the door, continuing an apparent good-by.

"Sorry the boy's gone, Mercy. Reckon I'll meet up with him before he—Hello! What's wrong, Sam?"

An old miner was gathering himself up from the trail, grinning sheepishly.

"This 'ere Broadway's kinder outer repair, ain't it? I don't 'low ter slip up on no ord'nary thoroughfare, gin'rally. Well, ain't them purty!" He leaned over the fence admiringly at the flowers.

Mercy picked a white rose from a stunted, but brave, little bush. "Won't you have one?" holding it out to him, with her little smile. She picked another and gave it to Calvert with the same manner.

"Thank you, Mercy, that's a beaut. Good-by to you."

"Bleeged ter yer, ma'am. I'll wear it en my buttonhole, ef I kin find one. Mornin'."

The two men went their separate ways. Mercy seated herself in the doorway, looking after neither, her quiet eyes intent on the ground.

Fiery morning and languid afternoon slipped away, and cool twilight stole up from the valley. The table was set in the cabin, the supper cooked on the stove. Mercy sat as she had hours before, now she was huddled against the house, her head hanging, tired out, perhaps, by the hot day's work.

The boy's tall, lithe figure stepped up the trail as if it were still "the top o' the morning."

"Hello! sister." He kissed her heartily, rumpling up her hair and shouldering up against her, like a big dog with a small kitten. "Got somethin' kind o' good fur supper?"

Mercy turned her quiet eyes intently upon him, but said nothing till he had eaten his supper and sat smoking on the step. Then she came beside him.

"What's wrong to-day?"

"Nothin'."

"You tell me."

"Nothin', I say. Think I'm lyin'?" His laugh was confused.

"I know you are." If he had turned his head he would have seen a small,

disdainful smile for an instant on her face.

His own cheerful countenance grew dull with a disappointment so foreign to it, it seemed grotesquely a pretense.

"Well, since yer're so smart—luck's out."

"The mine's played out?"

"Ye're right."

"Sure?"

"Sure. Cal knew it last week, but he let me find et out myself. I guessed that way come a month back. Yes, sir, 'twas a goodish pocket, but it's empty now."

Mercy's face quivered, her eyes burned dark, but the small hand that clasped his big one was quiet, her voice was gentle, soothing, as to a child.

"It's mighty mean, old man, mighty mean. An' when we've just got the cabin fixed up nice an'—"

The boy swore a savage oath. She changed her ending—"but there's sights o' other places to build cabins in an' sights o' other places that ain't pockets, but real leads."

"That's th' talk." The boy's face beamed, his tones were jubilant. "Yer takin' et like a little man. I hated like a dog ter hike yer outer yer home, but ez fur me, 'move on, poor Joe,' don't scare me none. I'm off ter-morrer."

"To-morrow! Why, the chickens, the new puppies, the things—"

"Yer ain't got ter move, honey. Me an' Cal are goin' ter hev a shy at luck ag'in over on Bear Mountain; they say fellars er findin' chunks o' gold over thar. Et ain't no kind o' camp fur ye, dearie, an' then we mayn't stay. So yer wait 'long with th' cabin an' I give ye my word I'll come back in two weeks, gold or no gold. Yer kin stay nights en Liberty with Billy Simm's wife."

"You're going to take Jim Calvert an' leave me behind!"

The boy laughed with pleasure at her jealousy. "Why, Cal's my pardner, he's gonor go. I reckon I know which o' yer I'd rather hev long ef I could hev my pick, but Cal's more use en a mine then even a man's own wife would be."

Then, because she had behaved like "a little man," and because he was to



One of the strangers stepped forward.

leave her in the morning, he drew her close in his arms, and while she lay there, small, and warm, and soft, he caressed her lovingly, calling her by all his dearest names.

A week swung round, then another. The boy was due that night, if he kept exact date, but when had he ever done that? Yet because he might be coming home—and Calvert with him—Mercy started out on the trail as the sun went down. She stopped suddenly. A small crowd of men and women were coming up from Liberty Corner. Mercy saw two strange miners in the front line. One of the women ran forward, stumblingly, and caught her hand.

"Come into the cabin, dearie," she cried hoarsely.

Mercy tried to pull herself free.

"Your husband—he's hurted."

Mercy turned from the stammering woman to the men.

"Is my husband dead?"

One of the strangers stepped forward.

"Yes'm," he said simply, and took off his hat.

Placidity seemed to harden on Mercy's face as horror might on another's. She moved like a wooden marionette, but steadily.

"Please come into my cabin where you can set an' tell me 'bout how it happened."

The miners crowded into the little kitchen, awkwardly solemn and sympathetic, the few women of Liberty Corner huddled themselves close about Mercy, who sat, erect and rigid, like some judge ready to hear with impartial mind, the tragedy. The strange miner, an old man with somber eyes deep-set under ragged, white brows, was pushed out in front by the others, and began in his slow, heavy voice.

"'Twas over ter our place, m'm, et happened. Bear Mounting, th' name o' et. Yer man an' his pardner, I disremember his name—Calvert? Thank ye—they come thar et might be ten day, et might be two week, ago."

Mercy's hands beat upon her knees,

then shut hard, clenched, in her lap. Plainly he must tell his tale his own way.

"Him an' his pardner, they took up a claim on our mountin', an ugly place et 'twas, m'm, ter'ble ugly, sheer, bald cliff hangin' over a mountin' stream, hundreds o' feet below. But they wuz doin' well, doin' well, I heard 'em say that word myself.

"Long back three days now, m'm, nigh sundown, we wuz 'most o' us comin' down th' trail for our cabins, 'round th' side o' the mountin', comin' careful, m'm, for th' trail's terr'ble narrer an' shaly. My pardner an' me wuz a-talkin' 'bout yer man jest that minute, fur yer see that mine o' his'n was reckoned onlucky owin' ter two fellars bein' crushed en et, en a cave-in, an' another goin' crazy an' jumpin' off th' rocks jest arter he took et up, an' we wuz a-wonderin' ef he knew et, an' didn't care nothin' fur th' bad name et hed tacked onto et, or ef he didn't know et. 'Thet's them, now,' says Jack, here, my pardner.

"I dunno ez I kin rightly tell th' rest on et; 'twas so awful sudden. Calvert he must a-slipped some way, or stumbled; leastways, he give an awful lunge out toward th' edge o' th' trail, then he let out a yell, an' over he went, down fur th' rocks an' river below.

"Me an' Jack we come a-runnin'. We could see him plain. He ain't gone down. A little kind o' a straggly pine-tree hez caught him. He ain't holdin' on none, his eyes ez shut, an' he don't sense nothin', an' th' tree ez bendin' ter break with his heft any moment.

"There ain't nothin' ter do, nothin' but a mounting-cat kin climb down that twenty feet ter him, an' ef a man does git down ter him, how's he goin' ter hold him up long 'nough ter git a rope round him?

"Well, m'm, yer man warn't one o' them ez values his life high, leastways not so high ez he done his friend. 'Fore thet air Calvert hed no mor'n struck th' pine-tree, than he hed begun ter climb down th' face o' th' cliff. I said nobody savin' a mounting-cat could make et through, but he did. He worked him-

self 'long somehow till he got ter th' tree.

"Andy Foss hez run up by now with a rope." The old miner had quite forgotten the wife in the dramatic excitement of his tale; he took on, "a historical present."

"Andy drops et over, Jack an' me an' a dozen boys a-holdin' th' end. Quick ez et drops we all see th' tree an' a piece o' rock thet hold et an' thet him ez standin' on ez goin' right now. No time ter save th' man who ain't got his sense ter hang on, only jest time fur other one.

"Ketch a-holt!" yells Jack, 'you thar, ketch a-holt!'

"Yer man grabs th' rope like he—like forty, m'm, an' quicker'n a trick on th' stage knots et 'round other feller's body. 'Pull!' yells he.

"There's a crack an' a jerk, an' clouds o' dust. Up comes other fellow, an' rock an' tree an' your man goes whirlin' an' spinnin' down hundreds o' feet."

In the stillness of the cabin the older miner suddenly realized the wife before him. His voice stopped short.

"Did you find his body?" cried the woman, who had told Mercy first.

"No, m'm. We couldn't git down enter th' gulch till th' next day, an' then all traces o' him wuz washed down mabbe fifty mile below. Th' current's powerful rapid between them rock walls. We looked half a day fur him, but he'll never show a hand till th' Day o' Judgment."

A pitying murmur stirred in the room, the woman flung herself on her knees beside Mercy, weeping.

"Jest a boy, jest a boy!" she wailed.

The old miner moved toward the door. "He done a man's part," he said solemnly.

Deep in the night, when the woman who stayed with her slept heavily by her side, Mercy lay as she had lain for blank, endless hours, staring into the darkness with crazed eyes. She writhed herself out of bed and crawled on her knees to the kitchen. By stealthy inches she found the door of the cabin

and unlatched it, and let herself out into the velvet blackness of the night.

Stars, "passionless, remote," shone in the sky, a nighthawk thrilled a cry from the mountain, the flowers in her garden, smitten by the dew, sent up a keen fragrance. She knelt on the step and pressed her face against the cabin wall. Her eyes were turned toward the trail down which the boy had gone, fresh and gay, to seek his fortune.

"Oh, God, what a fool!" she whispered.

Mercy lived alone in the little cabin clinging to the mountain, her two dogs her only company. She had nowhere, and no one, to go to. When winter came, she said she would go down to the settlement, where she could get washing and mending for the boys to do. Liberty Corner had made up a generous purse for her, most of which she spent in a headstone to the boy set up among the nameless graves on "the hill of awe, the mount magnetic," behind the town. She met Jim Calvert sometimes, always by accident; strange meetings, beneath whose smooth surface lurked sinister possibilities. Calvert never came to her. Perhaps he was still under the shadow of the boy's great death, perhaps he found no flavor in fruit unless it grew beyond a wall.

It was a dreary afternoon in November, windless but bitter chill. Mercy studied anxiously the thick gray of the skies.

"I wish we'd packed up for town before this, those flat, ironed-out clouds mean a storm," she said aloud, her habit often now. "Too late to-day, ain't it, Vic?"

The old dog snuggled closer to the fire for answer.

With night, slow, steady flakes began to fall, and a melancholy wind to wail from the mountains.

"It's on us, Vic. I wish Tuck was here." Tuck, Vic's lusty son, had gone hunting on his own responsibility the day before.

Mercy fired up the stove, lighted her lamp, and ate her supper. After that she sat down to sew. The storm grew

furious, snow slashed the window, wind racked the cabin. Mercy barred the door and pinned the curtains close. Now and again she glanced over her shoulders with stealthy swiftness. She rose, shook the oil-can, light to her hand, took out the one candle left in a drawer, lighted this candle, and blew out the lamp. Then she covered the old dog with sacking and went into the bedroom. Almost at once she came out, with the same frightened quickness, and shut the door tight behind her. Vic growled low in her throat.

"This ain't like us, old lady, is it?" she whispered. "We ain't ever cared before, light or dark. And we're safer this old roarer of a night than if it was June moonlight."

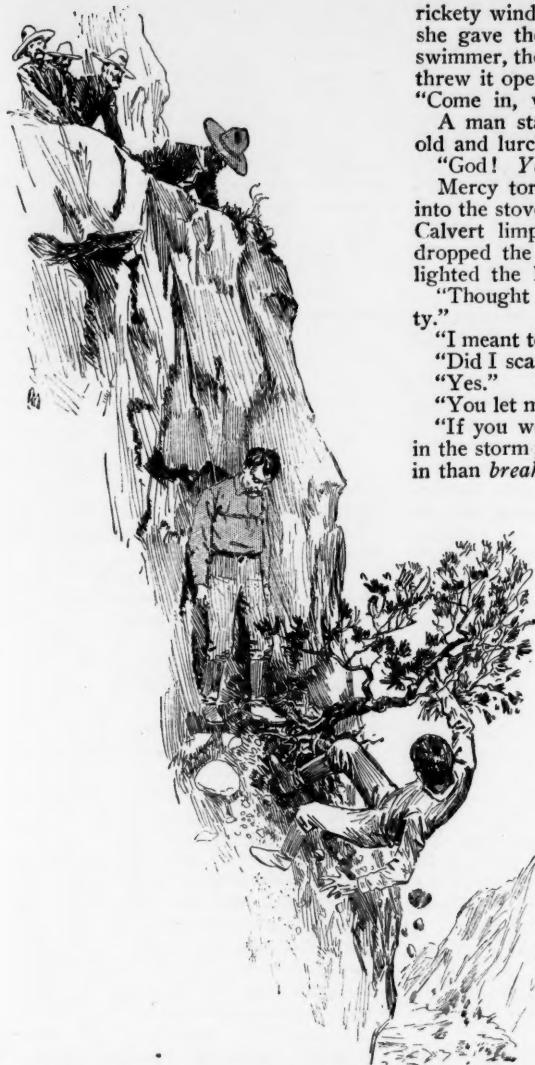
Her lips worked in a twisted smile of terror, she set the lighted candle on the table, wrapped herself in a quilt, and lay down on the lounge between the table and the stove.

By and by she slept, twitching in her sleep and starting at each fiercer call of the storm. The candle burned fast in the draft, guttered, and went out.

Suddenly old Vic raised her head and whined in a whisper. Lame and half-blind, she dragged herself over to the lounge and thrust her cold muzzle against Mercy's face. Mercy heard, too. Rigid on her back, she strained her head upright by the muscles of her neck, her fingers gripped at the dog's collar, her body jerked till the lounge shook.

Some one struggled at the door, beat at it, kicked it, lunged against it, but with no cry for help. The door swung at the top and bottom, but the bar held. Mercy's head fell back like a dead woman's. Then came an instant's quiet from the storm and the wrestle at the door, "so still it was that nothing lived twixt it and silence."

Mercy straightened up and groped till she found the empty candle-socket. Then her fingers slipped along the table for the matches, and struck the box, which rolled under the stove. The room was horribly black, vague forms of monstrous shape loomed in the shadows. Her fingers found the edge of the table



"Up comes other fellow an' rock an' tree, an' your man goes whirlin' and spinnin' down hundreds o' feet."

drawer, and then the long, keen meat-knife within. The man outside, so long quiet, plunged against the wall to the

rickety window. Mercy's face relaxed, she gave the long sigh of a worn-out swimmer, then walked to the door. She threw it open, calling above the storm: "Come in, whoever you are."

A man staggered across the threshold and lurched into a chair.

"God! You here!" he panted.

Mercy tore off her apron, dipped it into the stove and by this torch saw Jim Calvert limp against the wall. She dropped the apron into the stove and lighted the lamp.

"Thought you were safe in Liberty."

"I meant to be. What you here for?"

"Did I scare you?"

"Yes."

"You let me in."

"If you were all right you'd 'a' died in the storm; if you warn't, better walk in than break in."

"You're keen, every time." He moved, with a groan.

Mercy held the lamp to him. Wild and haggard he was, with blood on his head and his leg slewed grotesquely to one side. "Come to the fire."

He rose, but slipped back weakly. Mercy found whisky, which she held raw to his lips, and half-dragged him to the lounge.

"Your head's hurt."

"That don't count."

The whisky gave his voice power. "It's my leg."

Mercy cut away the boot and found below the knee an ugly wound, tied with strips of rags, evidently from Calvert's shirt, a stick twisted in the knot.

"Plug it up with some cotton and any stuff you've got handy; I reckon that'll make it feel kinder more cozy."

Mercy dressed the wound with skill, though her fingers trembled.

"How'd you get it?"

"Fell 'gainst a rock on the trail."

"That's a lie; it's a gun made this hole."

"Have it any way you like, Mercy." He closed his eyes in exhaustion.

Mercy gave him more whisky, drew off his other boot and wet coat, and covered him warmly. He did not speak again, and soon he slept, the girl watching beside him.

The sun rose in a flare of glory on a world absolutely still, absolutely pure. The storm was over. As the light smote the cabin Calvert woke. Without a word Mercy brought him water for washing, dressed his hurt, and served him breakfast. The deathly weakness of the night was gone, but when he tried to walk he grinned with pain. He turned to the girl, drawing her down on the lounge beside him, his hand holding hers.

"Mercy, you cared—once—and you ain't no quitter when you care. I wouldn't slump down on a woman if this blasted leg hadn't played out on me.

"Night before last there was a fight over to Horse Hill, and a man got killed. I didn't do it, but the gang I've been spreein' round town with did. 'Circumstantial evidence' hollered pretty loud my way, so I lit out. The town's got a spell o' 'law and order' good, so they organized after us, me particular. The sheriff—he was alone—and I met up with each other in the woods. Well, Mercy, 'twas him or me! I'd have made it through to Liberty Corner, where the boys'd passed me on to Mexico or the States, if he hadn't drilled my leg just as he—when I—After that I crawled round in the storm half-dead, till some way I hit this cabin. It's your play now."

The man had told his tale rapidly and excitedly. Now he drew breath to watch the girl. Her face had whitened, her eyes would not meet his. He crushed her hand against his heart.

"Mercy, sweetheart, you won't quit up on me? You can't. They'll trail

me here. Listen, Mercy"—his voice thickened—"if it was a fair fight, I'd die like a man should, but my gun's lost, and I can't get away—it's dying like a coyote in a trap."

"Did you kill that Horse Hill man?"

"No—by God!"

Mercy went to the window, and pressed her face, hidden from him by her hands, against the glass. When at last she spoke her voice sounded cool and steady.

"I'll stand by you, Cal."

"There's a hole behind the ole mine nobody knows about but me and—and—the boy. I can hide there to-day, and to-night my leg'll be well 'nough to get on to Ed Collar's; he's bound to see me through. They'll never get me without they have dogs."

"But the trestle?"

"That or hanging, Mercy. They'll be beating the woods all day. I dar'n't break for Ed's, even if I could walk. Hurry, girl, we're fooling away good time."

Mercy thrust the bloody bandages into the stove and banished all traces of Calvert's presence in the room. Then she wrapped up blankets, food, and whisky, and swung the pack on her shoulder. Together they left the cabin. Just at the cabin the trail twisted abruptly down the mountain, whose face rose a sheer surface high toward the clouds. A foot-path wound from the side of the cabin a hundred yards along the mountainside to a broad tablelike ledge jutting out from it. Below, hundreds of feet down those great crags, a mountain stream rushed over ice-coated rocks. On this plateau were the ruins of an abandoned mine. Between the plateau and the path from the cabin, however, the shelf which formed the path was broken away against the wall of the mountain, as if some giant had wantonly snapped it off with his fingers. Over the gap thus made the miners had flung a trestle. One side of this bridge pressed against the mountain, the other hung, naked of rail, over the empty gorge. The lavish growth of California had twined itself in long, trailing vines along this free side, their



She turned with a desperate signal to Calvert.

thick, interwoven stems forming a deep curtain depending from it.

The two halted at this trestle; to cross it was a "task for all that a man had of fortitude and delicacy."

"I hate it," shuddered the girl. "Let me go first."

"And step first on a rotten plank! Give me the pack. You stay this side."

"You're too weak. And who'll cover your tracks?"

"Come on, then."

Crowding against the cliff, feeling painfully for each step, they crawled over the thread of a bridge.

Calvert staggered onto the platform and fell forward.

"Whisky!" he groaned.

The girl rested his head against her breast as he drank.

"Look, it's snowing; it'll hide our tracks."

"Easy." For she had spoken aloud. "They can't see from the trail, but they can hear."

Her arm around his waist, his arm heavy on her shoulder, she helped him pick his way among the wreckage of the mine to the farther end of the plateau. There the mountain curved round in a gigantic rampart, barring the way with its rocky "thus far." Against it grew

a broad, stunted tree, and a tangle of bushes.

"Here!" Calvert pushed away the bushes and disclosed a deep fissure in what had seemed the solid rock. "Big enough for ten men, and you can build a fire in a cranny at the back without any one knowing. A fellow *could* find me here, but I ain't scared any *will*."

Calvert struggled through the undergrowth, worked in behind the tree, and was gone.

"Good-by," whispered the girl against the tree-trunk.

"Good-by, till to-night"—faintly.

All day Mercy watched the trail through the thin, falling snow. Late in the afternoon the repentant sun shone out again just as it sank. In its swiftly fading glow Mercy crept quivering over the trestle. The wind had begun to whirl from the mountain and swept the boards bare of snow.

"Cal," she whispered in the bushes.

"What's the matter?"

"I've come for you. I dar'n't let you cross the trestle alone, you so weak."

"I'm all right now. You oughter have waited till dark."

"It's most dark now. We can't go over that awful place in the pitch night.

There ain't any danger, not a soul's been along the trail to-day."

"Go ahead."

Mercy ran lightly to the trestle, then stood stone-still, her head up like a hound's on quest. Men and horses were on the trail. The wind had blown them from her till they were close to the cabin. She turned with a desperate signal to Calvert. He dived back into the cave, the bushes snapping behind him. She heard the men jump from their saddles, and—two stamp round the cabin to the trestle side. She flung a hunted look to the wide white plateau, the bald ruins of the mine, the staring bridge. Her glaring eyes halted an instant on a hole in the outer edge of the trestle, just where it hung clear of the rock. Noiseless as some wild animal she slipped through the hole, caught an iron bar with both hands, and swung under the trestle.

Straining her eyes in the darkness, she made out the curtain of vines far below her, the iron girder of the trestle above her, and the solid roof of boards. She clenched one of these iron girders, and with hands far apart worked herself farther under the bridge. Her left hand she wedged in between the girder it clutched and the plank above, as if into a clamp; her body she twisted downward and backward till her feet rested against the swaying curtain of vines. Thus, lying at a slant, her nails biting into her palms as her fingers met over the girder, her ankles dragging away from her feet, dug in between the vine-roots, her body resting on nothing, she hung over the sheer depths below. The trestle swayed to the tramp of men. The sound of hunting and lifting on the plateau reached her.

"Nothin' here!" the shout crossed the gap.

Her wrists strained and doubled back, one foot slipped from its hold. Again the tread of men boomed hollow overhead. Some one halted on the plank above her left hand, crushing it down, a broken nail in its under side gouged deep into her flesh. Her eyes rolled up till only the whites showed; clammy sweat oozed from her face, lean with

agony; a thick, monotonous mutter came through her mouth, which hung loosely open. "God, save him! God, save him!" Then even that ceased.

Mercy opened her eyes to warmth and light in her own kitchen. Every nerve beat with a separate pain, and her hand bandaged across her breast flamed with anguish. Her slow-moving eyes rested on Calvert. Instantly he held a glass, whose reek she knew, to her lips.

"Drink!"

"Where have they gone?"

"To hell, I hope. Hours ago, honey. It's past midnight."

Mercy raised herself upright, and Calvert pushed the pillows behind her so she could sit up.

"Who got me out?"

"I did."

"You hadn't the strength; how could you?"

The man made a significant gesture. "I don't know, Mercy, but I did," he said simply. "I couldn't think anywhere you'd hide till my eyes lined that hole in the trestle. The grit to do it, though!"

"Were they gone?"

"Just starting down trail."

"Why, they might have caught you!"

"Well, Mercy, if either of us had to hang, I'd rather it wouldn't be *you*."

"Twas an awful chance for you, Cal."

"I'd run it again to-morrow for you, my darling. You're too weak for travel to-night; but if you rest up another day, you here and I in my little old cave, we can get off slick to-morrow night."

"We?"

"Yes, we—we! You're going with me; you're my girl from now on, forever."

Mercy gently shook her head.

Calvert knelt beside her, his arms around her. "Listen, I love you. It ain't your saving my life, though I'd be a poor cur if I don't thank you for that long as I live. I love you—you yourself."

Mercy drew away out of his arms.

"I won't lie to you, honey; I can't. I know I sorter went back on you after

he—after the boy died—that way—and when there wasn't the excitement in seeing you. But when I saw you lying on the snow, where I'd dragged you from that damned trestle, dead, I thought, in crawls o' such agony I'd never dreamed of even, rather than call out for help and hound 'em onto my trail, I—I broke down, Mercy, my little girl."

Mercy touched his forehead with her hand, her eyes shone wide with light, her little sweet smile came to her lips.

"Cal, once if you'd talked to me so, maybe—but never now. You see, now I know I belong to *him*, my dear, dead boy. Him and me were made different. I kept on growing up after I married him, but he stayed just the same boy; just as ready to make his jokes on you or to die for you. You and me are the same kind, Cal. Oh, I've had time to think it all out; and maybe if I'd known you first and married you—But I loved the boy and I married him, and I loved him always—always. You made me kinder forget it, Cal, and I didn't understand about him, but he was my boy always, my baby, like you might say; the only one I'll ever have. And that night when he lay dead, I crept out to him and told him how I saw now what a fool I'd been to think I could ever belong to any one but just him; and for all folks say the dead don't care, he understood and *forgave*.

"It wasn't for you, Cal, I said I'd stand by you this morning, and hung

there on the trestle—'twas for my boy. I thought how he loved you, and thought you so noble, and been glad to die for you, and how if I cried out and gave you up all his sacrifice would be no use. So when 'twas like burning, fiery fingers tearing at my breast, and awful voices yelled in my ears, and great creatures with hideous faces were beating with iron hammers on my head, I prayed to God my boy's blood needn't be shed in vain. No, no, Cal, 'twasn't for you at all; 'twas to finish his sacrifice, my boy! my boy!"

Tears ran down her cheeks, but her voice rose like a song, and love made radiant her face.

Calvert stood up; tears shone in his eyes, too; he spoke sorrowfully and gently.

"I can see it all, Mercy, and I ain't going to say any more. You're the kind understands without talk. Will you kiss me good-by—for the boy's sake?"

After her kiss he went quietly from the cabin.



Her eyes stared, terrified, at the man.

"Spring with dewy fingers cold" had been gardening about Liberty Corner, and the mountains gleamed green with her labors. The lonely little graveyard under the pines showed here and there a pale flower. Hither Mercy was slowly walking, a spade in one hand and a shrub in the other; something for the spot she always called "his grave."

Mercy's cheeks were as round and dimpled as last year, her color as delicately fair, but "the soul of the woman stood up in her eyes," and told that the girl within her was gone forever.

Where the foot-path to the graveyard bent away from the trail she halted suddenly. A stranger to Liberty Corner was coming up the trail. The spade and plant fell to the ground. She clasped her hands across her breast; her eyes stared, terrified, at the man. Gaunt, white, and hollow-eyed, ragged and limping, the stranger was yet the boy.

Mercy cowered a little. "I've dreamed of you often," she said aloud, and faintly; "but I never saw you so—before."

"I ain't no ghost!" Who could forget the boy's lively voice? Or the clasp of his arms, weak though they were now, about her? "My ol' woman!"

Side by side they sat on a fallen tree while the boy talked; tears filled his eyes, his voice broke; it was Mercy whose face was calm.

"Somethin' kinder soft must a-caught me down en that gulch, but I'll never know. Some fellars from 'way other side o' th' mountain found me jest at dark crawlin' outer th' trail pretty nigh dead, an' crazy as a loon. They packed me 'cross one o' their hosses over ter th' first cabin they found, ten miles in. Then they rode on over ter Mountain Mills fur th' doctor. Good fellars they must hev been. I never see 'em.

"Doctor hed a young chap visitin' him from Sacramento. He come 'long, tew, an' between 'em they got me enter town, an' then bymby ter Sacramento, me all th' time talkin' foolish an' not sensin' even my name. Those doctor chaps low they hauled me clean outer the grave, an' I'll agree ter et. My arm

an' my leg mended up good, but th' hole en my head hed let out some o' my brains like, an' I couldn't tell nothin' 'bout myself.

"Et's almighty queer how things begun ter come ter me lyin' en that hospital; fust my name, then your'n, an' Cal's, an' th' fall over th' cliff, an' like that; awful slow they come; kind o' tricklin' long. But I couldn't get a-holt o' th' place I left ye en. After I got your name ticketed, et worried me nigh ter craziness tryin' ter git some idee whar ye were. Two weeks ago 'Liberty Corner'! I hollers, an' I lit out fur here, them doctors a-yellin' behind I'd hev relapses an' die 'fore noon.

"Well—I did kinder cave on the road—but here ye hev me! Same ez ever!"

Mercy wound her arms about his neck and smiled up into his laughter-lit eyes, truly "the same as ever," the unchanging boy.

"Seen Cal?"

"Once. He's gone to Mexico."

"Only once! Say, honey, ye ain't mad with Cal 'cause he wuz hauled up fust? Why, sister, Cal didn't know nothin' of et. Say, I want yer ter like Cal, won't ye now?" He kissed her with unwanted gentleness. "Say, he thinks a sight o' ye, Mercy, I know et."

Mercy's face burned with a dull heat, her lids drooped; then she opened her quiet gray eyes steadily and calmly to him.

"I know it, too, dear. Cal's my friend, an' you"—her face grew beautiful with a love that was protecting, maternal—"you are my boy."



In Crowded Ways

WITH hurrying feet and restless look
They jostle past; I only see
In each sad face an open book
Of tragedy.

EUGENE C. DOLSON.

THE CRUISE OF THE HOSS MARINES

HOLMAN F. DAY



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CH. GRUNWALD

HE sails about like a clam-shell in a puddle of Porty Reek m'lasses," remarked Cap'n Aaron Sproul, casting contemptuous eye into the swell of the dingy mainsail, and noting the crawl of the foam-wash under the counter of the *Aurilla P. Dobson*.

But he could not infect Hiram Look with his dissatisfaction. The ex-circus man sat on the deck with his back against the port bulwark, his knees doubled high before his face, as a support for a blank book in which he was writing industriously. He stopped to lick the end of his pencil, and gazed at the cap'n.

"I was just thinkin' we was havin' about as pleasant a sail as I ever took," he said. "Warm and sunny, our own fellers on board havin' a good time, and a complicated plot worked out to the queen's taste."

The cap'n, glancing behind, noted

that a certain scraggly island had once more slid into view from behind a wooded head. With his knee propped against the wheel, he surveyed the island's ridged backbone.

"Plot seems to be still workin'," he remarked grimly. "If it was all worked, they'd be out there on them ledges jumpin' about twenty feet into the air, and hollerin' after us."

"Let's whoa here and wait for 'em to show in sight," advised Hiram eagerly. "It will be worth lookin' at."

"Hain't no need of slackin' sail," snorted the skipper. "It's about like bein' anchored, tryin' to ratch this old tin skimmer away from anywhere. You needn't worry any about our droppin' that island out of sight right away."

"For a man that's just got even with Colonel Gideon Ward to the tune of fifteen thousand dollars, and with the check in your pocket, you don't seem to

be enjoyin' the comforts of religion quite as much as a man ought to," remonstrated Hiram.

"It's wadin' a puddle; navigatin' this way," complained the cap'n, his eyes on the penning shores of the reach; "and it makes me homesick when I think of my old four-sticker pilin' white water to her bowsprit scroll and chewin' foam with her jumper-guys. Deep water, Hiram! Deep water, with a wind and four sticks, and *I'd* show ye!"

"There's something the matter with a man that can't get fun out of anything except a three-ring circus," said his friend severely. "I'm contented with one elephant these days. It's all the responsibility I want." His eyes dwelt fondly on the placid Imogène, couchant amidships. Then he lighted a cigar, using his plug hat for a wind-break, and resumed his labors with the pencil.

"What be ye writin'—a novel or only a pome?" inquired Cap'n Sproul at last.

"Log," replied the unruffled Hiram. "This is the first sea trip I ever made, and whilst I don't know how to reeve the bowsprit or clew up the for'rad hatch, I know that a cruise without a log is like circus-lemonade without a hunk of glass to clink in the mix bowl. Got it up to date! Listen!"

He began to read, displaying much pride in his composition:

"September the fifteen. Got word that Cap'n Aaron Sproul had been cheated out of wife's interest in timber-lands by his brother-in-law, Colonel Gideon Ward."

"What in Josephuses' name has that got to do with this trip?" demanded the cap'n, with rising fire, at this blunt reference to his humiliation.

"If it wa'n't for that we wouldn't be on this trip," replied Hiram, with serene confidence in his own judgment.

"Well, I don't want that set down."

"You can keep a log of your own, and needn't set it down. I'm keepin' this log, and a log wouldn't mean anything to me unless same was set down." Hiram's tone was final, and he went on reading:

"Same date. Discovered Eleazar Bodge and his divinin'-rod. Bought option on Bodge and

his secret of Cap'n Kidd's buried treasure on Cod Lead Nubble, September the fifteen to seventeen. Thought up plot to use Bodge to get even with Ward. September the eighteen. Raised crew in Scotaze for cruise to Cod Lead, crew consistin' of men to be depended on for what was wanted—"

"Not includin' sailin' a vessel," sneered the cap'n, squinting forward with deep disfavor to where the members of the Scotaze Ancient and Honorable Fireman's Association were contentedly fishing over the side of the sluggish *Dobson*. "Here, leave hands off'n that tops'l downhaul!" he yelled, detecting Ludelphus Murray slashing at it with his jack-knife. "My Gawd, if he ain't cut it off!" he groaned.

Murray, the Scotaze blacksmith, growled back something about not seeing what good the rope did, anyway.

Cap'n Sproul turned his back on the dim gleam of open sea framed by distant headlands.

"I'm ashamed to look the Atlantic Ocean in the face, with that bunch of barn-yarders aboard," he complained.

"Shipped crew" (went on Hiram, who had not paused in his reading). "Took along my elephant to h'ist dirt. Found Cod Lead Nubble. Began h'istin' dirt. Dug hole twenty feet deep. Me and L. Murray made fake treasure-chest cover out of rotten planks. Planted treasure-chest cover. Let E. Bodge and G. Ward discover same and made believe we didn't know of it. Sold out E. Bodge and all chances to G. Ward for fifteen thousand and left them to dig, promisin' to send off packet for them. Sailed with crew and elephant to cash check before G. Ward can get ashore to stop payment. Plot complicated, but it worked, and has helped to pass away time."

"That ain't no kind of a ship's log," objected the cap'n, who had listened to the reading with an air too sullen for a man who had profited as much by the plot. "There ain't no mention of wind, nor weather, nor compass, nor—"

"You can put 'em all in if you want to," broke in Hiram. "I don't bother with things I don't know anything about. What I claim is, here's a log, brief and to the point, and covers all details of plot. And I'm proud of it. That's because it's my own plot."

The cap'n, propping the wheel with his knee, pulled out his wallet, and again

took a long survey of Colonel Ward's check. "For myself, I ain't so proud of it," he said despondently. "It seems sort of like stealin' money."

"It's a good deal like it," assented Hiram readily. "But he stole from you first." He took up the old spy-glass and leveled it across the rail.

"That's all of log to date," he mumbled in soliloquy. "Now if I could see—"

He uttered an exclamation and peered into the tube with anxiety.

"Here!" he cried. "You take it, cap'n. I ain't used to it, and it wobbles. But it's either them or gulls a-flappin'."

Cap'n Sproul's brown hands clasped the rope-wound telescope, and he trained its lens with seaman's steadiness.

"It's them," he said, with a chuckle of immense satisfaction. "They're hoppin' up and down on the high ridge, and slattin' their arms in the air. It ain't no joy-dance, that ain't. I've seen Patagonian Injuns a war-dancin'. It's like that. They've got that plank cover pried up. I wisht I could hear what they are sayin'."

"I can imagine," returned Hiram grimly. "Hold it stiddy, so's I can look. Them old arms of Colonel Gid is goin' some," he observed, after a pause. "It will be a wonder if he don't shake his fists off."

"There certainly is something cheerful about it—lookin' back and knowin' what they must be sayin'," observed the cap'n, losing his temporary gloom. "I reckon I come by this check honest, after all, considerin' what he done to me on them timber-lands."

"Well, it beats goin' to law," grinned Hiram. "Here you be, so afraid of lawyers—and with good reason—that you'd have let him get away with his plunder before you'd have gone to law—and he knew it when he done you. You've taken back what's your own, in your own way, without havin' to give lawshysters the biggest part for gettin' it. Shake!" And chief plotter and the benefited clasped fists with radiant good nature.

The cap'n broke his grip in order

to twirl the wheel, it being necessary to take a red buoy to port.

"We're goin' to slide out of sight of 'em in a few minutes," he said, looking back over his shoulder regretfully. "I wish I had a crew! I could stand straight out through that passage on a long tack to port, fetch Half-way Rock, and slide into Portland on the starboard tack, and stay in sight of 'em pretty nigh all day. It would keep 'em busy thinkin' if we stayed in sight."

"Stand out," advised Hiram eagerly. "We ain't in any hurry. Let's rub it into 'em. Stand out."

"With them pea-bean pullers to work ship!" He pointed to the devoted band of Scotaze fire-fighters, who were joyously gathering in with varying luck a supply of tomcod and haddock to furnish the larder inshore. "When I go huntin' for trouble, it won't be with a gang of hoss-marines like that."

Hiram, as foreman of the Ancients, felt piqued at this slighting reference to his men, and showed it.

"They can pull ropes when you tell 'em to," he said. "Leastways, when it comes to brains, I reckon they'll stack up better'n them Portygees you used to have."

"I never pretended that them Portygees had any brains at all," said the cap'n grimly. "They come aboard without brains, and I took a belayin'-pin and batted brains into 'em. I can't do that to these critters here. It would be just like 'em to misunderstand the whole thing, and go home and get me mixed into a lot of law for assaultin' 'em."

"Oh, if you're afraid to go outside, say so!" sneered Hiram. "But you've talked so much of deep water and weatherin' Cape Horn, and—"

"Afraid? Me afraid?" roared the cap'n, spattering his broad hand on his breast. "Me, that kicked my dunnage-bag down the fo'c'sle hatch at fifteen years old? I'll show you whether I'm afraid or not."

He knotted a hitch around the spokes of the wheel and scuffed hastily forward.

"Here!" he bawled, cuffing the taut sheets to point his meaning, "when I get

back to the wheel and holler
 'Ease away!' you fellers get
 hold of these ropes, untie
 'em, and let out slow till I
 tell you stop. And then tie
 'em just as you find 'em."

They did so clumsily,
 Cap'n Sproul swearing under
 his breath; and at last the
Dobson got away on the
 port tack.

"Just think of me—master
 of a four-sticker at
 twenty-seven — havin' to
 stand here in the face and
 eyes of the old Atlantic
 Ocean, and yell about un-
 tiein' ropes and tiein' 'em
 up, like I was givin' off orders
 in a cow-barn!"

"Well, they done it all
 right—and they done it
 pretty slick, so far as I
 could see," interjected
 Hiram.

"Done it!" snorted the
 cap'n. "Eased sheets here
 in this puddle, in a breeze
 about stiff enough to win-
 ner oats! Supposin' it was
 a blow, with a gallopin'
 sea! Me runnin' around this deck tag-
 gin' halyards, lifts, sheets, and down-
 hauls, and them hoss-marines follerin'
 me up. Davy Jones would die laughin',
 unless some one pounded him on the
 back to help him get his breath."

Now that his mariner's nose was turned toward the sea once again after his two years of landsman's hebetude, all his seaman's instinct, all his seaman's caution, revived. His nose snuffed the air, his eyes studied the whirls of the floating clouds. There was nothing especially ominous in sight.

The autumn sun was warm. The wind was sprightly but not heavy. And yet his mariner's sense sniffed something untoward.

The *Dobson*, little topmast hooker, age-worn, and long before relegated to the use of Sunday fishing-parties "down the bay," had for barometer only a broken affair that had been issued to advertise the virtues of a certain ba-



"I tell ye to turn 'round and go ashore!"

king-powder. It was roiled permanently to the degree marked "Tornado."

"Yes," remarked Hiram, nestling down once more under the bulwark, after viewing the display of amateur activity, "of course, if you're afraid to tackle a little deep water once more, just for the sake of an outin', then I've no more to say. I've heard of railro'd engineers and sea-capt'ns losin' their nerve. I didn't know but it had happened to you."

"Well, it ain't," snapped the cap'n indignantly. And yet his sailor instinct scented menace. He couldn't explain it to that cynical old circus man, intent on a day's outing. Had it not been for Hiram's presence and his taunt, Cap'n Sproul would have promptly turned tail to the Atlantic, and taken his safe and certain way along the reaches and under shelter of the islands. But reflecting that Hiram Look, back in Scotaze, might circulate good-natured

derogation of his mariner's courage, Cap'n Sproul set the *Dobson's* blunt nose to the heave of the sea, and would not have quailed before a tidal wave.

The Scotaze contingent hailed this adventuring into greater depths as a guarantee of bigger fish for the salt-barrel at home, and proceeded to cut bait with vigor and pleased anticipation.

Only the cap'n was saturnine, and even lost his interest in the animated figures on distant Cod Lead Nubble, though Hiram could not drag his eyes from them, seeing in their frantic gestures the dénouement of his plot.

Shortly after noon they were well out to sea, still on the port tack, the swells swinging underneath in a way that soothed the men of Scotaze rather than worried them. So steady was the lift and sweep of the long roll that they gave over fishing and snored wholesomely in the sun on deck. Hiram dozed over his cigar, having paid zestful attention to the dinner that Jackson Denslow had spread in the galley.

Only Cap'n Sproul, at the wheel, was alert and awake. With some misgivings he noted that the trawl fishers were skimming toward port in their Hampton boats. A number of smackmen followed these. Later he saw several deeply laden Scotiamen lumbering past on the starboard tack, all apparently intent on making harbor.

"Them fellers has smelt something outside that don't smell good," grunted the cap'n. But he still stood on his way. "I reckon I've got softenin' of the brain," he muttered; "livin' inshore has give it to me. 'Cause if I was in my right senses, I'd be runnin' a race with them fellers to see which would get inside Bug Light and to a safe anchorage first. And yet I'm standin' on with this old bailin'-dish because I'm afraid of what a landlubber will say to folks in Scotaze about my bein' a coward, and with no way of my provin' that I ain't. All that them hoss-marines has got a nose for is a b'iled dinner when it's ready. They couldn't smell nasty weather even if 'twas daubed onto their mustaches."

At the end of another hour, during

which the crew of the *Dobson* had become thoroughly awake and aware of the fact that the coast-line was only a blue thread on the northern horizon, Cap'n Sproul had completely satisfied his suspicions as to a certain bunch of slaty cloud.

There was a blow in it—a coming shift of wind preceded by flaws that made the cap'n knot his eyebrows dubiously.

"There!" he snorted, turning his gaze on Hiram perched on the grating. "If you reckon you've got enough of a sail out of this, we'll put about for harbor. But I want it distinctly understood that I ain't sayin' the word 'enough.' I'd keep on sailin' to the West Indies if we had grub a-plenty to last us."

"There ain't enough," suggested Jackson Denslow, who came up from the waist with calm disregard of shipboard etiquette. "The boys have all got fish enough, and we want to get in before dark. So gee her round, cap'n."

"Don't you give off no orders to me!" roared the cap'n. "Go back for'rard where you belong."

"That's the sense of the boys, just the same," retorted Denslow, retreating a couple of steps. "Delphus Murray is seasick, and two or three of the boys are gettin' so. We ain't enlisted for no seafarin' trip."

"Don't you realize that you're talkin' mutiny, and that mutiny's a State prison crime," clamored the irate skipper. "I'd have killed a Portygee for sayin' a quarter as much. I'd have killed him for settin' foot abaft the gratin'—killed him before he opened his mouth."

"We ain't Portygees," rejoined Denslow stubbornly. "We ain't no sailors."

"Nor I ain't liar enough to call you sailors," the cap'n cried, in scornful fury.

"If ye want to come right down to straight business," said the refractory Denslow, "there ain't any man got authority over us except Mr. Look there, as foreman of the Scotaze Ancients and Honer'bles."

Mr. Denslow, mistaking the cap'n's

speechlessness for conviction, proceeded:

"We was hired to take a sail for our health, dig dirt, and keep our mouths shut. Same has been done and is bein' done—except in so fur as we open 'em to remark that we want to get back onto dry ground."

Hiram noted that the cap'n's trembling hands were taking a half-hitch with a rope's end about a tiller-spoke. He understood this as meaning that Cap'n Sproul desired to have his hands free for a moment. He hastened to interpose.

"We're goin' to start right back, Denslow. You can tell the boys for me."

"All right, chief!" said the faithful member of the Ancients, and departed.

"We be goin' back, hey?" The cap'n had his voice again, and turned on Hiram a face mottled with fury. "This firemen's muster is runnin' this craft, is it? Say, look-a-here, Hiram, there are certain things 'board ship where it's hands off! There is a certain place where friendship ceases. You can run your Scotaze fire department on shore, but aboard a vessel where I'm master mariner, by the wall-eyed jeehookibus, there's no man but me bosses! And so long as a sail is up and her keel is movin' I say the say!"

In order to shake both fists under Hiram's nose, he had surrendered the wheel to the rope-end. The *Dobson* paid off rapidly, driven by a sudden squall that sent her lee rail level with the foaming water. Those forward howled in concert. Even the showman's face grew pale as he squatted in the gangway, clutching the house for support.

"Cut away them ropes! She's goin' to tip over!" squalled Murray, the big blacksmith. Between the two options—to take the wheel and bring the clumsy hooker into the wind, or to rush forward and flail his bunglers away from the rigging—Cap'n Sproul shuttled insanely, rushing to and fro and bellowing furious language. The language had no effect. With axes and knives the willing crew hacked away

every rope forward that seemed to be anything supporting a sail, and down came the foresail and two jibs. The cap'n knocked down the two men who tried to cut the mainsail halyards. The next moment the *Dobson* jibed under the impulse of the mainsail, and the swinging boom snapped Hiram's plug hat afar into the sea, and left the showman flat on his back, dizzily rubbing a bump on his bald head.

For an instant Cap'n Sproul was moved by a wild impulse to let her slat her way to complete destruction, but the sailorman's instinct triumphed, and he worked her 'round, chewing a strand of his chin beard with venom.

"I don't pretend to know as much about ship managin' as you do," Hiram ventured to say at last; "but if that wa'n't a careless performance, lettin' her whale 'round that way, then I'm no judge."

He got no comment from the cap'n.

"I don't suppose it's ship-shape to cut ropes instead of untie 'em," pursued Hiram, struggling with lame apology in behalf of the others; "but I could see for myself that if them sails stayed up we were goin' to tip over. It's better to sail a little slower and keep right side up."

He knotted a big handkerchief around his head and took his place on the grating once more.

"What can we do now?" bawled Murray.

"You're the one that's issuin' orders 'board here now," growled the cap'n, barding baleful gaze on the foreman of the Ancients. "Go for'rard and tell 'em to chop down both masts, and then bore some holes in the bottom to let out the bilge-water. Then they can set her on fire. There might be something they could do to a vessel on fire."

"I don't believe in bein' sarcastic when people are tryin' to do the best they can," objected Hiram. He noted that the *Dobson* was once again setting straight out to sea. She was butting her snub nose furiously into swelling combers. The slaty bench of clouds had lifted into the zenith. Scud trailed just over the swaying masts. The



They thrust him down, after an especially vigorous engagement of some minutes.

shore-line was lost in haze. "Don't be stuffy any longer, cap'n," he pleaded. "We've gone fur enough. I give up. You are deep water, all right!"

Cap'n Sproul made no reply. Suddenly catching a moment that seemed favorable, he lashed the wheel, and with mighty puffing and grunting "inched" in the main-sheet. "She ought to have a double reef," he muttered. "But them petrified sons of secos couldn't take in a week's wash."

"You can see for yourself that the boys are seasick," resumed Hiram, when the cap'n took the wheel again. "If you don't turn 'round——"

"Mr. Look," grated the skipper, "I've got just a word or two to say right now." His sturdy legs were straddled, his brown hands clutched the spokes of the weather-worn wheel. "I'm runnin' this packet from now on, and it's without conversation. Understand? Don't you open your yap. And

you go for'rard and tell them steer calves that I'll kill the first one that steps foot aft the mainmast."

There was that in the tones and in the skipper's mien of dignity as he stood there, fronting and defying once again his ancient foe, the ocean, which took out of Hiram all his courage to retort. And after a time he went forward, dragging himself cautiously, to join the little group of misery huddled in the folds of the fallen canvas.

"A cargo of fools to save!" growled Cap'n Sproul, his eyebrows knotted in anxiety. "Myself among 'em! And they don't know what the matter is with 'em. We've struck the line gale—that's what we've done! Struck it with a choppin' tray for a bo't and a mess of rooty-bagy turnips for a crew! And there's only one hole to crawl out of."

The wind had shifted when it settled into the blow—a fact that the cap'n's shipmates did not realize, and which

he was too disgusted by their general inefficiency to explain to them. In his crippled condition, in the gathering night, he figured that it would be impossible for him to make Portland harbor, the only accessible refuge. The one chance was to ride it out, and this he set himself to do, grimly silent, contemptuously reticent. He held her nose up to the open sea, allowing her only steerage-way, the gale slithering off her flattened sail.

The men who gazed on him from the waist, saw in his resolution only stubborn determination to punish them.

"He's sartinly the obstinates man that ever lowered his head at ye," said Zeburee Nute, breaking in on the apprehensive murmur of his fellows. "He won't stop at northin' when he's mad. Look what he's done in Scotaze! But I call this rubbin' it in a darn sight more'n he's got any right to do."

His lament ended in a seasick hiccup.

"I don't understand sailormen very well," observed Jackson Denslow; "and it may be that a lot of things they do are all right, viewed from sailorman standpoint. But if Cap Sproul wa'n't plumb crazy and off'n his nut them times we offered him honors in our town, and if he ain't jest as crazy now, I don't know lunatics when I see 'em."

"Headin' straight out to sea when dry ground's off that way," said Murray, finning feeble hand to starboard, "ain't what Dan'l Webster would do, with his intellect, if he was here."

Hiram Look sat among them without speaking, his eyes on his friend outlined against the gloom at the wheel. One after the other, the miserable members of the Ancients and Honorable appealed to him for aid and counsel.

"Boys," he said at last, "I've been figgerin' that he's just madder'n blazes at what you done to the sails, and that as soon's he works his mad off he'll turn tail. Judgin' from what he said to me, it ain't safe to tackle him right away. It will only keep him mad. Hold tight for a little while, and let's see what he'll do when he cools. And if he don't cool, then I've got quite a habit of gettin' mad, myself."

And, hanging their hopes on this argument and promise, they crouched there in their misery, their eyes on the dim figure at the wheel, their ears open to the screech of the gale, their souls as sick within them as were their stomachs.

In that sea and that wind the progress of the *Dobson* was, as the cap'n mentally put it, a "sashay." There was way enough on her to hold her into the wind, but the waves and the tides lugged her slowly sideways and backward. And yet, with their present sea-room Cap'n Sproul hoped that he might claw off enough to save her.

Upon his absorption in these hopes blundered Hiram through the night, crawling aft on his hands and knees, after final and despairing appeal from his men.

"I say, cap'n," he gasped, "you and I have been too good friends to have this go any further. I've took my medicine. So have the boys. Now let's shake hands and go ashore."

No reply from the desperate mariner at the wheel, battling for life.

"You heard me," cried Hiram, fear and anger rasping in his tones. "I say, I want to go ashore, and damme, I'm goin'!"

"Take your shoes in your hand and wade," gritted the cap'n. "I ain't stoppin' you." He still scorned to explain to the meddlesome landsman.

"I can carry a grudge myself," blustered Hiram. "But I finally stop to think of others that's dependent on me. We've got wives ashore, you and me have, and these men has got families dependent on 'em. I tell ye to turn 'round and go ashore!"

"Turn 'round, you devilish idjit!" bellowed the cap'n. "What do you think this is—one of your circus wagons with a span of hosses hitched in front of it? I told you once before that I didn't want to be bothered with conversation. I tell you so ag'in. I've got things on my mind that you don't know anything about, and that you ain't got intellect enough to undersand. Now, you shut up, or I'll kick you overboard for a mutineer."

At the end of half an hour of silence—bitter, suffering silence—Hiram broke out with a husky shout.

"There ye go, cap'n," he cried. "Behind you! There's our chance!"

A wavering red flare lighted the sky, spreading upward on the mists.

The men forward raised a quavering cheer.

"Ain't you goin' to sail for it?" asked Hiram eagerly. "There's our chance to get ashore." He had crept close to the skipper.

"I s'pose you feel like puttin' on that piazzie hat of your'n and grabbin' your speakin'-trumpet, leather buckets, and bed-wrench, and startin' for it," sneered Cap'n Sproul. "In the old times they had wimmen called sirens to coax men ashore. But that thing there seems to be better bait for the Scotaze fire department."

"Do you mean to tell me that you ain't a-goin' to land when there's dry ground right over there, with people signalin' and waitin' to help you?" demanded the showman, his temper whetted by his fright.

The cap'n esteemed the question too senseless to admit any reply except a scornful oath. He at the wheel, studying drift and wind, had pretty clear conception of their whereabouts. The scraggly ridge dimly outlined by the fire on shore could hardly be other than Cod Lead Nubble, outpost of the coast islands. And as the only known residents of Cod Lead were Colonel Gideon Ward and Eleazer Bodge, it was probable that those marooned gentlemen had lighted a fire in their desperation in order to signal for assistance. The cap'n reflected that it was about as much wit as landsmen would possess.

To Hiram's panicky mind this situation seemed to call for one line of action. They were skippered by a madman or a brute, he could not figure which. At any rate, it seemed time to interfere.

He crawled back again to the huddled group of the Ancients and enlisted Luddelphus Murray, as biggest and least incapacitated by seasickness.

They staggered back in the gloom,

and, without preface or argument, fell upon the cap'n, dragged him, fighting manfully and profanely, to the companionway of the little house, thrust him down, after an especially vigorous engagement of some minutes, slammed and bolted the doors and shot the hatch. They heard him beating about within and raging horribly, but Murray doubled himself over, his knees against the doors, his body prone on the hatch.

His position was fortunate for him, for again the *Dobson* jibed, the boom of the mainsail slushing overhead. Hiram was crawling on hands and knees toward the wheel and escaped, also. When the little schooner took the bit in her teeth, she promptly eliminated the question of seamanship. It was as though she realized that the master hand was paralyzed. She shook the rotten sail out of the bolt-ropes with a bang, righted, and went sluggishly rolling toward the flare on shore.

"I don't know much about vessel managin'," gasped Hiram, "but seein' that gettin' ashore was what I was drivin' at, the thing seems to be progressin' all favorable."

Up to this time one passenger on the schooner appeared to be taking calm or tempest with the same equanimity. This passenger was Imogene, couched at the break of the little poop. But the cracking report of the bursting sail and now the dreadful clamor of the imprisoned Cap'n Sproul stirred her fears. She raised her trunk and trumpeted with bellowings that shamed the blast.

"Let him up now, 'Delphus,'" shouted Hiram, after twirling the wheel vainly and finding that the *Dobson* heeded it not. "If there ain't no sails up he can't take us out to sea. Let him up before he give Imogene hysterics."

And when Murray released his clutch on the hatch, it snapped back, and out over the closed doors of the companionway shot the cap'n, a whiskered jack-in-the-box, gifted with vociferous speech.

Like the cautious seaman, his first glance was aloft. Then he spun the useless wheel.

"You whelps of perdition!" he shrieked. "Lift's cut, mains'l blowed

out, and a lee-shore quarter of a mile away! I've knowed fools, lunatics, and idjits, and I don't want to insult 'em by callin' you them names. You——"

"Well, if we are any crazier for wantin' to go ashore where we belong than you was for settin' out to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a night like this, I'd like to have it stated why," declared Hiram.

"Don't you know enough to understand that I was tryin' to save your lives by ratchin' her off'n this coast?" bellowed Cap'n Sproul.

"Just thought you was crazy, and think so now," replied the showman, now fully as furious as the cap'n—each in his own mind accusing the other of being responsible for their present plight. "The place for us is on shore, and we're goin' there!"

"What do you suppose is goin' to become of us when she strikes?" bawled the cap'n, clutching the backstay and leaning into the night.

"She'll strike shore, won't she? Well, that's what I want to strike. It'll sound good and feel good."

For such gibbering lunacy as this, the master mariner had no fit reply. His jaws worked wordlessly. He kept his clutch on the backstay with the dizzy notion that this saved him from clutching some one's throat.

"You'd better begin to pray, you felers," he cried at last, with a quaver in his tones. "We're goin' smash-ti-belter onto them rocks, and Davy Jones is settin' on extra plates for eight at breakfast to-morrer mornin'. Do your pray-in' now."

"The only Scripture that occurs to me just now," said Hiram, in a hush of the gale, "is that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

That was veritably a Delphic utterance at that moment, had Hiram only known it.

Some one has suggested that there is a Providence that watches over children and fools. It is certain that chance does play strange antics. Men have fallen from balloons and lived. Other men have slipped on a banana-skin and died. Men have fought to save themselves

from destruction, and have been destroyed. Other men have resigned themselves and have won out triumphantly.

The doomed *Dobson* was swashing toward the roaring shore broadside on. The first ledge would roll her bottom up, beating in her punky breast at the same time. This was the program the doleful skipper had pictured in his mind. There was no way of winning a chance through the rocks, such as there might have been with steerageway, a tenuous chance, and yet a chance. But the cap'n decided with apathy and resignation to fate that one man could not raise a sail out of that wreck forward and at the same time heave her up to a course for the sake of that chance.

As to Imogene he had not reckoned.

Perhaps that faithful pachyderm decided to die with her master embraced in her trunk. Perhaps she decided that the quarter-deck was farther above water than the waist.

At any rate, curving back her trunk and "roomping" out the perturbation of her spirit, she reared on her hind legs, boosted herself upon the roof of the house, and clawed aft. This auto-shifting of cargo lifted the bows of the little schooner. Her jibs, swishing soggily about her bow, were hoisted out of the water, and a gust bellied them. On the pivot of her buried stern the *Dobson* swung like a top just as twin ledges threatened her broadside and she danced gaily between them, the wind tugging her along by her far-flung jibs.

In matter of wrecks, it is the outer rocks that smash; it is the teeth of these ledges that tear timbers and macerate men. The straggling remains are found later in the sandy cove.

But with Imogene as unwitting master mariner in the crisis, the schooner dodged the hanger of the ledges by the skin of her barnacled bottom, spun frothing up the cove in the yeast of the waves, bumped half a dozen times as though searching suitable spot for self-immolation, and, at last, finding a bed of white sand, flattened herself upon it

with a racket of demolition—the squall of drawing spikes her death-wail, the boom of water under her bursting deck her grunt of dissolution.

The compelling impulse that drives men to close personal contact in times of danger had assembled all the crew of the schooner upon the poop, the distracted Imogene in the center. She wore the trappings of servitude—the rude harness in which she had labored to draw up the buckets of dirt on Cod

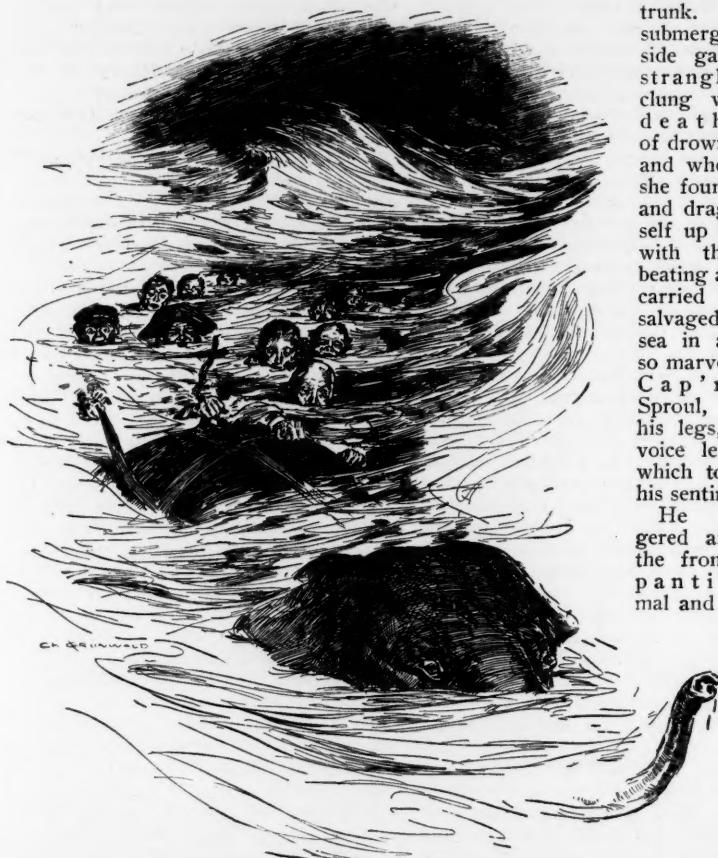
Lead—the straps to which the tackle had been fastened to hoist her on board the *Dobson*.

When the deck went out from under them, the elephant was the biggest thing left in reach.

And as she went sturdily swimming off, trunk elevated above the surges, the desperate crew of the *Dobson* grabbed at straps and dangling traces, and went, too, towing behind her. Imogene could reach the air with the end

of her uplifted trunk. The men submerged at her side gasped and strangled but clung with the death-grip of drowning men, and when at last she found bottom and dragged herself up the beach with the waves beating at her she carried them all, salvaged from the sea in a fashion so marvelous that Cap'n Aaron Sproul, first on his legs, had no voice left with which to express his sentiments.

He staggered around to the front of the panting animal and solemnly



The desperate crew of the "Dobson" grabbed at straps and dangling traces, and went, too, towing behind her.

seized her trunk and waggled it in earnest hand-shake.

"You're a dumb animile," he muttered, "and you prob'y can't have any idea of what I'm meanin' or sayin'. But I want to say to you, man to elephant, that I wouldn't swap your hind tail—which don't seem to be of any use, anyway—for the whole Scotaze fire company. I'm sayin' to you, frank and outspoken, that I was mad when you first come aboard. I ask your pardon. Of course you don't understand that. But my mind is freer. Your name ought to be changed to Proverdunce, and the 'Nited States Governmunt ought to give you a medal bigger'n a pie-plate."

He turned and bent a disgusted stare on the gasping men dimly outlined in the gloom.

"I'd throw you back again," he gritted, "if it wa'n't for givin' the Atlantic Ocean the colic."

One by one they staggered up from the beach grass, revolved dizzily, and with the truly homing instinct started away in the direction of the fire-flare on the higher land of the island.

Of that muddled company, he was the only one who had the least knowledge of their whereabouts or guessed that those responsible for the signal-fire were Colonel Gideon Ward and Eleazar Bodge. He followed behind, stealing his soul to meet those victims of the complicated plot. An astonished bleat from Hiram Look, who led the column, announced them. Colonel Ward was doubled before the fire, his long arms embracing his thin knees. Eleazar Bodge had just brought a fresh armful of driftwood to heap on the blaze.

"We thought it would bring help to us," cried the colonel, who could not see clearly through the smoke. "We've been left here by a set of thieves and murderers." He unfolded himself and stood up. "You get me in reach of a telegraph-office before nine o'clock tomorrow and I'll make it worth your while."

"By the long-horned heifers of Hebron!" yawled Hiram. "We've come

back to just the place we started from! If you built that fire to tole us ashore here, I'll have you put into State's prison."

"Here they are, Bodge!" shrieked the colonel, his teeth chattering, squirrel-like, in his passion. "Talk about State's prison to me! I'll have the whole of you put there for bunco-men. You've stolen fifteen thousand dollars from me. Where is that old hell-hound that's got my che'k?"

"Here are six square and responsible citizens of Scotaze that heard you make your proposition and saw you pass that check," declared Hiram stoutly, awake thoroughly, now that his prized plot was menaced. "It was a trade."

"It was a steal!" The colonel caught sight of Cap'n Sproul on the outskirts of the group. "You cash that check and I'll have you behind bars. I've stopped payment on it."

"Did ye telegraft or ride to the bank on a bicycle," inquired the cap'n satirically. He came straight up to the fire, pushing the furious colonel to one side as he passed him. Angry as Ward was, he did not dare to resist or attack this grim man who thus came upon him, dripping, from the sea.

"Keep out of the way of gentlemen who want to dry themselves," grunted the skipper, and he calmly took possession of the fire, beckoning his crew to follow him. The colonel and Mr. Bodge were shut out from the cheering blaze.

The first thing Cap'n Sproul did, as he squatted down, was to pull out his wallet and inspect the precious check.

"It's pretty wet," he remarked, "but the ink ain't run any. A little dryin' out is all it needs."

And with Ward shouting fearful imprecations at him over the heads of the group about the fire, he proceeded calmly to warm the check, turning first one side and then the other to the blaze.

"If you try to grab that," bawled Hiram, who was squatting beside the cap'n, eying him earnestly in his task, "I'll break in your head." Then he nudged the elbow of the cap'n, who

had remained apparently oblivious of his presence. "Cap'n," he muttered, "there's been some things between us to-night that I wish hadn't been. But I'm quick-tempered, and I ain't used to the sea, and what I done was on the spur of the moment. But I've shown that I'm your friend, and I'll do more to show—"

"Hiram," broke in the cap'n, and his tone was severe, "mutiny ain't easy overlooked. It ain't anything that can be discussed. But considerin' that your elephant has squared things for you, we'll let it stand as settled. But don't ever talk about it. I'm havin' too hard work to control my feelin's."

And then, looking up from the drying check, he fixed the vociferous colonel with flaming eyes.

"Did ye hear me make a remark about my feelin's?" he rasped. "Your business and my business has been settled, and here's the paper to show for it." He slapped his hand across the check. "I didn't come back here to talk it over." He gulped down his wrath at memory of the reasons that had brought him. "You've bought Bodge. You've bought Cap Kidd's treasure, wherever it is. You're welcome to Bodge and to the treasure. And controllin' Bodge as you do, you'd better let him make you up another fire off some little ways from this one, because this one ain't big enough for you and me both." The cap'n's tone was significant. There was stubborn menace there, also. After gazing for a time on Sproul's uncompromising face and on the check so tantalizingly dis-

played before the blaze, Colonel Ward turned and went away. Ten minutes later a rival blaze mounted to the heavens from a distant part of Cod Lead Nubble. Half an hour later Mr. Bodge came as an emissary. He brought the gage of battle and flung it down and departed instantly.

"Colonel Ward says for me to say to you," he announced, "that he'll bet a thousand dollars you don't dare to hand that check into any bank."

"And you tell him I'll bet five thousand dollars," bellowed the cap'n, "that I not only dare to cash it, but that I'll get to a bank and do it before he can get anywhere and stop payment."

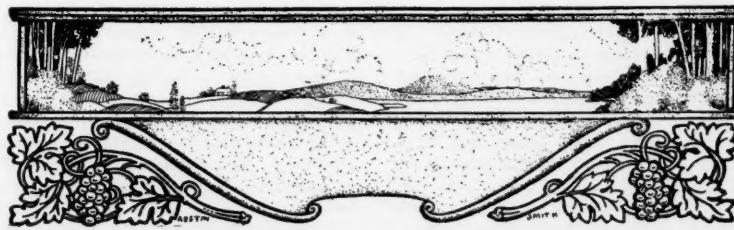
"It's a pretty fair gamble both ways," remarked Hiram, his sporting instincts awake. "You may know more about water and ways of gettin' across, but if this wind holds up the old spider will spin out a thread and ride away on it. He's ga'nt enough!"

Cap'n Sproul made no reply. He sat before his fire buried in thought, the gale whipping past his ears.

Colonel Ward, after ordering the returned and communicative Bodge to shut up, was equally thoughtful, as he gazed into his fire. Ludelphus Murray, after trying long and in vain to light a soggy pipeful of tobacco, gazed into the fire-lit faces of his comrades of the Ancients and Honorable of Scotaze and said, with a sickly grin:

"I wish I knew Robinson Crusoe's address. He might like to run out and spend the rest of the fall with us."

But the jest did not cheer the gloom of the marooned on Cod Lead Nubble.





THE
OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL
 IN
NEW YORK
 —BY—
GRACE MARGARET GOULD

ILLUSTRATED BY A. M. COOPER

FAR up on Morningside Heights the out-of-town girl spent a delightful week during the early autumn. This "college section" was an entirely new part of town to the visitor. To be sure, she knew there was a college subway-station, and had often whisked by the beautiful buildings on the high hill when visiting her New York friends, but she scarcely realized that there was a college settlement in that great city, just the same as in New Haven or Cambridge.

One of her own school chums was taking an advanced course at Barnard, and had a small suite of rooms at Whittier Hall. This house in itself was a novelty for the out-of-town girl, accustomed to hotels or New York homes. The building, devoted exclusively to women, and apartments that might be furnished by several young students as a city home, was something entirely new.

Couches that could be converted into beds at a minute's notice, covered with beautiful Turkish draperies, and piled high with lovely pillows, were positively fascinating; and breakfasts prepared on the ever-ready chafing-dish were far more attractive than those served at home in a more conventional manner.

The social life "on the hill" was charmingly Bohemian; not too unconventional, because there was always a chaperon somewhere to be seen. The

Columbia men who belonged to fraternities and had houses of their own entertained in a most delightful manner. Invitations were eagerly sought and accepted.

One particular house was especially fitted for these receptions. Young girls in their dainty gowns served tea all afternoon, and were rewarded by a charming supper and informal dance later on.

The most delightful room in this house was called the "Moon Room." Three of the four side walls were covered with small passe-partouts of "Cupid" pictures of every description. On the fourth side was a charming picture of the moonlit earth covered with loving couples, who were apparently unconscious of each other, and all very happy.

In this room the out-of-town girl saw one of the most charming gowns of the season. It goes without saying that it was Columbia blue, that delicate shade, in a soft, clinging crêpe de chine. To the short-waisted Empire body was attached a long, graceful skirt, which just escaped the ground. The neck was low, and the sleeveless bodice was finished with garlands of forget-me-nots that encircled the arms. The inevitable touch of black was supplied on the right sleeve only by strands of chenille, which hung from the flower band, reaching to the elbow; each strand be-

ing finished with a tiny cluster of the blue flowers. This one-sided effect, the out-of-town girl learned, was one of the very newest features of the imported evening gowns.

Such excitement prevailed when the out-of-town girl was included in an invitation to attend a Japanese Hallow-e'en Party, for it was specifically stated that each guest should bring her own pillow and wear a kimono. It was an easy matter to attend the party properly gowned, for it was given by one of the Whittier Hall residents.

The hostess ushered them all into her own room, which had a delightfully Japanese effect. Incense burned in a huge bronze jar, and seemed to permeate every corner of the apartment. The draperies were of cretonne, flowered with lovely wistaria. Bamboo couch, chairs, and table were fitted with covers and cushions of the same design, and on the floor was Japanese matting.

To emphasize the general idea, the hostess wore a kimono of white crape, with broad bands of the cretonne for trimming; and her huge white pillow had large clusters of wistaria appliquéd on each side.

Sitting on the large pillows, with no support for the back, was not the most comfortable position that could be thought of, but it was novel, and everything new appeals to the out-of-town girl. And, too, she had seen something which gave her an idea for redecora-



In the "Moon Room." The Empire gown trimmed with forget-me-nots and black chenille.

ting her own room in cretonne when she grew tired of the more somber Delft blue of last season.

An Oriental tea-table was presided over by a Japanese girl, who served tea and toasted biscuits in the most approved Geisha style, and afterward sang some weird little Japanese songs.

Perhaps the most interesting and amusing event of the evening occurred shortly before their departure, when each guest was requested to leave her signature in a "Ghost" book. The funny-looking shapes and really grotesque figures, made by simply writing one's name in this book, created no end of merriment.

The leaves of the book were of a sort



At the Hallowe'en party kimonos were worn and cushions used instead of chairs.

of blotting-paper. The name was written on one side near the center crease, and the leaf folded over immediately, before the ink had dried, duplicating the signature on the other half, and producing no end of queer-looking shapes as the ink was driven out of the tiny blottches and spread over the page.

Because no one would ever guess the name after it had been blotted in this manner, it was written at the top of the page, too. The little Japanese lady told fortunes from the "Ghost Writings"; and some of them were very true to life. The parade of returning guests—kimono-clad, with their large pillows—through the dimly lit corridors was a truly ghostly ending to the Hallowe'en party.

Saturday morning was without lectures, and a party of students, including the out-of-town girl, made ready for a gay day. They visited a store in which no end of articles may be purchased for five and ten cents. They were preparing to give a "tin shower" to one of the last year students who was soon to be a bride, and one of the restrictions made it impossible for any member of the party to spend more than twenty cents on tinware. Just imagine the sport they all had selecting tins for the prospective bride's kitchen; and fancy, if you can, what a clatter these articles made when they were being compared and criticized by the individual buyers.

The out-of-town girl's eyes were

opened as to the number of necessary and unnecessary articles that could be purchased for so small a sum. She had never really given the matter much thought, but, having a keen eye for bargains, she almost planned to buy a lot of tins and take them home for future use.

Over the Fort Lee ferry went the merry band of girls with their kitchen utensils, handles of spoons and points of forks, as well as spouts of pots and kettles, protruding from their paper bundles. Into a trolley-car they crowded after reaching the Jersey shore, for New Jersey is the original home of bridal showers of all descriptions. Through the woods to the pretty suburban town they went; and their advent at their destination was proclaimed by noisy clangings of small utensils on the tin cups, dish-pans, and trays.

There were many beautiful and interesting presents to be seen. The out-of-town girl was accustomed to the regulation cut glass, silver, pictures, lamps, and clocks, but there were a few decidedly new and attractive gifts which especially drew her attention.

The bridegroom was building a charming cottage in a neighboring town, and some one had conceived the idea of presenting the couple with electroliers for the dining-room, den, boudoir, and drawing-room.

Another thoughtful friend had provided sets of door-handles and fixtures that were especially artistic. Beautiful silver knobs, with large, engraved monograms, were intended for the drawing-room. There were clear crystal knobs with dull gilt fittings, white enamel with tiny bands of blue inset

or hand-painted medallions for the boudoirs, and more massive gun-metal and bronze ones for the halls. To match these, some one else had provided electric push-buttons, with plates that corresponded with the door-handles. The buttons were of colored jade, each button carrying out the color scheme of the room in which it was to be used. Truly artistic gifts were these, and most acceptable.

Then, of course, there was the trousseau to inspect, an outfit of which the owner was justly proud, for she had made all the lingerie with her own clever fingers. There were several really new ideas to be had from just glancing at this array of lovely white garments.

Instead of following the time-honored custom of having one's individual color, and using it through the entire outfit, this rather independent young woman had two sets in each color. Blue, pink, lavender, green, yellow, and then, failing in her search for another color, she had drawn through the beading in a sixth set the prettiest Dresden ribbon imaginable, white with tiny rosebuds. The bridal set was all white—to be sure—and the out-of-town girl noticed that there were really no "baby" ribbons used, the narrowest ones being more than half an inch in width.

Princess petticoats seemed to be the favorites; also the combination corset-covers and drawers, which were made in Princess effect. Just because the bride-elect was too plump to be called slender, she had made a tight-fitting corset-cover of long cloth, and shaped it faultlessly with feather-bone. This was cut very low-neck, back and front,



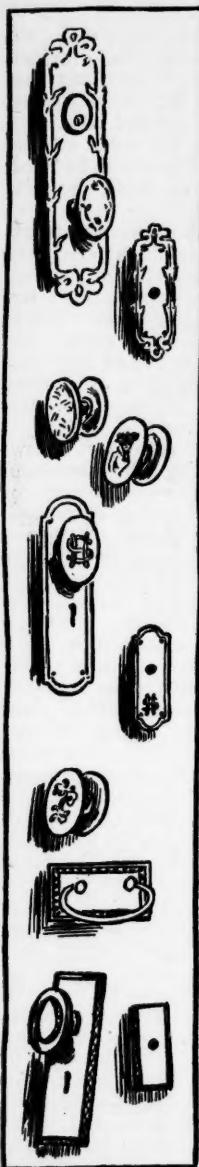
The long lace sleeve with a thumb-piece.

with just a suggestion of a band over the shoulders, and was intended to be worn under some of the soft, fluffy, hand-made corset-covers, which certainly do not improve the figure any, but look very lovely when seen through lingerie gowns.

There was the conventional white Princess wedding-gown, the most remarkable feature in it being a pair of closely fitted lace sleeves taken from her grandmother's wedding-gown. They reached far down over the hands, and had the same little thumb-piece to hold them in place that was used half a century ago for the other bride. This twentieth-century bride, following the old-time custom, does not intend to wear gloves, as the sleeves cover her hands, and in that way will save herself no end of trouble that brides usually have in adjusting the glove when it is time to have the golden circle placed on the finger.

There was a romance sewn into an afternoon gown of marine-blue crêpe de chine. The bridegroom-elect was an army officer, and had brought from Japan one of those daintily embroidered but useless squares that are made by the clever little women of the Orient. It seems strange that we cannot imitate, nor learn how to do, the exquisite embroidery that appears to be so simple to the Japanese woman—embroidery that is worked so beautifully that one can scarcely detect the right and wrong side.

Well, this square was of écrù linen, and on it strips of landscape—with houses, boats, trees, and also men and women—were worked in brilliantly colored silks and fine gold thread. It was separated in such a manner that one portion made the square yoke in the bodice. The figures were cut out of the remainder of the piece and mounted on blue chiffon. A parade of little men and women walked demurely around the high collar. Lakes and boats, trees, houses, and Japanese gods were used to trim the sleeves, shoulder-capes, and girdle.



Surely in this gown the trimming was unique and not easily copied. Aside from that, the costume had many features worthy of notice. The sleeves were of the newest shape, full mousquetaire models of the blue crape, with only slight gathers at the shoulders, and fitting the arm more closely than sleeves have been seen to fit for several years. The skirt was one of the gracefully plaited models that look well on almost any figure. What surprised the out-of-town girl was its extreme length. It rested on the ground fully two inches in front, and, while it did not seem to have a train, the soft folds hung all around the feet in a manner that would suggest an old-fashioned picture.

Truly, it was no laughing matter when the girl admitted that she had practised for hours the gliding step that would be required to carry this gown well, and at the same time assure her that she would not step into the hem every time she moved. A charming style, indeed, adding much to her height and dignity, but requiring careful watch of the long folds to keep them in their appointed place.

The out-of-town girl could not understand just why one of the Barnard girls answered to the name of "Chris" in a laughing manner, until it was explained to her that this most important young woman was the discoverer of the party. Was there anything new under the sun that no one else ever noticed or saw, Chris would draw their attention to it—and very grateful, too, were her associates for the knowledge.

Just now, when everybody had lots of photographs and prints to passe-partout, anything that would be of assistance in the work was a welcome discovery. Who has not found themselves at the end of a morning or afternoon spent

in trying to passe-partout pictures a most deplorable-looking creature? Bits of paper, pasteboard, mounting glue, and last but not least, pieces of colored tape strewn around the room and sticking to one's gown, scarcely compensate



An embroidered Japanese square was used to trim this gown.

for the result. Then, too, the paste and tape will dry, and the work must be done over again in many instances.

Now, the really new thing is the metal passe-partout frame which has just made its appearance, and is assured of a hearty welcome by picture collectors. These frames are made in different colors; they come in sets of three—that is, enough for three frames—and are quite cheap. They consist of four slides, that slip over the sides of the glass, holding the picture, back, and glass firmly in place. Then the four corners, which are really quite ornamental, are clasped on and fastened at the back. Just fancy being able to passe-partout a picture in a few minutes, and knowing that the little metal frame is there to stay—no wrinkles or loose edges as heretofore.

This young discoverer was fond of sewing, too, but could not fit her own waists satisfactorily; so one day, in the shopping district, she found a place where she could buy a pattern that fitted her perfectly; one that she need not change at all. That in itself was not such a wonderful thing, but the manner in which the measurements were taken could be called decidedly novel. Instead of using a tape-measure, pencil, and pad to jot down the innumerable measurements, this establishment simply provides an affair that looks like a harness. It is strapped around the body, drawn up to mold to the figure perfectly, and then removed in less time than it takes to write about it. This was something so new that all the girls decided to have patterns cut, and, instead of fudge and taffy parties after studies and lectures, there are "shirt-waist bees."



Two of the ghost book signatures and a picture framed with the passe-partout edges.

Did you ever know of a laundry where lingerie shirt-waists and gowns were really done up by hand and afterward returned to you in pasteboard boxes, each garment filled with delicately colored tissue, just as it was when you first purchased it?

Chris found one of these French establishments in the college section, and thought it was worth while to make her discovery

known to the really fastidious members of her immediate colony. It is such a satisfaction to have one's daintiest blouses and gowns returned in such an attractive manner, and well worth the additional cost.

On her way home, the out-of-town girl admitted that this had been one of the most delightful of her New York visits. The "educational atmosphere" of College Heights clung to her; indeed, she felt that she had learned much, although she had not attended any of the lectures. The serious side of college life had made a great impression upon her. She had been taught to look with great respect upon the emblems shown on the plate-glass doors of fraternity houses, to feel uplifted by the singing of college songs, and to understand many of the time-honored forms of the different college classes.

On the train, too, she learned something; a new way that the Pullman-car porter might obtain what he has always looked upon as his due—a substantial fee. Just as soon as the train started, and the women began to remove their hats, the obliging porter provided the women passengers with huge paper bags, into which their hats might be slipped. They all realized that this was a sensible manner of protecting their head-gear from the cinders and dust.



Being the unabridged history of one Polly, who grew from a scrawny, freckled-faced, awkward young girl into a beautiful and charming woman through the observance of a few simple rules of hygiene and good taste.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

NEVER shall I forget that prim little girl who sat next to me at school, who couldn't wear her hair in bangs when all the other girls wore bangs, because her father had said: "If the Lord had intended girls to have bangs, He'd have made the hair grow down on their foreheads." All the girls felt sorry for that girl. She grew up to be a stiff old maid. But it was all because she hadn't the courage of her convictions.

One day somebody discovered her standing behind a door curling her straight front hair on a curling-iron. That showed she had them—convictions, I mean. But the moment she was discovered, she ran and dashed water on her head for fear she would be laughed at for her vanity. It was too bad she had the kind of father she did.

The girl who determines to be pretty will be pretty, just as surely as the one who determines to be good will be good. It is all a matter of mental conviction; and a little practical information. It is comparatively easy to accomplish, too—ininitely easier than attaining goodness—as will be proved by the story of energetic Polly Penny-backer.

The first appearance of Polly on the social horizon was at a small farm in a lean, hard-working Western State, where in her mother's kitchen she washed the dishes for a large family and fed the chickens from the back stoop. Polly's surroundings were not always beautiful, and many a time the poor girl, who had, naturally, a refined taste, was heard to lament the poverty of her opportunities.

"How can anybody be a lady," she

exclaimed bitterly, "when she has to feed the pigs and make her own bed!"

And then the summer boarder came.

The summer boarder was fluffy and sweet-smelling and dainty, and had white hands and pink nails that shone, and small feet that twinkled in and out of starched petticoats, and a voice like the trickling of water over cool rocks in the summer-time.

Polly longed to be like the summer boarder. For the first time in her life she had found an ideal.

"I don't suppose she has any sense," said Polly to herself. "No pretty people have sense, if you believe those things in the Sunday-school books I read."

Nevertheless, she began to imitate the soft silkiness of the summer boarder, and her gliding grace. Before long, Polly discovered that the summer boarder had sense—lots of it. In fact, it was mainly sense that had made her what she was. And this she learned from the young woman herself.

She was a "lady doctor."

"Good heavens!" murmured Polly, when she heard the news. "I thought they looked like men."

She did not say this out loud, but the little doctor was strangely cognizant of Polly's thoughts, and she remarked sagely:

"Some do, but they are only the ones who won't take the trouble to make the best of themselves."

"Oh, but you—you couldn't help being pretty," exploded Polly, in honest admiration. "You must have been *born* beautiful."

The little doctor surveyed her calmly. "I did not have half the good points to start on that you have," she declared portentously. And to Polly's incredulous stare she continued: "For one thing, you have a nose. Thank Heaven for a straight nose, girl; there isn't one in fifty. And your hair is lovely."

"Red!" gasped Polly. "Red hair lovely?"

"Auburn," corrected the pretty doctor. "Ladies in the city dye their hair to make it your color, child. As you grow older it gets darker. Did you know that you had a dimple under your eye?"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Polly, remembering the little hole high on her left cheek that always creased when she talked. "Why, that's only a scar from the chicken-pox."

"Make the most of it, then," replied the doctor. "It is a charming asset."

Polly was trembling and blushing with a new-born hope in her breast. Cinderella must have felt something of the same emotion when she stood before her fairy godmother.

"And now," said the little doctor solemnly, pulling Polly down beside her with an affec-



THE SUMMER BOARDER

tionate squeeze, "would you like me to tell you how you may become beautiful?"

Polly was silent with awe at the immensity of the undertaking. The doctor went on:

"It is no easy task I would hold out to you, dear. To obtain beauty through the only rightful course of intelligent hygiene means the sacrifice of much time and lots of perseverance. You can't expect to attain charm merely by dabbing on a few cosmetics, dosing with patent medicines, and doing your hair in the latest style. The foundation of good looks is good health, and that requires, first of all, frequent bathing, deep breathing, plenty of sleep, and plenty of exercise. The finishing touches, indeed, are put on through manners and dress and disposition, and these include many intelligent tricks in trade that money cannot buy; but for the present, physical culture is paramount, and it requires courage. Are you game?"

Polly replied that she was, and thereby proved herself a thorough woman, undismayed by the hardships and uncertainties of a crusade in the land of the unsympathetic, if the struggle promised a boon so womanly. Suddenly her heart sank. She thought vaguely of the smiles of her mother, the banter of her brothers, but most bitterly of the dish-washing, and she held out her rough little hands despairingly.

"I can't ever be beautiful with these—and the work I have to do," she said sadly.

"That introduces us to the first day's lesson," said the doctor briskly and cheerfully. "And the text of the sermon is: 'Do not scorn your work.'"

"I'd like to see the person that could show you how *dish-washing* was going to aid in beauty," said Polly doggedly.

"I'll show you," said the doctor, and she led the way to the modest ménage, where an exasperating pile of greasy



"WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TELL YOU HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL?"

pots and pans lay awaiting their unwilling mistress.

This clever woman showed Polly how to separate and stack the dishes according to class, and how to clean them with paper before putting them into the hot water. "That saves the hands," she explained, "and makes the matter of washing a mere song. All college girls clean their dishes with paper."

"College girls?" interposed Polly. "I thought they just learned mathematics and things."

"They learn dish-washing, too—intelligent dish-washing," was the answer. "And, after all, there is a good deal in common between mathematics and dish-washing, Polly, if you come to think about it."

Into the water went first the cups and saucers and silver, then the plates, next the big china dishes, and lastly the tins and kettles. For these last, the little doctor advised handling with a heavy old dogskin glove; and instead of a



BREAD-MAKING ROUNDS THE ARMS

dish-rag, she substituted a mop on a wooden handle, as cleaner and more easily manipulated.

Over the sink, beside the prominent wad of paper, she installed a piece of pumice-stone, a bottle of vinegar, and a bottle of alcohol. The alcohol was for removing grease from the fingers, the pumice-stone for taking off stains, and the vinegar for restoring the hands to their natural tone and color after the long soaking.

"There is no better time to manicure the nails than after dish-washing," the little doctor had told Polly. She carried the girl off to her room, where, from her generous store, she gave her the necessary items for her first manicure-set, and taught her the steps of the operation. A nail-file, a pair of curved nail-scissors, an orange-stick, a chamois buffer, and a little box of nail-powder were the essentials.

Because her hands were very soft from the hot water, the doctor rubbed into them as much cold-cream as they would hold.

"If you did this every night and slept in loose, old gloves, your hands would be as soft as mine," she said.

Rubbing cold-cream into the roots of the nails softened them, and enabled the orange-stick to push back the cuticle from the "half-moon." After the trimming and the final polishing with the buffer, the doctor rinsed the hands, dabbed them lightly with a delicious cologne, and bade Polly admire herself.

"Oh, I can see that improvement," cried Polly, enraptured. "I hope it will all be as simple."

"Square your shoulders," commanded the little doctor. "There is harder work for you to do."

In making Polly's initial effort in the pursuit of beauty a simple achievement, the doctor showed remarkable foresight. For what girl, finding, that all things considered, she has as fair a dower of good looks to start with as the majority of girls—and that but a few strokes of the right instruments stand between shabbiness and refinement in the matter of a well-groomed hand—will not gather sufficient courage to surmount the larger, unseen obstacles to her sweet ambition?

Polly was further to be led to see—what every sensible girl should see—that no poverty of circumstances or home surroundings can offer much hindrance to the cultivation of beauty and refinement. The necessary foundations for grace and good form, she had been told before, were health and good spirits, and of the essentials for these—breathing, bathing, exercise, diet, and sleep—the greatest of all was exercise. She had replied, disconsolately enough, that she did not have much chance to indulge a taste for tennis and golf and the other fancy amusements which home-journal writers advocate, since the boys and girls she knew lived too far away to call together, and that the nearest she could come to a long walk in the fresh air was a lonely trip to the cow-pasture.

To this the doctor had replied that many a factory girl in the city, obliged to take her fresh air in the smoke-laden streets, would envy her the jaunt to the



THE RIGHT WAY TO WASH DISHES

cow-pasture, and that, of course, while all sports were admirable and should be indulged in wherever possible, excellent results were, nevertheless, to be obtained from plain housework.

"There is a lot of reprehensible rubbish at present being written by dangerous philosophers," she went on, "about the 'domestic drudgery' of women, but it is none the less true that the best kind of beauty-exercise is to be got from sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, darning, and bed-making, if they are properly performed. Indeed, the woman who leaves those tasks to half-competent servants, and speeds away to a gilt-mounted city gymnasium to swing dumb-bells and pull the rowing-machine, is merely being offered attractive substitutes.

"Company, of course, adds zest to any enterprise; and if you could have Sousa's band and a party of your best friends combine to assist you in renovating the back parlor, you would, no doubt, come to regard that duty as the most attractive on the calendar. All the same, it is a very good modification of the company idea to *pretend* that your household tasks are devices of physical culture, intended to develop round arms, a deep chest, and a straight back. If you can believe this, and if you can practise breathing-exercises in the spirit of the Vedanta philosophy, you have made a tremendous stride toward the coveted goal of bright eyes and buxomness."

"Sweeping is so dusty," interposed Polly, interested but skeptical.

"Fling open the windows, sprinkle the floor, and breathe through your nose," retorted the doctor. "Dust can't hurt you then. When you sweep, stand straight, bend from the hips, and wield the broom with first one hand then the other. This ambidexterity should be cultivated in all housework. When you iron, likewise, use both hands equally, and you will find that, besides being able to hold out longer, you will escape that horrible, lopsided appearance of so many girls, who show one shoulder higher than the other, and a twist to the spine.

"One of the best chances to assume a healthy position in housework is in good old-fashioned scrubbing, down on your hands and knees. Of course, you must not flop; you must keep your back straight, your chest forward, and your abdomen in. This is called holding the vital organs high, and is absolutely essential to proper breathing and to health. After you have progressed around the floor like this for half an hour, using both arms vigorously, you are in a fair way to develop the most entrancingly dimpled shoulders in the world.

"Bread-making and butter-making, you know, are famous devices for rounding the arms. You did not know that? Well, you never read 'Adam Bede,' evidently, or you would have been anxious to imitate that charming picture of the blooming *Hettie*, as she stands molding the golden butter in the sunlit dairy.

"As for washing—it is hard labor—you must be careful in this not to waste your strength unwisely. Take frequent rests. Straighten up from the bent position and go to the window often for a breath of fresh air, free from the hot suds; and in leaning over the tub, be careful to keep the mouth closed, so as not to take in the steam."

Needless to say, Polly was eager to try housework in the new spirit. She could hardly wait until the next day, when her mother had asked her to wash the windows of her brother's room. A short time before, she would have grumbled that it was "a man's work,"

and sullenly dragged through the job; to-day she darted for the pail with a gusto that surprised her family. She had donned for the occasion a much-bedraggled, cast-off, sun-plaited foulard skirt, which flapped about her legs like a dilapidated umbrella. The pretty doctor exclaimed in horror at the sight:

"Polly! don't you know that the chief necessity for thorough housework is a sensible dress? How are you going to accomplish anything in that silly garb? You should have bloomers to climb a step-ladder. If you had ever known the delightful sensation of hanging pictures, attired in a gymnasium blouse and bloomers, you could never bring yourself to wear any other costume in doing housework."

Polly's earnest eyes grew dark, and the corners of her mouth went down. "Pa's people came from the South, you know," she offered solemnly. "I reckon I couldn't do that."

"The next best thing is a very short skirt, flat shoes, and a waist with peplums."

"Peplums?" queried Polly.

"A waist that fits over the skirt and covers the joining with a belt and tails, so you won't have to wear a corset to keep your waist-line neat. You must be prepared to move freely and breathe deeply."

"All right," said Polly. "I'll get that old linen bicycle-skirt of Mabel's." And after that the work progressed bravely.

While Polly was resting, later, in the hammock, the doctor gave her a few more points in regard to household athletics.

"Walking forms a good part of your exercise in the house," she said; "and you should take this chance to attain a good carriage. Whenever you think of it, stop long enough to take the perfectly upright position—crown of the head up, chest forward, back straight, abdomen drawn in. You should, if standing correctly, be able to drop a plumb-line from your nose to your toes, and have it clear your body by about half an inch. Assuming this pose easily—not abruptly, like a grenadier, but smoothly, like a lily—is what consti-



DEEP BREATHING

tutes a graceful bearing. And in this day of a sophisticated world a girl is nothing without it. A mere pretty face gets scant notice from a fastidious public. It is the lithe, straight figure, the girl who carries herself and conducts herself like a queen, that causes men and women to turn to stare after.

"Always breathe through your nose," was another injunction of the little doctor. "The body is like a big furnace, needing plenty of air to keep the fire going; and the oxygen that goes in through your mouth doesn't get into your lungs—not much of it. In order to be a good-looking girl, the most desirable single asset you could have is an excellent pair of lungs; and the second most desirable asset, the sense and will to use them.

"It is impossible to overestimate the value of deep breathing as a beauty producer. A few of the attractions it induces are bright eyes, clear skin, rosy cheeks, cheerful spirits, good appetite, courage, and ambition. Some of the defects it eradicates are headaches, indigestion, nervousness, biliousness, sallow skin, wrinkles, dark circles under the eyes, and 'liver patches.'

"A man, hearing the virtues of deep breathing extravagantly lauded, recently demanded to know if it would cure typhoid fever. 'No,' was the answer; 'but it would prevent typhoid.' It would be difficult for germs to find a lodging-place in one who habitually practised deep and thorough breathing in the open air."

Under the direction of the little doctor, the sallow, thin-skinned Polly began her daily breathing exercises, taking one period of five minutes the first thing in the morning, and a second period of fifteen or twenty minutes after her morning household tasks were done and just before her daily bath—about ten o'clock. (This hour is the best for the bath, the system being then at its highest tension, and best able to withstand the shock.) Later, when more accustomed to the exercise, she added a third period—a few minutes before going to bed; but this was not for a week or two.

When she arose in the morning, Polly

was careful first to guard against taking cold by throwing on a warm kimono, and then, closing the door, she stood before an open window and prepared to take her dose of ten long, deep, penetrating breaths of fresh air. This is the way she did it:

With body relaxed, arms hanging loosely at sides, head, neck, and chest erect, and mouth closed, she inhaled slowly, easily, deeply, until the abdomen was distended. Continuing to inhale, she forced the breath high up into her lungs, leaving the abdomen contracted and raising the chest above the normal. Holding for a few seconds, she exhaled slowly again through the nose.

Not in quick succession, but resting betweentimes, if she were tired or dizzy, she took the ten or a dozen breaths. When she found she could hold them longer, she varied the exercise by exhaling more slowly through a small aperture in the lips—hissing it through the teeth. Thus was the volume of air dammed back into the lungs, and made to distend every tiny particle of an unused cell.

This exercise, and the wonderful Hindoo trick of quieting the nerves, were the first exercises that Polly learned. The Hindoo exercise, which is called alternate breathing, consists simply of inhaling through the right nostril while the left is closed, and, with the lungs full, exhaling through the left nostril while the right is closed; and vice versa, slowly and deeply, until exhausted.

That the Hindoos, ages ago, gave to deep breathing the importance which we are only to-day beginning to grant, is evidenced in their written philosophy. Much of their marvelous self-control and their strange power over material things has, no doubt, come through their habit of declaring themselves with all the force of their na-

ture for good with the intaken breath, and expelling with the used air the qualities of evil import.

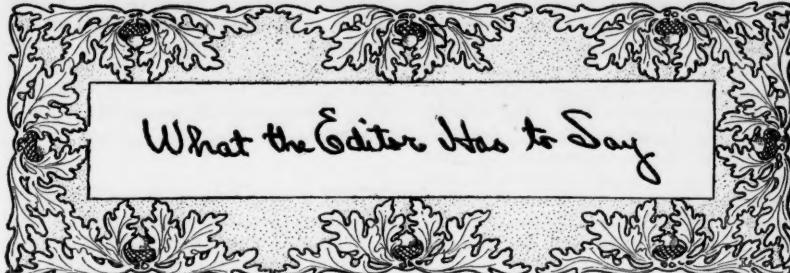
The Hindoo, rising on his toes, fills his chest and abdomen deep with the life-giving air of Heaven; letting the thought run through the whole body, tingling from head to foot, he desires with all the concentrated force of his body and brain the beautiful qualities of health, wisdom, beauty, usefulness, love, and riches. With the outgoing breath, he forces from him with equal vehemence the harmful qualities of envy, weakness, prejudice, poverty, folly, ignorance, and ugliness. Glowing with his strength, supreme in his desire, absolute in his faith—nothing can withstand the call of that personality. Perfect beauty and symmetry in all things physical, mental, and moral are his meed in life. If he fails, his desire was half-hearted.

It is a famous dictum of a distinguished American portrait-painter, that we can acquire anything in life if we only want it hard enough. The Hindoo has come near to proving that philosophy. And yet, not the Hindoo alone, for a good many successful Americans have proved it, too. There is no doubt that deep breathing, conscious or unconscious, had something to do with it.

Be that as it may, the lean little Polly thrrove on the exercise like a butter-bean vine. She grew and grew and grew; and it was not all in avoidupois. Polly's brain was growing in equal ratio to her complexion and her disposition. She could wish, indeed, that she could put on flesh faster—for she was a weedy young miss—and she approached the doctor one day with a query as to a quick road to plumpness.

"That's another lesson," said the doctor. "But, while you are preparing for it, you may spend the time in *wanting* it very sincerely."





What the Editor Has to Say

IN another part of the magazine you will find an illustrated insert telling something of our plans for SMITH'S MAGAZINE, and of the interesting things that we have in store for you for the coming season. We say "something" advisedly, for we have space to tell only a few of the things that we hope to accomplish in the magazine, and to give only a general idea of the improvement that you will find in it during the coming months. The present number marks an important change in the editorial policy of the magazine. It is the first issue we ever published which did not contain an instalment of a serial story. For the present, at least, we have planned to discontinue the use of serials in the magazine. We are doing this because we believe that the majority of our readers would prefer each number complete in itself.



AT the same time we have made arrangements by which all our readers will get all the work of their favorite authors. It is now six or seven years since the innovation of publishing novels, complete in one issue, supplanted in several of our magazines the older fashion of serial publication. The innovation was an instantaneous success, and in our opinion will grow still more popular in the future. Life has adopted a very different aspect for the majority of us in the last decade or so. It is more strenuous, more hurried, more pressing in its demands. We have a multiplicity of interests now, where

we had one or two ten years ago. It is not so easy to hold in our minds the thread of a continuous story as it used to be. If you can secure a novel by your favorite author in a single issue of the magazine, you are better suited than if you had to follow it through a number of issues. In some ways we might be pardoned for wishing that this were not so. It means a great additional expense to us. The novelette, complete in one number, costs us more hard cash than if we spread its publication over a number of months. The change we are making means a big additional outlay for editorial expenses, which are already very heavy; but at the same time it means a better magazine for you, and that is what we have had in view.



FOR the past year we have been working unusually hard in this direction. We doubt if any magazine in the country has made a wider or more aggressive effort to secure the stories, articles, and pictures that our readers want. In the matter of novelties alone, we have spent more money than would run some magazines for a year. During the coming months you will read complete novels by such authors as Charles Garvice, Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, Anne O'Hagan, Elmore Elliott Peake, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, and Maude L. Radford. Our short stories, which we have secured by such writers as Holman F. Day, Eden Phillpotts, Dorothy Canfield,

Grace Margaret Gallaher, Grace Sartwell Mason, Winifred Arnold, Annie Hamilton Donnell, Kate Whiting Patch, and Adeline Knapp, form a collection of the best sort of fiction of this kind that it is possible to buy. The articles which we will give you during the coming year will be on subjects of real vital interest to women, and written by such trained investigators as Annette Austin, Rupert Hughes, C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, Mrs. John Van Vorst, and Martha McCulloch Williams. It cost us a lot of money and hard work before we could get to a position where we could promise all this, but we are in that position now, and we want you to watch SMITH'S closely during the coming months.

SOME time ago we announced that from time to time we would publish narratives of the various successful plays of the season. In next month's issue will appear a complete novelization of "The Chorus Lady," which has made such a tremendous success throughout the country during the past and present season. This novelization will be illustrated with photographs taken from the New York production of the play. You may rest assured that any theatrical production that makes the success that "The Chorus Lady" made has in it a strong human story, with an

urgent call upon your interest and sympathies. Whether you have had an opportunity to see the play or not, whether you expect to see it or not, you cannot afford to miss the novelization which will appear in next month's SMITH'S.



FOR a long time we have felt an interest in the cotton-mills in the South, and have been anxious to get hold of fiction that would show the life of that part of our population to our readers. The novelette, "The Laborer's Hire," which opens the December number of this magazine, is written by Margaret Busbee Shipp, who knows whereof she writes, and possesses the power to tell a strong, compelling story. Next month, also, will appear the second of the articles on the servant-girl problem, by Anne O'Hagan. A great deal has been written on this subject, but very little that has been really helpful or illuminating. Miss O'Hagan has something of importance to tell every housewife in the country. Two delightfully funny stories will appear in the December SMITH'S. One is "The Good-conduct Prize," by Eden Phillpotts; the other is "The Crusoes of Cod Lead Nubble," by Holman F. Day. And once more we ask you not to forget the special announcement which will appear in the same issue.



HOW MEN MAKE BIG SALARIES.

BY VICTOR FORTUNE.

The Story of Workers Who Make Their Work Pay Big Dividends—How They Do It.

Does your work pay?

Not just day wages, but a good, round, stiff salary.

If not, why don't you make it pay?

You see men about you who earn dollars where you earn dimes, yet they work no harder than you.

Why don't you make your work count, too?

You can.

What makes the difference? Luck?

Not often. What then?

In one word—*training*.

To illustrate: A. M. Fowler, Springfield, Mo., was a journeyman patternmaker when he faced the proposition that now confronts you.

HOW ONE MAN DID IT.

His first step was to enroll for a Mechanical Course in the International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., an institution whose sole business it is to raise the salaries of workers. Mr. Fowler is now General Manager of the Phenix Foundry and Machine Company, Springfield, Mo., at an increase in salary of about 400 per cent.

In telling how he made *his* work count, he writes:

"I must say that I think the International Correspondence Schools the greatest boon existing for the working man. In my own experience, they have been worth to me, without any exaggeration whatever, *thousands of dollars*."

That is how one man did it. Take another case: Russel Cooper, 2340 North Penn St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Cooper was janitor of a church at the time he enrolled for the Electrical

Course of the I. C. S. Within two years he became Electrician in charge of the Main Shop of the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis. He is now Superintendent of the Indianapolis Light and Heat Company. He writes:

"My earnings are now over six times as much as when I enrolled, and I can see even further progress ahead."

AN INCREASE OF 1,000 PER CENT.

How G. A. Collins made *his* work pay would read like romance if it were not actual fact. Mr. Collins was a chairman with a Railroad Maintenance of Ways Department at the time of enrolling with the I. C. S. After a few months he was promoted to rodman, and then to transitman. Not being satisfied, he resigned and went into irrigation work for the government. Now he has an office of his own as Civil Engineer and, in addition, is Chief Engineer of a large coal company. He reports: "My earnings have been increased during this time nearly 1,000 per cent. I can recommend your schools to any ambitious and earnest man. The I. C. S. is certainly a wonderful institution."

1,000 per cent is a pretty fair return on the small investment required for an I. C. S. Course, isn't it?

Mr. Collins' address is 717 New York Block, Seattle, Wash.

Here is the name and address of another worker who made his work return big dividends with aid of the I. C. S., Joseph Cain, Searles, Ala.

When Mr. Cain enrolled for one of I. C. S. Mining Courses he was a Mine Foreman at \$90 per month. He now holds the position of Mine Superintendent with the Alabama

Consolidated Coal and Iron Company, at a salary of \$225 a month. Mr. Cain says:

"I know of no other method than the I. C. S. by which a man can advance so quickly and surely."

Advancement quick and sure, right where you are, is the record of I. C. S. men throughout the world. At your present work, without the loss of a minute's time or a dollar's pay, the I. C. S. takes you, trains you and shows you how to make that work pay, how to advance in it, or how to change to a more congenial occupation.

The I. C. S. can do this because it has a staff of 2700 people and an invested capital of \$6,000,000 devoted to the express purpose of training you to make your work pay.

When a man who is willing to do his part gets the I.C.S. organization behind him, don't you think it ought to help—a little?

Take, for instance, the case of a young man like Wilson P. Hunt, Moline, Ill. While still a machinist's apprentice, 20 years of age, Mr. Hunt enrolled for the Mechanical Course. On finishing the course and receiving his diploma, he became a draftsman and then a machine designer. Later he started the Moline Tool Company, Moline, Ill., becoming Secretary and Superintendent of the concern. The I. C. S. supplied just the help needed by Mr. Hunt to realize his ambition.

When Chas. E. Norberg, 1026 Albany Street, Los Angeles, Cal., got in line with the I. C. S., his income began to increase in a most surprising way.

Mr. Norberg's remuneration as carpenter

was \$3 a day when he enrolled for the Architectural Course. He tells us: "Previous to this I had only a common school education, but the instruction given was *so plain, so easy to follow, and so practical* that I have now become a General Contractor, and my earnings range from \$75 to \$100 a week. The I. C. S. is certainly a great blessing to the wage earner."

What Mr. Norberg says about the simplicity of his instruction is characteristic of all I. C. S. lessons and text books. They are easy to *learn*; easy to *remember*; easy to *apply*. Not even a common school education is required, only the ability to read and write. But one obstacle can stand in the way of the success of an I. C. S. man—his own lack of ambition.

Still another Californian who dates his rise from his enrollment with the I. C. S. is Albert K. Harford, 854 Fifty-third Street, Oakland, Cal.

At the time of enrolling Mr. Harford held the position of engine-room store-keeper at \$35 a month. Let him tell what happened in his own words:

"For those who have to work for a living, there is no better way of advancement than through the I. C. S. Their excellent instruction and help enabled me to advance from one position to another rapidly, and I am now Superintendent of the Electrical Power Plant for the Pacific Steamship Company, at a salary of \$200 per month."

WHAT A BRICKLAYER DID.

Does training pay? Can you make it pay? Ask Daniel K. Albright, 319 McKean St., Kittanning, Pa. Mr. Albright writes:

"When working as a bricklayer at



FROM APPRENTICE TO PROPRIETOR.

bricklayers' wages, I was induced to enroll in the I. C. S. After studying nights, through the perfect manner in which the schools carry on their instruction, I was soon able to read blueprints and was appointed foreman at an increase of wages."

Note that the I. C. S. taught him, not to work harder, but to *read blueprints*—trained him to make his work *pay*.

Was Mr. Albright satisfied with this advance? Being a true I. C. S. man—*never!* Hear the rest of his letter:

"Resigning this position (foreman), I entered the employ of the Kittanning Plate Glass Company, of which firm I am now General Superintendent, and my earnings are now nearly 600 per cent. more than when I enrolled. The I. C. S. instruction is so simple and easily understood that any man may gain unspeakable good through it."

Knowing what he does now, how much persuasion do you think would be necessary to induce Mr. Albright to enroll with the I. C. S., if he had it to do over again?

WHAT WOULD PERSUADE YOU?

If you were really awake to your own interests, how much persuasion do you think ought to be necessary to induce you to write and ask how the I. C. S. can help you?

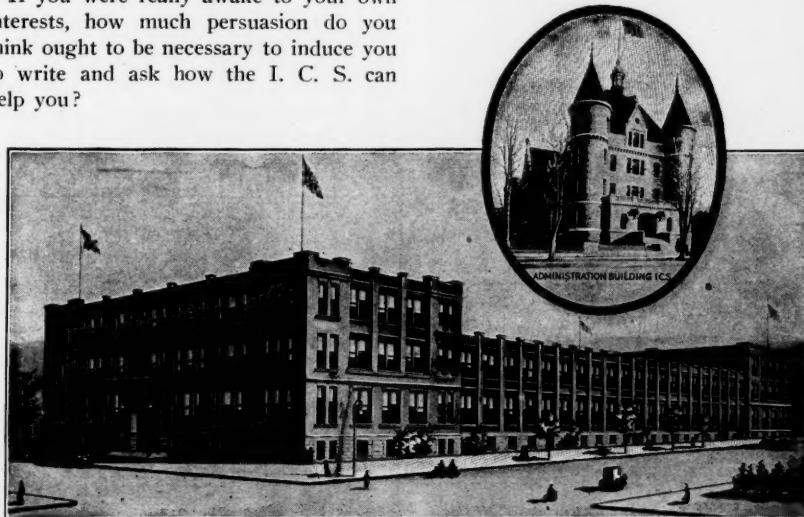
But, you say, these men are exceptions. On the contrary, they are cases picked at random out of thousands of successful I. C. S. men. The I. C. S. has gone to the trouble of putting a thousand of their names and addresses with their stories in a book, which will be sent to you for the asking. The I. C. S. organization is so perfect that it reaches, instructs and trains these men in any state of the Union or in any part of the world.

Here is former street railway worker T. T. Buzzill, care of J. E. Henry & Son, Lincoln, N. H., who writes:

"I knew nothing about electricity when I took out my course in the I. C. S. I now have charge of the telephones and lights for J. E. Henry & Son, and my salary has been increased 100 per cent. *I would never have been able to get above the pit work in the power house, if it was not for the instruction received from the I. C. S.*"

Another New Englander, Harry E. Green, Waterville, Me., a former transit-man, writes:

"I now have an office of my own and have increased my earnings 200 per cent."



ADMINISTRATION AND INSTRUCTION BUILDINGS—I. C. S.

THE SOLE BUSINESS OF THIS GREAT INSTITUTION IS TO RAISE SALARIES.

My course has made me more valuable to my customers, and I have been enabled to understand many things which I could not have learned otherwise. I will gladly correspond with anyone desiring to better himself by taking a Course."

Henri B. Bixler, Akron, Ohio, a former mill-hand in a screen-door factory, testifies:

"I have advanced to Superintendent of Construction of the Tri-County Telephone Company, and have increased my earnings 250 per cent. All this success I attribute to the I. C. S. I consider this method of instruction the *best plan in existence* for the young man who has his own way to make in the world."

A SURE AND QUICK WAY.

The I. C. S. gives a man who has no regular trade or profession a paying start. Before enrolling with the I. C. S., Harry M. Moxley, 1427 Williams Building, Cleveland, Ohio, was office boy, farmer boy, and painter by turns. He writes:

"After I had gone a short way in my Course, the Students' Aid Department secured for me a position with a firm in Cleveland, and from that time I have had steady advancement up to my present position as chemist with the Cleveland Steel Casting Company. During this time I increased my earnings \$80 a month. My experience with the Schools proves that the I. C. S. plan is the most *sure* and *quick* way for any ambitious man to gain advancement and increased earnings."

The Students' Aid Department, which helped Mr. Moxley to obtain a higher position, is organized specifically to assist all I. C. S. men in their efforts to make their work pay. Its connection with the largest employers of trained men in the country has enabled it to place thousands of men in better positions at larger salaries. During 1906, voluntary reports were received from 3376 I. C. S. men who had been advanced in salary or position—only a fraction of the thousands who were advanced and did not report. What the

I. C. S. did for them, it can and will do for you.

ARE YOU GETTING YOURS?

This is an era of unexampled wealth. These dozen men named are just a few of the thousands whom the I. C. S. has helped to place in the stream of prosperity. They are *trained* to get their share, and are getting it.

Are you getting *yours*? If not, why not? It's waiting for you!

The I. C. S. points the way, but you must take the initiative. The first step is yours. The expression of willingness must come from you. Are you willing to write to the I. C. S. and ask to be shown how to make your work pay? Or are you content to sit back with small wages and let your companions, who work no harder than you, walk off with all the rewards?

Bear in mind, no man need leave his own state, or town, or work. Right where he is, the I. C. S. is most valuable. *It goes to the man*, stands by him, works with him and for him, equipping him to secure that due share to which his energy and talents entitle him.

Why labor for little, when with training you may have much? Indicate on the following coupon the position you prefer. Cut out coupon and mail at once. Do not be a laggard in the race! *Make your work pay!*

Here is a List of Good Positions

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 899 W, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Shop Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draughtsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Railway Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architect
Architectural Engineer
Structural Engineer
Bridge Engineer
Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

A BLANK COUPON FOR YOU.



Father Time Outwitted

Time cannot leave his marks on the woman who takes care of her complexion with Pompeian Massage Cream. Wrinkles and crow's-feet are driven away, sallowness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double-chins reduced by its use. Thus the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin, and the curves of cheek and chin that go with youth, may be retained past middle age by the woman who has found what

Pompeian Massage Cream

will do. The use of this preparation keeps skin, flesh, muscles and blood-vessels in a healthy, natural condition, which resists the imprints of time, work, worry and care.

FREE SAMPLE TO TEST

Simply fill in and mail us the coupon and we will send you a large sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

Suggest to your brother or husband that he try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving; by cleansing the pores of soap it allays irritation, does away with soreness. All leading barbers will give a massage with Pompeian Cream—accept no substitutes.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible, but do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50-cent or \$1.00 jar of the cream, postpaid to any part of the world, on receipt of price.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 14 Prospect St., CLEVELAND, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers—5c. a cake; box of 3 cakes, 6c.



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO US

Pompeian
Mfg. Co.
14 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name.....
Address.....

SOUSA

The celebrated "March King" with his band—the finest concert band in the world—makes records only for the

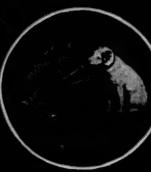
VICTOR

Send to **\$1.00**. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victors and Victor Records.

Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Camden N. J., U. S. A.

See other Victor advertisements on other pages.



NO MONEY DOWN MEN'S SUITS \$1.00 A WEEK ON CREDIT



Buy Men's Suits, Overcoats, Topcoats and Rain-coats direct from our factory by mail

For \$15 & \$18

We require no security or reference and we trust any honest person anywhere in the United States.

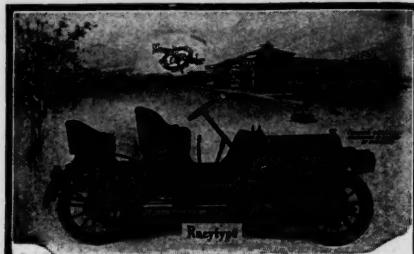
We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny 'till you get the clothes and find them satisfactory—then pay \$1.00 a week.

We are the pioneers and twice over the largest Mail Order Clothiers in the world. We operate 73 stores in the principal cities of the United States and have over 500,000 customers on our books.

FREE Send today for our fine line of Fall and Winter samples. Self measurement blank, tape and full particulars of our convenient payment plan—all free to you.

Commercial rating \$1,000,000.

Menter & Rosenbloom Co.
218 St. Paul Street Rochester, N. Y.



Over five thousand miles without a single adjustment to power plant; that's the record which motor car authorities challenge all Europe to equal. Moreover the car is now running with original New York and Chicago Motor Clubs seals intact. A Mechanically Right MORA power plant and MORA Mud Proof Construction is what made this feat possible.

When you own a

Mora

MECHANICALLY RIGHT

you're assured of a right racy car equally suitable for town or cross country running.

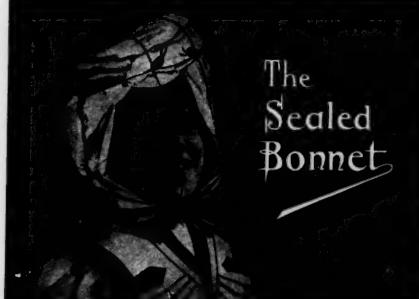
Its low speed motor runs smoothly on high gear as slow as four miles an hour, also as fast as most drivers care to go.

Wheel base, 98 inches; weight, 1750 pounds; 24 horse power; La Coste magneto. Price, \$2300.

Write for "The Sealed Bonnet," free. Being a complete story of the most wonderful world's endurance record ever created in motor car history.

MORA MOTOR CAR CO.

8 Mora Place, NEWARK, New York



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

"DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP"



Baird-North Co.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

Any Article will be sent Post Paid upon receipt of the List Price.

Solid Gold	Solid Gold	Gold Plate	Sterling Silver
A07 D Diamond ring \$20.00	A60 Brooch, pearl 5.00	A39 Locket, 2 pictures .50	A15 Thimble, lily of the valley .50
A15 D Diamond ring 10.00	A61 Brooch, pearl, diamond centre 5.50	A40 Stock pin, pearl .35	A62 Brooch, red enamel .50
A16 Oval pendant 1.50	A62 Brooch, pearl 1.00	A41 Stock pin, pearl .35	A63 Hat pin, gilt, blue enamel .50
A47 Neck chain, 16 in. 2.00	A63 Monogram 25¢ extra.	A42 Stock pin, plain .20	A64 Hat pin, rose .50
A48 Neck chain, 18 in. 2.50	A64 Heart charm, diamond 1.00	A43 Stock pin, plain 1.00	A65 Hat pin, rose .35
A49 Stock pin, pearl 1.00	A65 Cuff links, plain 2.00	A44 Brooch, hearts .35	A66 Stock pin, owl .35
A50 Stock pin, plain .45	A66 Brooch, heart 1.00	A45 Brooch, hearts .35	A67 Violet tea spoon, ea. \$1.00, doz. 11.00
A51 Stock pin, baroque 1.00	A67 Brooch, crescent 1.00	A46 Brooch, owl .35	
A52 Christian Endeavor pin .75	A68 Brooch, crescent 1.00	A47 Hat pin .50	
A53 Brooch, baroque 1.50	A69 Locket, 2 pictures 2.00	A48 Stock pin, pearl .35	
A54 Brooch, baroque 2.00	A70 Locket, 2 pictures 2.00	A49 Stock pin, pearl .35	
A55 Cross 1.00	A71 Locket, 2 pictures 2.00	A50 Stock pin, pearl .35	

You should have a copy of our beautiful new Catalog. It will be ready for mailing November first. The book contains 160 pages illustrating Diamonds, Fine Gold and Silver Jewelry, Rings, Watches, Toilet and Leather Goods, Table Ware, etc.

You will find our Catalog interesting; you will find our prices low, and the quality is fully guaranteed. Our "Direct from Workshop" plan will save you money—it will enable you to buy more and better holiday gifts.

We guarantee safe delivery and we guarantee to please you or to return your money. We have done this for eleven years from our former location, Salem, Mass.

Send for the catalog. It tells all about our goods and our way of doing business. Write the note or post card NOW, while you have it in mind. Write it before you turn another page of this magazine and be sure of receiving the book.

Address, Baird-North Co., 883 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

for CHRISTMAS GIVE President Suspenders

President Suspender Christmas boxes



When you decide to make presents of suspenders for Christmas you naturally think of President Suspenders, because most men wear Presidents. When you buy President Suspenders you are sure of giving the easiest, most comfortable and most durable suspenders.

**50c.
A PAIR
Including
a
Christmas
box**



So many stores sell President Suspenders because so many men refuse to take other kinds.

President Suspenders in handsome Christmas boxes, decorated with splendidly colored reproductions of Boileau paintings, make excellent presents for Father, Husband, Brothers, Brothers-in-Law, Cousins, Nephews, and Friends. Give each a Christmas Box of Presidents.

If your home stores have no President Suspenders in Christmas boxes, buy us by mail. 50 cents, postpaid.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 639 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

1908 Calendar and three PHILIP BOILEAU Panel Pictures for 25 cents

The President Calendar for 1908 marks our best—its distinguishing feature being three delightfully modish American women—painted by Philip Boileau.

Each of the three subjects is in the most fetching style of that most charming of artists, illustrative of American femininity, in its most attractive form.

The natural floral decoration on each is the queen Rose, so unalterably associated with affection—one with the rich, red American Beauty, another the pink, delicate Bridalmaid, and the third the glorious yellow de Dijon. The whole Calendar is a work of art, fragrant with suggestion, yet marking the lapse of Time.

There are four parts. No printing on the pictures. The 1908 Calendar in full is on a separate sheet. All four, the three pictures and the Calendar, are done in twelve colors on heavy, highly finished plate card, 6½x15 inches, making very attractive panels for framing, or they may be grouped and arranged without frames. To be sure of a President Calendar, order early. The entire set—4 parts mailed postpaid for 25c. Now ready.

**THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
639 Main St., Shirley, Mass.**

PEERLESS BOOK FORM CARDS

NOTICE SMOOTH
EDGES OF CARD
WHEN DETACHED



Write us for Samples and
Prices.

ARE BOUND TO ATTRACT ATTENTION

They are bound together in tabs of 25 and when detached from book, all edges remain perfectly smooth—no perforation whatever. When your cards are carried loosely in case they seldom have a fresh clean appearance. In BOOK FORM every card is always perfect, no matter how long carried. It is a DRAWING CARD, because every man who sees it detached from book, wants to look closer and examine it. Your card is then laid aside for future reference, and your interview is gained. Let us send you a sample tab of these ENGRAVED BOOK FORM CARDS. The result will surprise you.

**THE JOHN B. WIGGINS COMPANY
SOLE MANUFACTURERS
ENGRAVERS - PRINTERS - DIE EMBOSSEERS
18-20 EAST ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO**

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES & RANGES

Order direct from our Stove Factory
and save for yourself all Jobbers' and Dealers' big profits.

HOOSIER STOVES AND RANGES

"The best in the world." Are sold on 30 days' free trial. "We pay the freight. Guaranteed for years, backed by a million dollars." Hoosiers are "fuel savers and easy bakers." Very heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with many new improvements and features. Our large Stove and Range Catalog shows the greatest bargains ever offered.

Write for Catalog and Special Free Trial Offer.
Hoosier Stove Co., 288 State Street,
Marion, Ind.

HOOSIER STEEL

HOOSIER OAK

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

There is no doubt about the **OSTERMOOR**

The Ostermoor Mattress has been proved by every test that human reason demands.

The theory behind it is right—that the best mattress must be built, not stuffed—free from animal hair or anything else unclean and unsanitary.

It has stood the test of time—for over 50 years we have been making Ostermoor mattresses to satisfy a constantly increasing demand.

*It has a multitude of witnesses to its excellencies. Many thousands have of their own accord sent us letters of gratitude and congratulation over this mattress that induces sleep and ministers to health. The name *Ostermoor* is to-day a household word, due not alone to our convincing advertisements, but to the good report of it that neighbor has made to neighbor.*



Trade Mark
Reg U.S. Pat.Of.

It has been measured by the laws that rule the business world. Nothing of inferior quality can be sold to the public year after year in increasing quantity. Imitations of the Ostermoor by the score have come and gone. Imitations are now in the field. They too will live only as they have real worth. Their borrowed glory can last but a little day. To protect you we trade mark the genuine with the square label shown below so that you cannot be misled.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE 144-PAGE BOOK AND SAMPLES OF TICKING

30 NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL. You may sleep on an Ostermoor for a month and, if not thoroughly satisfied, have your money back without question. Full particulars in our beautifully illustrated 144 page book—sent free.

WE SELL BY MAIL OR THROUGH 2,500 OSTERMOOR DEALERS

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask us who he is—will show you a mattress with the "Ostermoor" name and trade mark sewn on the end. Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 216 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency, The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

MATTRESSES COST
Express Charges Prepaid
4 feet 6 inches wide, \$15.00
4 feet wide, 40 lbs., 13.35
3 feet 6 inches wide, 11.70
35 lbs.
3 feet wide, 30 lbs., 10.00
2 feet 6 inches wide, 8.35
25 lbs.
All 6 feet 3 inches long.
In two parts, 50 cents extra.



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

DOUBLE BARREL HAMMERLESS

\$8.95

This is a genuine New England hammerless double barrel 12-gauge breech loading shotgun. UNDERSTAND, IT'S A HAMMERLESS GUN AND NOT A HAMMER GUN, and if you are familiar with the hammerless guns, you will know a hammerless gun for use IS WORTH TWICE AS MUCH AS A HAMMER GUN.

FOR \$8.95 We furnish this genuine New England 12-gauge Double Barrel has been sold everywhere at \$25.00 to \$30.00.

2,872 GUNS, all we have on-hand, will be closed out at the

closing out price of \$8.95. Our special

genuine imported twist barrels; \$12.95 with

genuine imported Damascus barrels; so in

ordering be sure to state which is wanted.

These guns come in

black or walnut stock,

taper choke bored by

the celebrated Taper

system, reinforced

black or walnut stock,

extension rib, double

bolt action, high grade full case

and double triggers, box

frame, top snap break,

automatic safety, fancy full

checkered pistol grip, wal-

nut stock, walnut checkered fancy fore end.

\$13.85 BUYS THIS. THE CELEBRATED A. J. AUBREY HAMMERLESS DOUBLE BARREL, BREECH LOADING SHOT-

double barrel gun you can buy anywhere for \$30.00; made in our own factory at Meriden, Connecticut, and guaranteed the safest, best bolted, handsomest, best proportioned and strongest shooting gun made in America. 12-gauge, very finest Armory steel barrels, reinforced at breech, taper choke bored for smokeless or black powder, extension rib, quadruple automatic locking device, locking the two barrels, fine automatic qualities, barreled and finished, full pistol grip, etc., etc. Fine automatic safety, interchangeable parts, the greatest gun value ever offered; worth twice as much as any gun you can buy elsewhere at double our price; has selected walnut stock, full checkered, full finished fore end, every up-to-date feature, and a double trigger.

improvement of every other high grade gun made; combines the good qualities of every other high grade American gun, with the defects of none.

OUR GREAT FREE OFFER. State

which gun you would like to use for from one to three months, enclose our special price, or, if you prefer, enclose only \$1.00, in which case we will send the gun to you by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory

then pay the express agent our special price and express charges, less the \$1.00 sent with your order. If you do not like the gun, or if you do not consider it the highest grade gun you have ever seen or used, and worth at least twice as much as any double hammerless gun you could buy elsewhere at double our special price, you can return the gun to us at any time within three months, and we will immediately return your money, together with express charges you have paid; or, if you order the New England gun at \$8.95, \$10.95 or \$12.95, you can return it within thirty days' trial, during which time you may use the gun as you please; if you don't feel you have gotten double the value you could have gotten elsewhere, you can return the gun to us at our expense, and we will immediately return your money, together with any express charges you may have paid. If you send the full amount with your order for either gun you will save the extra express charges for returning the C. O. D. money to us.

OUR FREE CATALOGUE OFFER. for our latest free Gun Catalogue. Either cut this ad out and send to us or on a postal card, or in a letter say, "Send me your free Gun Catalogue," and our latest Gun Catalogue, showing everything in shotguns, rifles, revolvers, ammunition and sporting goods of all kinds at about one-half the price charged by others, free offers, new propositions, heretofore unheard of prices, and articles never before known, will go to you by return mail, postpaid, free; so if you don't order one of these guns, don't fail to write for our latest free Gun Catalogue. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago

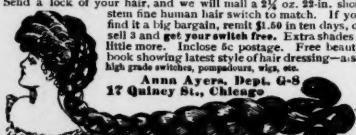
\$49
(Bare) 3 to 5
H.P.
Little Giant
GASOLINE MOTORS

**Reliable, Reversible, Two Cycle,
Two and Three Part.
Guaranteed for one year.
Simple and easy to operate.
Our Catalogue will show your having.
Send 10c in stamp for our book entitled
"Ignition, Vaporization, Installation and Operation
of a Gasoline Motor."**

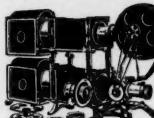
UNITED MFG. CO., Detroit, Mich.

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. \$1.50
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH
Send a lock of your hair, and we will make a 2 1/4 oz. 22-in. short
stainless fine human hair switch to match. If you
feel it a big bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, of
course you get your switch. Extra styles a
little more. Enclosed postage. Fine beauty
showing latest style of hair dressing—also
high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc.

Anne Ayers, Dept. Q-8
17 Quincy St., Chicago



IT PAYS BIG
To Amuse The
Public With



Motion Pictures

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instructional Book and "Business Guide" tell all. We furnish Complete Outfits with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and illustrations for all kinds of exhibits. Advertising Opportunities. f in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodges, halls, theatres, etc. Profits \$10 to over \$100 per night. Others do it, why can't you? It costs nothing to us and we'll tell you how. Catalogue free.

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 466 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

Write
today.



Motsinger Auto-Sparker

starts and runs

Gas Engines without Batteries. No other engine can run it successfully for lack of original patented owned by us. No belt or twist motion in our drive. No belt or twist necessary. No batteries whatever, for make and break or jump-spark, Water and dust-proof. Fully guaranteed.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.,
140 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U.S.A.

LOFTIS SYSTEM Diamonds on credit

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. Whatever you select from our large catalog, we send on approval. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 equal monthly payments. Your credit is good. DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOW conveniently and leisurely in the privacy of your own home. Now is the time to make choice selections. Write for free catalog.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

CARUSO
The greatest tenor of modern times sings only for the
VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden N.J., U.S.A.

See other Victor advertisements on other pages.

We Will Help You Make Money

H. W. CROSS President
If you are honest and ambitious write us today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, we will teach you the "How To's" of success. Write us by mail; appoint you our Special Representative; start you in a profitable business and help you make a splendid income now.

Many Make Over \$5,000.00 Yearly

This is an unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Don't miss it. Write today for full particulars and valuable free book. Address Dept. B124, either office.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.

Philip Building
SCRANTON, PENNA.
Delmar Building
OAKLAND - CAL.
52 Bearborn St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
807 E Street, N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Oldest, Largest and Strongest Co-operative Real Estate Co. in the World.

W. W. FRY Treasurer

D. T. THOMPSON Secretary

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Style Catalogue and Samples FREE
We guarantee to fit you perfectly or refund your money without any argument

NEW YORK CITY FASHIONS

SUITS or OVERCOATS

\$12.50 to \$25.00



OUR New Sack Suit in a three or four buttoned style—broad shoulders, athletic effect. Body—loose fitting but shaped to a slight flare and featuring the new long roll lapel and collar fitting close to neck.

Vest. Five buttoned single breasted flange front.

Trousers. Medium wide but fitted shapely on very graceful fashion lines.

Materials. English Worsted, Serge and Tweeds, Scotch Bannockburns, Plaid, Chevots, and the very flower of Foreign and America's best mixtures. The latest colors and shades which you must see to appreciate.

"Seeing is Believing."

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

Made in New York City
By New York's Expert Craftsmen.

OUR New Overcoat has all the essentials of Overcoatedom, viz.: Style that conforms in a pleasing way to the motions of the body. In Kerseys, Meltons and Herringbones with the new Fawn shades of Tweed Cheviots, it is bold and masculine looking. Lengths range 34-42, 46 and 52 inches. Luxuriously lined, trimmed and finished.

An overgarment that will stamp any man well dressed and prosperous looking. And will make him feel Confident, Comfortable and Capable.

FREE and postpaid our Handsome Catalogue, "New York Styles for Men" and samples of cloth from which you may send a postal today and you will receive them by return mail with our complete outfit for taking your own measurements at home. Write today and see what "Made in New York" really means.

We prepay Express Charges to any part of the United States, which means a big saving to you.

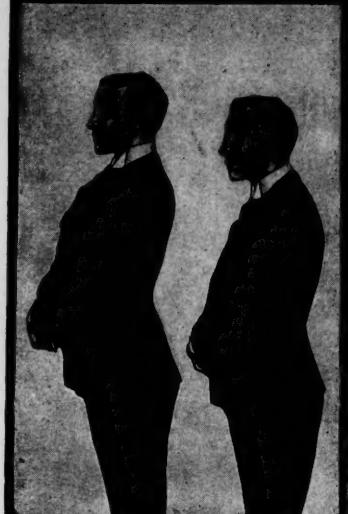


THE NEW YORK TAILORS.

S 729 to 731 Broadway,
No Agents or Branches.

New York City.
Est. 16 Years.

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT



There is no longer any excuse for any man or woman to look short or stunted. By the Cartilage system you can add from 2 to 5 inches to your height in a natural way, safely, quickly, permanently and privately in your own home. It involves no drugs or medical treatment, no electricity or operation, no hard work or unpleasant features, no loss of time and almost no expense. And while it is increasing your height, it will also give you better health, greater energy, more nerve force, as well as broaden your shoulders and improve the proportions of your whole figure.

Here is Proof. Ask your doctor to turn the X-Rays on the 23 vertebrae sections of the backbone and notice the 23 cushions of cartilage between. You will find about 19 inches of this cartilage between the head and the feet, and the doctor will tell you that it is elastic and fibrous like muscle.

Now, by the Cartilage system, this Cartilage is increased in thickness by exercise, just as muscles are increased by exercise, only by the Cartilage system the exercising of the Cartilage is automatic and no hard work is as easy as rocking in a rocker. You can increase these muscles in size 25 per cent. You need increase the Cartilage in thickness only 15 per cent, to add 2½ inches to your height, a very common occurrence. Wouldn't you like that added 2½ inches, or more, or even half of it? It would enable you to see well in a crowd, in church or at the theater; to walk without embarrassment with a taller person, to dance better and give you all the advantages of being well built.

More Proof Free. In order that all short persons may realize the natural method of height desired, we have printed a book which gives scientific proof of how it is done and full information how you can add from two to five inches to your height in this simple, safe and easy way. This book, together with endorsements from physicians and surgeons, gymnasium and military directors, schools and colleges, will be sent free of charge to any short person who asks for it.

Write for it to-day. If you are too short, you cannot afford not to ask for this book. It explains all. Simply address your letter to The Cartilage Co., 185 B, Unity Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

P. S.—The reason that others are not advertising this simple method, is that the Cartilage system is protected by Patents in the United States and in every other important country in the world.

Chip, of the Flying U BY B. M. BOWER

THIS tale is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the living, breathing West, that the reader is likely to imagine that he himself is cantering over the grassy plains and imbibing the pure air of the prairie in company with Chip, Weary, Happy Jack and the other cowboys of the Flying U Ranch. The story is a comedy, but there are dramatic touches in it that will hold the reader breathless. Pathos and humor are adroitly mingled and the author seems to be as adept at portraying one as the other. The "Little Doctor" makes a very lovable heroine, and one doesn't blame Chip in the least for falling in love with her. The book reviewer's task would be a pleasant one if all his work had to do with such wholesome and delightful stories as "Chip, of the Flying U." If this book doesn't immediately take rank as one of the best sellers we shall lose faith in the discrimination of the American reading public. Beautifully illustrated in colors by Mr. Charles M. Russell, the greatest painter of cowboy life in America.

PRICE, \$1.25

Sent postpaid by the Publishers upon receipt of price

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, 79-89 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK



**DR. WHITEHALL'S MEGRIMINE
RELIEVES ALL FORMS OF**

HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA

In twenty to thirty minutes. Send a postal today for trial box. We send it **without cost**. **Megrmine** has been used so extensively for painful nervous troubles by hospitals, sanitarians, and the general public for twenty years that it now is a standard remedy in the home. A trial is sufficient to recommend it to others. Ask any druggist or address

The DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., 333 N. Main St., South Bend, Ind.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

EAMES
The great American prima-donna sings only for the
VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victors and Victor Records.

Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Camden N.J., U.S.A.

See other Victor advertisements on other pages.

NO-O-DOR

An odorless, antiseptic toilet powder, soft as down, which instantly and surely

Destroys Perspiring Odors

Dusted on the dress shield, the feet or wherever perspiration prevails and gently rubbed with the hand NO-O-DOR gives that delightful after-the-bath feeling, toning the body and causing the pores to perform their natural functions.

A SAMPLE MAILED FREE

Write us today, mentioning the name of your dealer, and we will mail you, absolutely free, a sample of NO-O-DOR, a booklet telling of its uses and a beautiful brochure containing 19 views

SOUVENIR OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

NO-O-DOR is as necessary in Winter as in Summer. Sold under a positive guarantee.

By Mail Prepaid 25 Cents

THE NO-O-DOR COMPANY

37 Second St., Jeannette, Pa.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



A FAIR OFFER!

to convince

Dyspeptics

and those suffering from

Stomach Troubles

of the efficiency of

Glycozone

I will send a

\$1.00 BOTTLE FREE

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

to any one NAMING THIS MAGAZINE, and enclosing 25c. to pay forwarding charges. *This offer is made to demonstrate the efficiency of this remedy.*

GLYCOZONE is absolutely harmless.

It cleanses the lining membrane of the stomach and subdues inflammation, thus helping nature to accomplish a cure.

GLYCOZONE cannot fail to help you, and will not harm you in the least.

Indorsed and successfully used by leading physicians for over 15 years.

Sold by leading druggists. None genuine without my signature.

Charles Marchand

Chemist and Graduate of the "Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures de Paris" (France)

57 Prince Street, New York City

FREE!—Valuable booklet on how to treat diseases.

**For Old Age**

In the evening of life, when age is full of beauty, precaution should be taken to keep the forces of life at their best. Without the vigor and active recuperative powers of youth, we must ward off those little ailments that with impaired age are often forerunners of serious sickness. Nature to an extent should be aided and the system fortified by a nourishment that will enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and revitalize the entire body. These properties are all found in

Pabst Extract
The Best Tonic

Glowing and sparkling with vitality, it is the staunch vigor of barley malt and hops, rich in the tissue building qualities of the former and the splendid tonic properties of the latter. This highly nutritious liquid food, in its palatable and predigested form, is welcomed and retained by the weakest stomach, being easily assimilated by the blood, and carries in it those properties that revitalize and rebuild the muscles and nerve tissues.

Pabst Extract
The Best Tonic

strengthens the weak, builds up the run down, cheers the depressed. It will nourish your nerves, enrich your blood and invigorate your muscles. It gives sleep to the sleepless, relieves the dyspeptic and is a boon to nursing mothers.

For sale at all Leading Druggists
Institute upon the Original

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law
U. S. Serial No. 1921

Free Picture and Book

Send us your name on a postal for our interesting booklet and "Baby's First Adventure," a beautiful picture of baby life. Both FREE. Address
Pabst Extract Dept. "44" Milwaukee, Wis.



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



(Established 1879.)

*"Cures While You Sleep."***Whooping-Cough, Croup,
Bronchitis, Coughs,
Diphtheria, Catarrh.**

Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

Cresolene is a Boon to Asthmatics.
ALL DRUGISTS.

Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.



Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

The Vapo-Cresolene Co.
180 Fulton St., N. Y.
Lemming-Niles Bldg., Montreal,
Canada

RHEUMATISM

Let Us Send You a Dollar Pair of Drafts Free to Try. They Are Curing Thousands in Every Stage of This Cruel Disease.

Send Us Your Name Today

Don't take medicine for Rheumatism, but send your address to the makers of Magic Foot Drafts—the great Michigan External Cure. Return mail will bring you, prepaid, a regular dollar pair of Foot Drafts to try free. If you are satisfied with the benefit received from them, you can send us One Dollar. If not, we take your



word and the Drafts cost you nothing. You can see that we couldn't afford to make such an offer if the Drafts didn't cure. Our **Free Book** explains how the Drafts cure and contains many grateful letters about the wonderful cures they have accomplished. Don't put it off, but write today to Magic Foot Draft Co., 1136 F Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write now.



Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. And you come home with hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dry ingredients, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you a sample package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with washable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 315 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Hair on the Face NECK AND ARMS

Instantly Removed Without Injury to the Most Delicate Skin.

In compounding an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery

“MODENE”

Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. IT CANNOT FAIL. Modene supersedes electrolysis. Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Postage stamp taken. Address

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 525, Cincinnati, O.

LOST

All use for old-fashioned Cod Liver Oil and Emulsions because VINOL is much better.

Vinol is a delicious modern Cod Liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers, combining with peptonate of iron all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil, but no oil.

Vinol is much superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because while it contains all the medicinal value they do, unlike them Vinol is deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach. An old and valuable remedy improved by modern science.

To build up strength for old people, delicate children, weak, run-down persons, and after sickness, and for all pulmonary troubles VINOL is unexcelled.

FOR SALE AT YOUR LEADING DRUG STORE Exclusive Agency Given to One Druggist in a Place If there is no Vinol agency where you live, kindly send us your leading druggist's name, we will give him the agency.

TRIAL SAMPLE FREE—ADDRESS
CHESTER KENT & CO. No. 221, Boston, Mass.

THIS REMARKABLE STOVE BURNS ANY FUEL



Hard or soft coal, slack, wood or corncocks—it warms the house completely with any fuel. Burns clean with almost no ashes. We sell this wonderful heater direct to user, saying you all dealer's and middle man's profits. We pay the freight.

TRY IT AT OUR RISK

Our 30 day trial offer allows you to test our claims for this stove at no risk to you. Don't buy a stove before you investigate this. Send today for our catalog, with special order blank, for our trial offer.

**Diamond Stove Co.,
DETROIT, MICH.**



OXYDONOR

Means Good Health
Without Medicine or Drugs

OXYDONOR is not a cure in itself but constrains the human body to cure itself according to its own laws through its own organs. There is nothing mysterious about it—it is simply a means by which natural law may operate. But write for free book which tells all about OXYDONOR and gives the testimony of grateful thousands.

Mr. Washington I. Midler, Gen. Agt. Pullman Car Co., Chicago, writes: "Have used Oxydonor in our family for years with success. Always resort to it in sickness."

Col. La Fayette Lytle, Pres. Toledo Board of Education, Toledo, Ohio, writes: "We think Oxydonor does wonders. Quite a number of our citizens have used it successfully, and would not be without it."

Mr. Elmer Young, Washington, D. C.: "My wife has used Oxydonor with great success for chronic dyspepsia, sick headache and neuralgia."

BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS. There is but one genuine OXYDONOR, that has the name of Dr. H. Sanchez engraved in the metal. Look for that name.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., { 61 Fifth St., Detroit, Mich.
459 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Montreal, Canada.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

The Popular for November

"NOT A DULL MOMENT IN IT"

THE HEMLOCK AVENUE MYSTERY

By ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

This new serial, which begins in the November number, will undoubtedly be pronounced one of the best detective stories ever written. The plot is remarkably ingenious, and the solution of the puzzle will cause all sorts of eager speculation among its readers.

Pearson of Princeton

By L. RAE

A stirring football story which will bring delight to every lover of sport.

Out of the Burning

By THEODORE ROBERTS

A most realistic narration of a prairie fire, admirably told.

On the Middle Guard

By B. M. BOWER

Another of this popular writer's unrivaled stories of cowboy life.

A Forlorn Hope

By A. M. CHISHOLM

Mr. Chisholm's humorous stories, as the readers of the POPULAR know, are inimitable.

WYOMING

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINES

Author of "Robbers' Roost"

One of the best complete novels that has ever appeared in THE POPULAR, replete with action and intense interest. It is even better than "Robbers' Roost," which excited such wide-spread enthusiasm, and this is giving it the highest praise possible.

The Perfume of Madness

By J. K. EGERTON

The striking conclusion of one of the most curious of the adventures of that manifold genius, Tommy Williams.

High Treason

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

A story of cattle stealing, full of atmosphere and excitement, told by an author who knows his subject.

Bunked

By T. JENKINS HAINS

A story of the sea, with that peculiar salty flavor which Mr. Hains is one of the few to attain.

The Pickpocket

By SCOTT CAMPBELL

Mr. Felix Boyd has here a most intricate case in which to prove his ability as a detective.

TWO GREAT SERIALS

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

This exciting story of a marvelous cruise, which has been pronounced the best adventure novel since "Treasure Island," reaches a tremendous climax in this number.

ZOLLENSTEIN

By W. B. M. FERGUSON

This serial is one which compels attention, and the characters are so lifelike that you feel you have really known them.

ON SALE OCTOBER 10th.

PRICE, FIFTEEN CENTS

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



To YOU at Cash Prices

If you want a diamond, write us and you'll get it at once. No use waiting until there's enough to buy it—enjoy the pleasure of wearing it now, and pay as you earn. Select the diamond you want—we'll send it at our expense. Nothing to pay till you've seen the stone and decided that it's a beauty and you want it. Then send us a fifth of its price and the balance you can pay in monthly installments.

Our diamonds are first-water gems only—pure white stones, brilliant, sparkling, full of fire. They increase in value every year—can be turned into ready cash at any time. We'll sell you any diamond you want, the owner of a valuable diamond. Think also of its possibilities as a gift for someone dear to you—sweetheart, wife, mother or daughter—notthing could give such infinite pleasure or be so deeply prized by her.

Write today, while it's fresh in your mind, and we'll

Free Catalogue of Diamonds, Watches, etc.

You'll find our prices dollars lower than others and you'll be surprised at our liberal terms of payment.

The accompanying cuts show eight of our pure white perfect-cut diamonds of exceptional brilliancy, set in 14 kt. solid gold hand-made mountings. Offers are all bargains—a very small amount down required.

THE WALKER-EDMUND CO.

Importers and Manufacturers

H 53 State Street, Chicago, Ills.



FLASH LIKE GENUINE

Day or night. You can own a Diamond equal in brilliancy to any genuine Stone at one third the cost.

BARODA DIAMONDS SOLID GOLD RINGS

stand aside and expert opinion is invited. We guarantee them. See them first, then pay. Catalogue Free. Patent Ring Measure included for FIVE two-cent stamps.

THE BARODA COMPANY,
Dept. S., 230 North State St., Chicago



MELBA

The world's foremost soprano sings exclusively for the

VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victor and Victor Records.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden N. J., U. S. A.



See other Victor advertisements on other pages.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

SPECIAL Autumn Jewelry Offer

Write for our new Fall circular just out and ready to mail.

Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Lockettes, Silver, Glassware and other specialties offered in jewelry.

If you are thinking of buying jewelry of any kind now or in the future you should write for this circular at once. This special circular with its rock bottom price has been prepared especially for you, for every one at least a trial order for the house of George E. Marshall. We know a trial order means money saved for our customers and, therefore, continued business for us.

With this circular we will send you our latest catalog the most complete, accurate and closely priced catalog of diamonds, jewelry, etc. ever published in the United States, and with the Marshall Guarantees of absolute quality.

DIAMONDS

The very finest pure white gems. Few jewelers even carry in stock a grade of diamond equal to the Marshall "F" grade. These diamonds are perfect in cut and color and of unimitable purity and beauty. For instance, here is a diamond of 1 carat weight in a bezel setting for only \$85.00 (payable \$8.50 a month or 5 per cent discount for cash, net cash price \$77.70). Shipped on approval prepaid.

SEND FOR CATALOG

and extra discount sheet. Don't buy jewelry in a haphazard, hit-or-miss way. Get it well and thoroughly at the real prices offered by a thoroughly reliable house. Get the best quality—save money.

Turn off this coupon and get our special Fall Autumn Circular.

CUT OR TEAR OFF THIS COUPON

Geo. E. Marshall,
(Inc.)
103 State St.,
Suite 268
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Without any obligations on me please send me at once free prepaid Your special Marshall Autumn Circular and full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

Name.....

Address.....

No letter necessary; the coupon will do.

Post Cards Given Away



In order to introduce our line of handsome Post Cards we are now making a number of most wonderful bargain offers, as follows:

Offer No. 1. 35 furiously funny comic post cards; 35 high art post cards, including water and land scenes, pretty girls, cute children, etc., etc., 15 latest "Up-to-Date" post cards, 15 motto post cards—a total of 100 fine post cards in many colors and no two alike—all for **\$1.00**. In addition we will send 40 other fine grade post cards free with every \$1.00 order.

Offer No. 2. 25 best comic post cards, 15 high art post cards, 5 "Up-to-Date" post cards, 5 motto post cards—all for **50 cents**, and 20 extra post cards free, or a total of 70 post cards for 50 cents.

Offer No. 3. 15 comic post cards, 6 high art post cards, 2 "Up-to-Date" post cards, 2 motto post cards for **25 cents**, and 10 extra cards free, or a total of 35 cards for 25 cents.

Offer No. 4. 6 comic post cards, 2 high art post cards, 1 "Up-to-Date" post card, 1 motto post card—all for **10 cents**, and 3 extra post cards free.



BEAUTIFUL POST CARD ALBUM

with ornamented gold decorated cover, holds 24 cards, **10 CENTS EXTRA**, if you send order for any of the above post card bargains. Album alone without post cards will cost you **25 cents**. Remember, we send 40 post cards free with every \$1.00 order; 20 cards free with every 50 cent order; 10 free with every 25 cent order, and 3 free with every 10 cent order. We also send price list of post cards with every order. When ordering state if you would like your name printed in our next Post Card Buyers' Directory.

DEFIANCE PHOTO STUDIO, Art Publishers, No. 65 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Let Us Send You This

SWITCH On Approval

or any other article you may select from our large new Catalog, illustrating all the latest

Parish Fashions in Hair Dressings

Our immense business, the largest of its kind in the world, enables us to buy and sell at big money-saving prices. These switches are extra short stem, made of splendid quality selected human hair, and to match any ordinary shade.

2 oz., 20 in. Switch,	5.95
2 oz., 22 in. Switch,	1.25
2½ oz., 24 in. Switch,	2.25
3½ oz., 26 in. Paris Special Switch,	5.65
Light Weight Wavy Switch,	2.50
Featherweight Stemless Switch, 22 in., natural wavy,	4.95
200 other sizes and grades of Switches,	50c. to 25.00
Pompadour, Natural Curly,	2.45
Ladies' and Men's Wigs,	36.00 to 60.00

Send sample of your hair and describe article you want.

We will send prepaid on approval. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the amount. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive, write for estimate.

Our Free Catalog also contains a valuable article on "The Proper Care of the Hair." Write us to-day.

**PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 3211
209 State Street, Chicago**

LARGEST MAIL ORDER HAIR MERCHANTS
IN THE WORLD.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

MAY IRWIN

The queen of fun-makers makes records exclusively for the

VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victor and Victor Records.

**Victor Talking Machine Co.,
Camden N.J., U.S.A.**



See other Victor advertisements on other pages.



The Pen That Inks The Point
PARKER 
FOUNTAIN PEN

Are you satisfied in using a fountain pen to be compelled to wipe off the sticky nozzle each time the cap is removed or have soiled fingers? If not buy a Parker Pen with the Lucky Curve and avoid this trouble.

"The pen that inks the point" is the name of a little booklet we would like to send you because it tells why Parker Pen users have "pleasant thoughts and clean pens."

Perhaps your dealer sells the Parker—ask him—if not ask us, and we will send you a small catalogue and a personal letter telling you where to find a Parker Pen dealer. It's worth while to be particular when buying a pen.

See that it has the "Lucky Curve."
 Standard or Self-filling. Catalogue free.
The Parker Pen Co. 60 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

European Branch: Stuttgart, Germany.
 Canadian Agency: Buntin, Gillies & Co., Hamilton and Montreal.
 Gerber Carillon Co., Mexico City, Mex. E. Luff Co., Sydney, Aus.



YOU CAN MAKE CIGARETTES LIKE THESE
 A Practical Novelty for Cigarette Smokers
 One Complete Nickled

TURKO CIGARETTE ROLLER
 Sent postpaid for 25cts. Address,
 CHARLES W. OLIVER. 133 William St., New York



Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genu. no. standing all test and puzzle experts. Our Geisha Diamonds come from Japan with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREOG MFG. & IMP. CO.
 Dept. H, 201 E. Van Buren Street, - Chicago, Ill.

FLEXIBLE FLYER

With 1907-8 improvements. The swiftest, safest, strongest sled ever invented. The fastest sled for boys. The only sled girls can properly control. Steering without dragging the feet lets it go full speed—saves its cost in shoes the first season—prevents wet feet, colds and doctor's bills. Made of second growth white ash and steel—built to last.

MODEL SLED FREE. Write for cardboard model showing just how it works; sent free with colored Christmas booklet and prices.

S. L. ALLEN & CO.,

Box 1103 U.

PATENTERS AND MANUFACTURERS

*The Sled
that Steers*



Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

Write Today For This

FREE Pillow Top For Pyrography

Made of beautiful Real Pink, in your choice of Old Gold, Tan, or Light Green Color, and plainly stamped with Colonial Maid Design, with full instructions so that anyone can burn it with handsome effect. Given free to every person who sends 25 cents to pay cost of stamping, shipping, etc.

We make this offer to get our big new catalog into the hands of new customers interested in home beautifying.

This handsome top burned \$1.50



Size
17 x 17
inches.

Only one
top to one
address.

SPECIAL Our No. 97, \$2.50 Out-fit, only \$1.60

This splendid outfit, partly shown above, is complete for burning on plush, wool, leather, etc. Includes fine Platinum Point, Case, Holder, Rubber Stamp, Adjustable Lever, Small Oval Urethane Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Standard Practice Wood and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include free our 44-page Pelican Instruction Handbook (price 25c), the most complete pyrography book published.

Assortment SM Only \$1.75

If bought by the piece would cost you \$2.50. Includes: One Handkerchief Box, size 4x6 inches; one Glove Box, 4x11 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; one hand-turned round Jewelry Box; one oval Picture Frame; one American Girl Doll, 11 inches; one oval Match Hanger, 5 inches high; and three Small Panels in assorted designs, all pieces made of best timber, stained in late and popular designs, all ready for decorating. If outfit No. 97 and this assortment are ordered together \$3.20

our special price for both is only \$2.00. Write for New FREE Catalog SM 60

log ever issued. Write for it today.

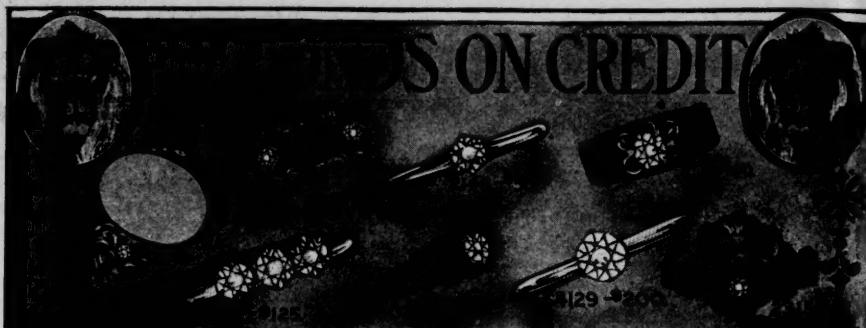
THAYER & CHANDLER,
 180-184 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
 "Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."

POCKET EDITIONS USEFUL SUBJECTS 10 CENTS EACH.

Sheldon's Letter Writer, Shirley's Lover's Guide, Woman's Secrets, or, How to Be Beautiful, Guide to Etiquette, Physical Health Culture, Frank Merritt's Book of Physical Development, National Dream Book, Zingare Fortune Teller, The Art of Boxing and Self-Defense, The Key to Hypnotism, U. S. Army Physical Exercises (revised).

Street & Smith, Publishers, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York



**20% Down, 10% A Month.**

Quality and price, the two vital considerations in diamond buying, are always satisfactory to the buyer of Lyon Diamonds. Our 64 year reputation for reliability is your guarantee of quality. It is to our interest as much as to yours that every sale we make should strengthen that reputation.

As for prices, we are the lowest in the market, because we eliminate every avoidable expense. Importing diamonds in the rough, we save the enormous duties imposed upon polished stones. We import, cut, polish and sell direct to you. This saves you middlemen's profits.

Every customer is protected by our written guarantee to take back the diamond we sell him and refund his money if his dealer can duplicate our stone at our price. We agree to exchange any diamond, any time, at full value.

Diamond solitaire rings from \$20 to \$1,000 are included in our regular selling plan. Goods sent prepaid for examination. Write for illustrated Catalogue No. 1.

J. M. LYON & CO.

ESTABLISHED
1843

71-73 Nassau Street
New York City.

**"His Master's Voice"**

The most famous trademark in the world. It is on the horn, on the record, on the cabinet, of every genuine

VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victors and Victor Records.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden N. J., U. S. A.

See other Victor advertisements on other pages.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

THE CORNER STONE IS KNOWLEDGE

FINAL OPPORTUNITY

Absolute Clearance Sale
Special de Luxe Edition at
LESS THAN $\frac{1}{3}$ REGULAR PRICE

Cyclopedias of
ARCHITECTURE, CAR-
PENTRY AND BUILDING

Ten massive volumes, exactly one foot high, hand bound in red half morocco. Over 4,000 pages, 5,000 illustrations, full page plates, plans, sections, etc.—DE LUXE books in every particular.

Free for examination **\$19.50** instead of **\$60.00**
No advance payment.

Only a few sets remain to be sold at this price. Orders will be filled as soon as received. Send payment by express. Pay \$2.00 within one week at \$2.00 a month if satisfied; otherwise notify us to send for them. It offers the Carpenter, Contractor, Builder, Architect, Draftsman, or Mechanic an exceptional chance to advance. The Householder or Owner of a Farm will find it an invaluable aid. The young man will learn a good trade.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE,
CHICAGO.

Smiths
11-41
Send me Cyclopedias of Architecture, Carpentry and Building for week's free examination.

Name
Address

"ALL MY TEETH ARE WISDOM TEETH

BECAUSE IT IS WISE TO USE RUBIFOAM"

Its beauty, fragrance and convenience make the use of the delicious liquid dentifrice **RUBIFOAM** a delight. Wise and timely mouth-care with this perfect antiseptic cleanser purifies, preserves and beautifies Nature's priceless pearls.

25 cents at Druggists.

SAMPLE FREE. ADDRESS, E.W.HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum



TOILET POWDER

"Aim Straight"

at the heart of all complexion troubles, by **protecting** the skin before it is toughened and chapped by keen fall winds.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder
protects as it softens. Used daily it keeps the skin clear and smooth. For **shaving** and **shaling** there's nothing half so good as **Mennen's**. After bathing and after shaving it is delightful, tucked up in **handy** boxes—the "box that fits for your pocket". If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 10,000. Order from anywhere, or by mail 25 cents. **Sample Free.**

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum
Toilet Powder.

It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets



To the rag-bag with soiled cards. Get a new pack of

Bicycle Playing Cards

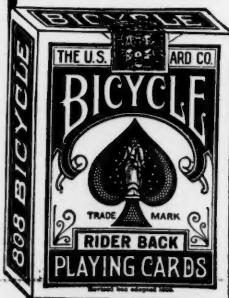
Make the game enjoyable.
Cost but 25c. per pack.
Thin and flexible.

Clearly printed.

Large
readable
indexes.

The new game Quinto. Send 2c. stamp for rules. 150-page book of all card games rules, 25c. 1000 U.S. postage stamps, or six flap ends of Bicycle tuck boxes.

U. S. Playing Card Co.,
810 Congress Court,
Cincinnati, U. S. A.



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1908



The Best Paper for Family Reading.

The fifty-two issues for 1908 will contain as much reading as twenty 400-page books of fiction, history, etc., ordinarily costing \$1.50 each.

250 Capital Stories; 350 Articles and Sketches;
2000 One-Minute Stories; The Children's Page;
The Editorial Page; 1000 Notes on Science;
The Weekly Medical Article, etc.

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER

E
30-41

Who cuts out and sends this slip (or mentions this publication) at once with \$1.75 for
The Companion for 1908 will receive

Free All the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1907.
The Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Holiday Numbers.
The Companion's 4-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1908 in Full Color.

Then The Companion for the fifty-two weeks of 1908—a complete library in itself.

Send for Free Sample Copies and Illustrated Announcement for 1908.